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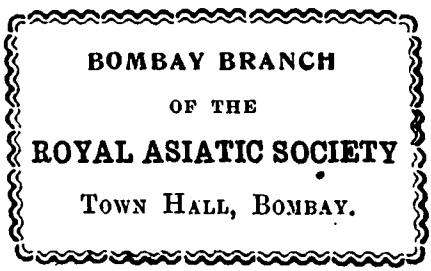

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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE GRACIOUS PATRONAGE

OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PREPARED FOR THE PRESS BY THE AUTHOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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[*ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.*]

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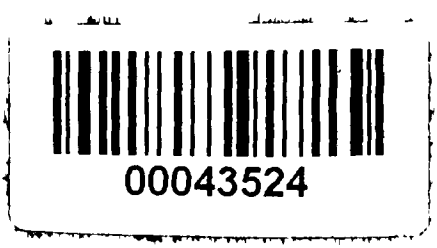

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* In the firſt ſcene of this piece the following eſſential lines have by miſtake been omitted.

Darby. But Captain, what brought you into this foreign Pruſſian land.

Capt. P. Why Darby, as it was peace, I thought my paſſing my time here in this excellent ſchool of arms, might give me a better claim, even to half pay, than idly ſtaying at home to ſhine the fluttering hero of a Hampſtead Ball, or a Cork Aſſembly.

LIFE'S VAGARIES;

OR,

The NEGLECTED SON.

IN

FIVE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1795.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

AND SPOKEN BY MR. MIDDLETON.

'TIS ſtrange that authors, who ſo rarely find
Their pray'rs can move an audience to be kind,
Still ſend, with piteous tone and look forlorn,
The Prologue forth to deprecate your ſcorn;
Such doleful heralds, which would fain appear
The timid ſtruggles of a modeſt fear,
The ſurly Critic views with jealous ſpleen,
As the dull preſage of the coming ſcene.
In vain, the dread hoſtility to calm,
E'en potent Flatt'ry tries her ſoothing balm;
Pity's a crime his lofty ſoul diſdains
And his pride feaſts upon the poet's pains.
Yet now no critic rancour need we fear,
For lib'ral candour holds her empire here,
Candour, who ſcorns for little faults to pry,
But looks on merits with a partial eye.
And ſure a bard whoſe muſe ſo oft has found
The happy pow'r to kindle mirth around,
Though, in her ſportive moods, averſe to trace,
The rigid forms of *Action*, *Time*, and *Place*,
While gen'rous objects animate her view,
May ſtill her gay luxuriant courſe purſue;
For, mid her whims, ſhe ſtill has ſhewn the art,
To preſs the USEFUL MORAL on the heart;
With juſt contempt the worthleſs to diſcard,
And deal to VIRTUE its deſerv'd reward.
So aim'd the bard * (if haply we may dare,
Our humble ſcenes with nobleſt ſtrains compare)
The bard whoſe favour'd muſe could joy afford,
That eas'd the cares of Rome's Imperial Lord,
Who in her ſatire frolickſome and wild,
Gave vice the deepeſt wounds when moſt ſhe ſmil'd.

* HORACE.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Lord Torrendel, ... Mr. BERNARD.
Arthur D'Aumerle, ... Mr. LEWIS.
Sir Hans Burgeſs, ... Mr. MUNDEN.
Dickins, ... Mr. QUICK.
George Burgeſs, ... Mr. FAWCETT.
Timolin, ... Mr. JOHNSTONE.
L'Œillet, ... Mr. FARLEY.
Robin Hoofs, ... Mr. TOWNSHEND.
Robinſon, ... Mr. ABBOT.
Thomas, ... Mr. SIMMONDS.
Coachman, ... Mr. THOMSON.
John, ... Mr. LEDGER.
Conſtable, ... Mr. BLURTON.

Lady Torrendel, ... Mrs. POPE.
Auguſta, ... Miſs WALLIS.
Fanny, ... Mrs. LEE.
Miſs Clare, ... Miſs STUART.
Landlady, ... Mrs. PLATT.

TRADESMEN, and SERVANTS.

SCENE, *Suſſex.*

LIFE's VAGARIES;

OR,

THE NEGLECTED SON:

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Parlour in DICKINS's; *Breakfaſt laid.*

Enter SIR HANS BURGESS, *and* ROBIN HOODS.

SIR HANS.

I'LL truſt nothing to the errand cart, you muſt bring up my own waggon; cuts ſuch a figure! a Gentleman's fine team ringing thro' a country town.

Robin. Why it does make folks ſtare.

Sir H. There's the Duke's cart, Lord Marquiſs's cart, and why not his Worſhip's cart? and on it written in capitals, "Sir Hans Burgeſs! Samphire Hall." A ride of ſeven miles, after breakfaſting at eight as I have, is a kind of Whet; but to find Major Talbot there over his breakfaſt at eleven! Shameful! Eh, why here's another

another Breakfaſt at—*(looks at his watch)* twelve! Scandalous!

Robin. Now you mention that Sir, don't forget, that Squire Miller invites you to dine with him to day.

Sir H. Aye, his dinner hour is two; you call and tell him, I'll wait on him. [*Exit* ROBIN.] I breakfaſt at eight, Major Talbot at eleven, this little Shopkeeper at twelve, why a man in his rounds, according to the degrees of faſhion, may ſwallow four or five breakfaſts in a morning.—Ah, Dickins is quite ſpoilt by a Lord's taking notice of him—aping all the abſurd impertinence of faſhion; an inſignificant cur mongrel, ſetting himſelf up for a greyhound.

Enter DICKINS, *in a morning gown, &c. tying his neckcloth, ſits.*

Dick. When one ſups at the Caſtle, no riſing next morning (*yawns, not minding Sir Hans.*)

Sir H. The Caſtle! ſup with Lord Viſcount Torrendel.

Dick. His Lordſhip would make me bumper it laſt night, toaſting ſuch bundles of his fine girls; 'pon my ſoul I and Torrendel knock'd the bottle about rarely. How his Lordſhip ſtared at dinner when I hob nob'd him; ſays he, my dear Dickins, are you in earneſt? 'pon my ſoul, ſaid I my dear Torrendel I am, that's poz. I'm uſed to good old black port, and his Lordſhip's pink Burgundy has given me an immenſe head-ach. No getting from him, he's ſuch good company. *(yawns.)*

Sir H. Then I'm not even to be aſked to ſit down?

Dick. Sir Hans Burgeſs! Oh, how do ye do?

Sir H.

Sir H. Well, this is good, a Gentleman comes to talk about buſineſs, and its "Oh, how do ye do."

Dick. Buſineſs! true, I ride out with my Lord this morning.

Sir H. Pleaſe, Sir, firſt to ſtep into your ſhop, and weigh out the ſugar and tobacco for my ſervant, Robin Hoofs.

Dick. (*riſing*) Sir, if you don't know how to behave as a parlour viſitor to me, as a cuſtomer, walk into my ſhop, and wait there till you are ſerv'd. Here John, take this perſon's orders. Weigh tobacco! as you are *now* Sir Hans Burgeſs, I may yet be Sir Anthony Dickins; I may be knighted for bringing up an addreſs. You made your money by a contract of hats, and an't I making mine by——

Sir H. Your country merchant ſhop of all ſorts.

Dick. My banking-houſe, agencies, receiver-ſhips, factorſhips——

Sir H. And coal-ſhips. Now *I* have laid out my money in buying a ſcope of land, and my grand hobby is to turn it into a faſhionable ſea-bathing place. I have ſuch a liberal mind to accommodate the publick, I built firſt there a beautiful houſe——

Dick. For yourſelf. As my Lord ſays, to ſerve a man's ſelf, has been long the way of doing things for the public good.

Sir H. I raiſed as pretty an hotel! and the neat row of lodging-houſes!

Dick. But to give it a name, you muſt get a few of us people of faſhion down to it. Suppoſe I ſay to his Lordſhip, 'pon my ſoul Torrendel, now you ſhould take a houſe from my friend, Sir Hans, he's a good, honeſt, ſtupid ſort of a ſoul —why

—why then, ſays my Lord, nay my dear Dickens, you are too ſevere. Yes, perhaps I may prevail on Torrendel to take one of your new houſes.

Sir H. Not ſo much good in you, a pity, friend Dickens, my Lord can't admit you for an hour to his table, but it makes you ſo ſaucy.

Dick. Proud! a proof my Lord ca'n't do without me.

Sir H. Why you are ſo clever that I will truſt you, becauſe I ca'n't do without you.

Dick. Very civil. (*bows*)

Sir H. I came to conſult you.——You know I deſign to beſtow my ward Auguſta Woodbine, with her whole fortune, on my ſon George; but I fear the report of her riches will bring all your flaſhy, high-titled gentry about her, then——

Dick. Ay! then, indeed, ſhe may be for deſpiſing a ſon of yours. Wa'n't Miſs Auguſta adopted by her uncle on his diſcarding his own daughter for a *faux pas* with ſome man of faſhion two and twenty years back?

Sir H. Devil's in your twenty years back! how to bring my ſon's marriage about now?

Dick. Make your ward think that her uncle has made a ſecond will, and that ſhe's not worth two-pence, then ſhe'll be glad to ſnap at your George.

Sir H. Eh! that's well, I expect her to-day from London. According to that plan, it will ſhew too much attention to go myſelf to meet her—I'll let her down—I'll ſend any body—will you go, my dear fellow?

Dick. Civil again; (*bows*) its a doubt to me, if you know how to make a bow, Sir Hans; ha, ha, ha! this morning I, making my bow of leave to his Ludſhip, ſliding back, ſtumbled upon the poor

poor Chaplain's toe; my Lud laughed! S'death! cries his Reverence, you've killed me! Huzza, ſays my Lud, then the parſon's dead, and has loſt his living, ha, ha, ha!

Sir H. Then you are a retailer of his Lordſhip's jeſts too.

Dick. But to meet this Lady, I'll ſend my daughter Fanny. Here ſhe is.

Enter FANNY, *ſtops ſhort, and makes a low curteſy.*

Why, Miſs, isn't this your ſchool hour?

Fanny. Yes, papa, but I've ſtept home for a book; did you ſee my Pleaſing Inſtructor? (*looks about.*)

Dick. My dear, you muſt ſtep over to the inn, to receive——

Fanny. Lord! papa, what would our Governeſs ſay if a young Lady of her ſchool was ſeen going into an inn? beſides its now my reading time; then I have my embroidery; then I muſt practice my muſick; then ſay my French leſſon; then the dancing-maſter; then, papa——

[*Exit. curteſying. Sir Hans bows.*

Dick. I muſt not take her from her accompliſhments—I'll go, and in my way drop this parcel at my Lud's, a trivial thing, but was I to ſend it, it would be, Eh, now, Dickins, why didn't you come yourſelf, my dear fellow? always happy to ſee you. Muſt call, my Lord may think I'm getting proud, pride is ſo contemptible.

Sir H. So it is, I deſpiſe it at this moment.

Dick. Well, good bye.

Sir H. Devil's in your good bye! Introduce me now to Lord Torrendel.

Dick. Why, I don't know, his Lordſhip ſup-

ports vaſt dignity; but never mind, tho' he is very difficult of acceſs, I'll introduce you, for my Lud ſays, Dickins, I'll be glad to ſee ſome of your people; from my reſpect to you, you may command any ſervice—never mind their aukward want of breeding, if known to you. Sir Hans, I'll preſent you to my Lud; expect to ſee all the importance of genuine old nobility; yet I'm of that conſequence with him, that once preſented by me, his Lordſhip and you are hand and glove.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber in LORD TORRENDEL'S

Enter LORD TORRENDEL, *and* L'ŒILLET, *adjuſting his dreſs.*

Lord Tor. Then you think, L'Œillet, Lady Torrendel is ſtill in Cumberland. She is too good a wife—I uſe her ill.

L'Œillet. Oui! mais, mi Lor, dat be de faute of la nature, vich did give your Lorſhip conſtitution galante, amoureuſe

Lord Tor. No interruption from my wife here, ha, ha, ha! good deception this of mine, to make her believe I'm at Liſbon for the re-eſtabliſhment of my health; never was better in my life!

L'Œillet. Your Lordſhip be robuſte comme Hercule; vid your ſpindle ſhank. (*aſide*)

Lord Tor. Lady Torrendel, among the lakes, little imagines that I am retir'd hither to this ſcene of

of darling pleaſures; a doubt to me if ſhe even knows I've ſtill a ſeat in this part of the country. She is truly amiable, her mind ſtored with every delicate refinement, and for perſonal charms has few ſuperiors; I like people ſhould know ſo fine a woman choſe me;—yes, ſhe ſeems the only perſon unconſcious of her ſhining qualities; but I cannot help my irreſiſtible penchant for variety, (*ringing without*) I'm not at home; except it is the little girl, Dickins's daughter Fanny! isn't her name Fanny? an abſolute Cherub!

L'Œillet. Ah! oui milor—Fanny Dickins, Fanny Cherub!

Lord Tor. But living beauty cannot baniſh the ſweet remembrance of Emily Woodbine. If her father hadn't diſinherited her for coming off with me, and adopted his neice, I ſhou'dn't now be troubled with this profligate boy of her's, this *Lord* Arthur, as he calls himſelf—preſumes as if my ſon in real *wedlock*. My fitting him out for the Indies was doing very handſome for a chance child.

L'Œillet. Milor, I did vid money, you give me, furniſh him ſuperbement for voyage de mer; but he did make ſuch a ſabat affreux in de ſhip, dat he vas turn'd out—(*aſide*) ſo I did tell you; but your money I have ſnug dans ma poche.

Lord Tor. He's well enough, I hear, as to his perſon.

L'Œillet. Oui! il eſt fait à peindre, l'image of your lordſhip!

Lord Tor. But mad! I'm abſolutely afraid of him.

L'Œillet. Milor, here come de pretty girl.

Lord Tor. L'Œillet! how do I look this morning? candid now! I always like the truth.

L'Œillet. Den, en verité, milor, you look not above fifty, tho' you are a quarter paſt.

Lord Tor. Fifty! L'Œillet you are exceedingly coarſe.

Enter FANNY.

Ha, my charmer!

Fanny. 'Pon my word, Sir, my Lord I mean, if you talk that way to me, I won't come here any more; I didn't know you were in the room, or I ſhouldn't have come in I aſſure you, Sir, my Lord I mean.

L'Œillet. Ah, petite badine. Mamſelle Fanny come purpoſe to ſee my Lor.

Fanny. Monſieur, how can you ſay that.

Lord Tor. Do now, my love, declare and make me happy.

Fanny. Then I only came becauſe——

Lord Tor. What, my angel?

L'Œillet. Ah, pourquoi?

Fanny. Becauſe papa ſays its a boyiſh play, and all the rooms in our houſe are ſo ſmall, and you've ſuch a fine long gallery here, and Jenny the houſe-keeper's daughter is ſo ſmart at—he! he! he! (*produces battledores.*)

Enter THOMAS, *with a parcel.*

L'Œillet. (*ſnatching it.*) Va tén! (*puſhes him off.*)

Lord Tor. (*breaks it open.*) Oh, ſome begging petition. How! my Lady Torrendel's hand! L'Œillet do you read, and write ſome conſiſtent anſwers; date the letters from Liſbon as uſual.

L'Œillet.

L'Œillet. Wile you, milor, play de raquette vid Miſs Fanny.

Fanny. What! can you play, Sir, my Lord I mean?

Lord Tor. (*aſide.*) To win a girl one muſt comply with all her childiſh follies. (*To L'Œillet*) Say the ſprain's not better—can't lift my arm—and all that. (*takes a battledore.*)

Fanny. Ca'n't lift your arm! you flouriſh it finely, Sir; my Lord I mean.

Lord Tor. Come, my love. (*they play*)

L'Œillet. Ah! bien—trés bien!

[*Exit. admiring.*

Enter DICKINS, *and* SIR HANS, *who ſtand amazed.*

Fanny. Oh! my Lord, what a rare old beau the King won'd think you now, and if my papa was to ſee me—oh! (*ſeeing Dickens, runs, he ſtops her*)

Dick. So, this is your "Pleaſing Inſtructor."

Sir H. The dignity of "genuine old nobility!"

Lord Tor. Ah, hem! what, Sir?

Dick. I beg your Lordſhip's pardon, but I brought a parcel, and am come up to ſave your Lordſhip's coming down.

Lord Tor. Impudent intruſion this!

Dick. Miſs, you ſtep over to the Swan Inn to receive a young lady juſt arrived from London—go.

Fanny. Lord, Papa!—give my battledores to Jenny. (*apart to Lord Torrendel; goes to door, turns, makes a low courteſey, and exit gravely.*)

Sir H.

Sir H. How finely ſhe holds up her head.

Dick. All the good ſhe's got at the boarding ſchool.

Lord Tor. Once you make free with theſe kind of people.

Sir H. The devil's in your ſtrutting! why don't you preſent me?

Dick. Oh, true, my Lord give me leave to introduce———

Lord Tor. Ah! hey! L'Œillet! (*calls and exit. Dickins ſtands confuſed*)

Sir H. Dickins, ſince I have been introduced by you, his Lordſhip and I are hand and glove, ha, ha, ha!

Dick. Get drunk with a man over night, and in the morning its———

Sir H. Ah! hey! 'L'Œillet! (*mimicks*)

Dick. Hem! [*Exit.*

Sir H. Stop, my Lord ca'n't do without you.

Enter L'Œillet *haſtily.*

L'Œillet. Mon dieu! vere be my Lord to tell him of dis beauty lady ſtop at de Inn?

Sir Hans. I ſee the valet's the prime favourite after all. (*aſide*) Monſieur, pleaſe to accept— (*gives money.*)

L'Œillet. Qu'eſt que c'eſt? vat's dis?

Sir H. 'Tis—you are ſo civil.

L'Œillet. Ah! je vous entends—to make me civil.

Sir H. Sir? [*Bows and exit.*

L'Œillet. Two guinea! very polite! he vant man Intereſt. In his Lordſhip's ſervice I have been but four year, yet have ſav'd two thouſand guinea;

guinea; the guinea flow to my coffer in many channel. My Lor fancy watch-trinket, to preſent as decoy to Lady, I buy at ten guinea, charge him twenty. I wink at de tradeſman's bill, ven paid he ſlip me de guinea:—if tenant want leaſe renewed, I ſpeak to my Lor, tenant me donne the guinea. De maitre tink we be dere ſervants, but when we have got into de love-ſecret, pardi! den de maitre become ſervant to de valet de chambre. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in an Inn.

Enter LANDLADY, *introducing* AUGUSTA.

Landlady. This way madam. [*Exit.*

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. How d'ye do, Ma'am, after your journey?

Auguſta. Tolerably well, Miſs—but, pray, who am I to thank for this obliging enquiry?

Fanny. Why, Miſs, a'n't you the great heireſs, Miſs Auguſta Woodbine, Sir Hans Burgeſs expected down here from London?

Auguſta. Where is the good old gentleman?

Fanny. He good! brought papa upon me juſt now! he, he, he! I was caught—but pray don't you young Ladies in London ſometimes play at ſhuttlecock?

Auguſta.

Auguſta. Ha, ha, ha! why, Miſs, you are very agreeable—what a ſimple thing! (*aſide*) but, how came you to know, or expect me?

Fanny. Papa ſent me to receive you.

Auguſta. I didn't know Sir Hans had a daughter —Miſs Burgeſs I preſume.

Fanny. He, he, he! no! no! I am not Miſs, but I may be Mrs. Burgeſs, for young George is quite partial to me; there he's now gone on his travels round Brighton, and Battle, and Haſtings, Sandwich, and Margate, and Ramsgate. My dear ſoul, George Burgeſs is a very fine creature, I aſſure you.

Auguſta. I ca'n't doubt his taſte, Miſs, when I underſtand he's an admirer of your's.

Fanny. Ah! now I ſee the difference between you and us down here. You are a true Lady, and we are only conceited figures, and ſo I'll tell all the Ladies in our ſchool, and I don't care if my French teacher hears me too. 'Pon my honour, with all my finery, I'm but a ſhabby genteel.

Enter DICKINS.

Dick. If my ſcheme of letting down our young heireſs, can bring about a match with Sir Hans's Son George, by agreement I touch the handſome preſent.

Fanny. La, papa! why don't you ſpeak to the young Lady?

Dick. Welcome, Miſs! (*nods familiarly.*)

Auguſta. Sir, (*courteſies*) I wiſh ſomebody would call my ſervant. (*going*)

Fanny. Miſs, I'll run.

Dick.

Dick. Stop. Now to let her down. (*aſide*) Miſs, I've diſcharged your ſervant.

Auguſta. How, Sir!

Dick. And, my dear, inſtead of attendance on yourſelf, you muſt learn to attend on others, my dear.

Auguſta. Sir! very odd and myſterious; this brutal treatment—(*aſide*)—my guardian lives but a few miles—the carriage ready! (*going*)

Dick. Never mind, my dear, you'll be able to walk as far as you've to go; you can walk! (*abruptly*)

Auguſta. What can be the meaning!———

Dick. A word, Miſs; you have been brought up with the idea of a great fortune. Smoke! your uncle has made a ſecond will, and bequeath'd all his property to a—ſome Mr. Jackſon, or Mr. Johnſon, no matter who.

Auguſta. I don't know who you are, Sir, but if acquainted in my affairs, ſurely by my uncle's will I am———

Dick. A man's *laſt* will is the clincher, tho' he had made fifty before; you are left a trifling legacy, and a handſome education, ſo muſt now battle it out for yourſelf.

Fanny. I could cry for her misfortune, if I wasn't glad at its making us more equal. Before, I admir'd; but now I ſhall love her, dearly.

Dick. My generoſity is ſuch, that at Sir Hans's requeſt, I'll take you into my houſe to be governeſs to my daughter Fanny, here.

Auguſta. Can this be poſſible?

Fanny, Then I'm to leave ſchool! (*joyfully*)

Dick. You ſhall have my protection, you may dine at my table when we have no parti-

cular company. No occaſion to acquaint you, my dear, of my property and fortune—firſt faſhion. (*looks at his watch*) My Lord may now have called at my houſe! but let him call again!

Enter JOHN, *with a large Bag.*

John. Here, Sir Hans's man ſays you ſold him better moiſt ſugar for 6d. a pound.

Dick. Get you gone, you raſcal! (*puſhes him out*)

Fanny. La, papa, why don't you mind the buſineſs of the ſhop?

Dickens. Hem! yes, I want a governeſs for my daughter. What ſay you Miſs?

Auguſta. Sir, I am a friendleſs orphan; no alternative—but ſuch an aſylum! (*aſide, and weeps*)

Dick. Come, young Lady, don't be caſt down.

Auguſta. I am ſurpriſed—perhaps concern'd; but the proſpect of riches gave me little pleaſure in the reflection that I was to poſſeſs what belonged to an unfortunate relative; the unforgiving ſpirit of her obdurate parent took the birth-right from his own lamented daughter, caſt down! I could be happy was I ſure my uncle's wealth would devolve on the offſpring of his child's offence; the poor youth, who may at this moment be a wretched outcaſt, diſown'd by an unprincipled father, and no inheritance, but his mother's ſhame.

Dick. Why, a babe was, I heard, the conſequence of your Couſin's ſlip; a boy—this young

young mad Arthur D'Aumerle, (*aſide*) but, dear, nobody knows any thing of the bantling; it may be dead or drowned, or—well, but, Miſs, what think ye?

Auguſta. Sir, I accept your offer.

Dick. Now, I ſhall have you under my own eye, no more playing ſhuttlecocks with Lords—but, how are you qualified for this office? what is your idea of the duties, in bringing up a young woman?

Auguſta. Sir, by the mouth of a parent ſhe receives admonition from Heaven itſelf; and when he commits that charge to another, it is indeed ſacred. The care of youth is an arduous, and delicate truſt of confidence, and honor; I look upon truth, cleanlineſs, and frugality, to be the firſt principles in a lady's education. They preſerve to her mind, perſon, and means, purity, health, and independence of obligation, which latter thro' the devious paths of her future life, to the unſuſpecting female, is often the concealed adder, for the deſtruction of her innocence.

Dick. She ſet out pretty well about my heavenly authority, and my delicate mouth; but for her concealed adders—(*aſide*) well, in truth, my dear, your quondam guardian, bid me break this affair in a rough way, to lower your ſpirit to your ſituation; but it's my intention to treat you with kindneſs and reſpect. (*aſide*) This will do me no harm, when ſhe finds ſhe has *ſtill* the fortune.

Enter L'ŒILLET.

L'Œillet. Vraiment oui! here is de charmante inconnue for milor; (*aſide*) and Miſs Fanny! ah! ha! (*with freedom*)

Dick. And Miſs Fanny's pa! pa! (*interpoſing*) Monſieur—you want now, I ſuppoſe, to engage my daughter in a match of cricket; but you ſhall get all the notches on your pate..

L'Œillet. Non! Monſieur, I did come vid milor's compliments—you ride cavalcade vid him dis morning.

Dick. What! after his affronting me!

L'Œillet. Affront pah! votre interêt.

Dickens. True! intereſt is the gold-beater's leaf, for my wounded pride. Come, Miſs, be chearful; you'll dine with us—dinner on table at ſix.

Fanny. Why, papa, we always dine at one.

Dick. Fanny, to amuſe you, will ſhew you our town here.

L'Œillet. I vill ſhow de Lady de town. (*bowing*)

Dick. (*Bowing*) Don't you believe it. After you, s'il vous plait, Monſieur.

[*Exit, with L'Œillet.*

Fanny. Yes, papa, I'll take Miſs Auguſta to the cathedral, the play-houſe, and ſhambles, the beaſt-market, and aſſembly-room, and ſhe ſhall ſee the fine gallery of pictures, in my Lord's caſtle too.

Timothy. (*Without*) Give me my own big bottle of old claret, in my own fiſt.

Fanny.

Fanny. A man! oh! Lord! I muſt take care of my governeſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TIMOLIN, *with wine and glaſs, and Landlady.*

Timolin. Puppies! but they couldn't read in my face, that I was gentleman to a Lord.

Landlady. Here, porters, fetch up his Lordſhip's, and the Gentleman's trunks, let Dick and Tom Oſtler give a help; take care how you turn the ſtairs.

Enter WAITER, *with two ſmall bundles.*

Waiter. Here, Ma'am, is the luggage.

Landlady. And call for claret! (*aſide*) Your maſter, Sir, is ———?

Timolin. The Honorable Lord Arthur D'Aumerle.

Landlady. The Honorable Lord———

[*Exit with Waiter.*

Timolin. (*taking papers out of his pocket*). I hope my Lord w'on't find out, that I collected all theſe tradeſmen's bills, which he ran up in London; he'd never have thought of them himſelf. This claret is neat—ſince he did call for it, I may as well drink it; for he has run out of the houſe. If his father, this Lord Torrendel wo'n't do ſomething, no going back to London, for us!

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. Sir, the other gentleman is calling for you, and making a great noiſe.

Timolin.

Timolin. Noiſe! aye, that's quite himſelf. Then, Sir, this gentleman will wait on that gentleman, and that may happen to ſave all the bottles and glaſſes in your houſe.

Waiter. He has juſt taken lodgings, at the jewellers over the way.

Timolin. What may the price be?

Waiter. I think, they let them at three guineas a week.

Timolin. (*Whiſtles, Waiter ſtares*) Don't be frighten'd, it's only a little new tune I was humming.

Waiter. Sir, he deſires his luggage to be brought to him. (*Timolin aſhamed, looking at the bundles, whiſtles*) Sir!

Timolin. What's the matter with you now? luggage! have you good ſtrong porters here, and a big cart?

Waiter. For what, Sir?

Timolin. For—hem! only Sir—I'm afraid our luggage will break down the landlady's ſtair-caſe. "And there was three travellers—travellers three." [*Exeunt. Timolin, ſinging.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Before LORD TORRENDEL'S

Enter LORD TORRENDEL.

LORD TORRENDEL.

NO, the phæton: (*calling off*) I may ſee this little girl in the evening, and after an hour on horſeback; my limbs, not quite ſo ſupple, appear rather older than ſuch a young creature ſhould think one; but, true—I aſked this Dickins to ride out with me to-day. One ſhould hold theſe ſort of people at arm's length, till we want to turn them into ſome uſe.

Enter TIMOLIN, *who takes papers from his pocket, and thruſts them into* LORD TORRENDEL'*s hand.*

Timolin. There! now you have the whole kit of them.

Lord Tor. Who are you, Sir? what's all this? bills!

Timolin. Yes, and by my ſoul they're not bank bills, and that's the worſt of them; and, they're not

not play bills, and that's the beſt of them; for there's not a gaming debt in the whole cluſter.

Lord Tor. But, friend, you ſhould have delivered them to my banker, Mr. Dickins.

Timolin. A banker! he'll give me the money! (*joyfully*) by finding you ſo good, oh! how you've diſappointed me. (*going*)

Lord Tor. Stop! (*looks at bills*) "Lord Torrendel, debtor, for goods delivered to Lord Arthur;" ——who is Lord Arthur D'Aumerle?

Timolin. Now don't be in a paſſion, why, I am his ſervant.

Lord Tor. But who is he himſelf?

Timolin. Come, be aiſy my Lord, don't go to pretend to know nothing of your own child.

Lord Tor. How dare any fellow aſſume—— Lord Arthur!

Timolin. He has the honor of being your ſon.

Lord Tor. 'Tis falſe.

Timolin. Well, he has no honor in being your ſon,—Will that content you.

Lord Tor. A raſcal! run about, contract debts, ſend in his bills to me! I won't pay a ſhilling to ſave him from perdition.

Timolin. Perdition! ſome new-faſhion'd name for the King's Bench.

Enter GROOM.

Groom. My Lord, am I to ſaddle the cheſnut mare for Mr. Dickins? he inſiſts upon having it.

Lord Tor. Yes, yes, ſcoundrel! (*walks*).

Groom. She coſt your Lordſhip two hundred guineas; he's a bad rider, and if ſhe ſhould get any hurt——

Lord Tor.

Lord Tor. Don't trouble me with your quarrels. [*Exit Groom.*

Timolin. Refuſe his child a few pounds, a bit of beef, a feather bed, and a hat and a pair of ſhoes, or ſo; yet mounts a Mr. Dickins on a horſe coſt 200 guineas!

Lord Tor. Can't keep within the allowance that I ——

Timolin. What allowance, My Lord?

Lord Tor. An extravagant ——

Timolin. He *is* extravagant; wicked; he's a devil! but, it's all your fault, my Lord, as a father; not noticing and bringing him up with a ſenſe of duty to himſelf and his neighbours. Call to mind how you loved his mother, and inveigled her from her friends, tho' you wasn't married to the poor unhappy lady, that doesn't make the child's little finger a bit leſs your ſon.

Lord Tor. Emily! *(takes out his purſe)* for her dear ſake—— .

Timolin. Then bleſſings on you! beſides, Lord Arthur is ſuch a gay——

Lord Tor. Lord Arthur again! not a guinea!

Timolin. And as like your lordſhip as a ſprightly young buck is like——an auld ſhambling baboon. *(aſide)*

Lord Tor. I know nothing about him.

Timolin. Theſe they call gallantries, to bring a living creature into the world and then leave him like a wild beaſt to prey upon ſociety. *(Lord Torrendel walks about enraged; Timolin following.)* Now, my Lord, only ſee him.

Lord Tor. Begone.

Timolin. I'll tell you what—you'll drive him deſperate; he'll do ſome helliſh thing or other; he'll commit a ſuicide upon either himſelf or me, for,

when once he thinks any thing, he immediately does it, without thinking at all about it.

Lord Tor. Harkye, you ſcoundrel! if I hear of your lord Arthur, or yourſelf, being ſeen about my door, I'll have you taken up.

Timolin. Well, a ſmall man taken up, does'nt cut ſuch a pitiful figure, as a great man taken down. [*Exit.*

Lord Tor. This eternal moment!

[*Exit diſturbed.*

Enter DICKINS, *dreſſed in an uniform of Hunt, and* JOHN.

Dickins. Yes, John, I think I'm very well equipp'd to ride out with my lord.

John. Well, ſir, you had a hundred guineas fee with me, and the day may yet come, for my croſſing a hunter.

Dickins. It may, John; when I was 'prentice in Barbican, and like the houſe dog, ſlept in the ſhop; promiſed the watchman a pint, to rouſe me, to go to the Eaſter Epping Hunt; five a clock and a fine morning! thump comes the pole againſt the ſhop door; tingle, tingle, goes the little bell behind it; up ſtarts me, from my bed under the counter; on with my buckſkin and jemmy jacket; jumps into my two boots; mounts my three and ſixpenny nag; but, firſt I put my ſpurs in my pocket; hey off we go, thro' Hackney, Hammerton—I ſaw the ſtag once, but then heard the hounds all the way; find I've a ſhort and a long ſtirrup: diſmount to put them even; forgetting to buckle the girt, down comes me, and the ſaddle at-top of me; by this I was flung out; but to prove I was in at the death, preſents my kind miſtreſs

miſtreſs with a piece of the ſtag's horn, which horn ſhe gives her huſband for a tobacco ſtopper, with ah my dear hubby, I wiſh you were as good a ſportſman as your 'prentice Tony Dickins, ah he's the ſmart fellow, ha! ha! ha! and ſo I was, and dem it ſo I am ſtill.—John you needn't wait dinner, I ſhall dine with Torrendel.

[*Exit John.*

Sir Hans! curſe it, I can't be plagued with ſuch a ſilly old fool now.

Enter SIR HANS.

Sir H. Hollo, Dickins! ſo you have ſeen my ward, Miſs Auguſta.

Dickins. Yes, yes, I have humbled her rarely, but pray don't delay me now, I'm engaged to ride out with my lord. I, and Torrendel, may firſt take a turn or two down the Street, arm in arm, right ſide, ſo don't hide the ſtar! my dear Hans don't ſtop to talk to me; if you've people with you, and you ſhould bow, I'll return it.

Re-enter LORD TORRENDEL.

Lord Tor. Call himſelf my ſon; keep ſervants too.

Dickins. Well, my lord, here I am: whip and ſpur.

Lord Tor. Deſire the porter not to admit either of them. (*calls off*)

Sir H. Not admit either of us!

Dickins. Poh! hold your tongue. (*puſhing him*) My lud, I had a little head ache from our bout laſt night; you look vaſtly well, but a little chevy will do us both good.

Lord Tor. Pray, Sir, what are you talking about?

Dickins. Why, my lord, you ſent for me to—

Lord Tor. Poh! poh! man, I ſha'n't ride out to-day. [*Exit.*

Dickins. Go to the expence of dreſſing! view'd by every body in the town, walking out in my leathers, and———

Sir H. Why, Sir, you are equipp'd in your leathers.

Dickins. Poh! poh! man, I ſha'n't ride out to-day. [*Exit.*

Sir H. And, pray, man, who cares whether you ride or walk? big little nobody! I'll introduce myſelf—Gad's curſe! a'n't I a Knight, and if I can effect this marriage with Auguſta and my George———

Arthur. (*Without*) Timolin! (*Enters in ſlippers*) Where's Timolin? Sir, I aſk pardon. My raſcal dare loiter and had only to come and bring me a couple of hundred guineas from my father; I'll ſee my lord myſelf. (*rings violently at the gate*)

Sir H. Some young fellow of faſhion!

Arthur. I'm run out in ſlippers; all aſleep here.

Sir H. Yes, Sir, they were at a jovial party laſt night; Mr. Dickins told me.

Arthur. Who? aye, my father keeps it up here, and I without the price of a bottle.

Sir H. (*aſide*) A little civility might make this Gentleman take lodgings at Samphire-hall.

Arthur. So, I'm not to be let in! then I'll have ſome of you out. (*rings*)

Sir H. Are you in this way, Sir! (*offering ſnuff-box, which Arthur daſhes through a window.*) the devil's

devil's in you, Sir! what ſort of mad trick's that, to knock a Gentleman's ſnuff-box. [*Exit.*

Enter a MAN, *with Boots.*

Arthur. Whoſe boots are theſe? what do you aſk for theſe boots?

Man. They are bought already, Sir, I'm bringing them home to my Lord Torrendel.

Arthur. My father; *(aſide)* you could make me a pair?

Man. Certainly, Sir.

Arthur. Theſe are about my ſize. *(kicks ſlippers off, and puts on the boots.)*

Man. Don't put them on, Sir, I can take your meaſure.

Arthur. My dear fellow, why ſhould I give you that trouble, when here is a pair ready made? that fits, now this, the whole world is made up of this, that, and t'other, I have this, and that, and t'other I don't want, for two boots will do for me as well as fifty.

Man. Lord, Sir, don't walk about in them, his lordſhip wo'n't have them.

Arthur. A paradox! his lordſhip cannot have them, and his Lordſhip has them already.

Re-enter SIR HANS.

Sir H. Only the pebble knocked out of the lid! never ſaw ſuch a ſtrange——

Man. The boots are now unſaleable, his lordſhip wo'n't take them off my hands.

Arthur. Nor off my lordſhip's feet.

Sir H. Lord! then I'll pocket my broken box.

Man. They are two guineas, Sir.

Arthur.

Arthur. (*to Sir Hans*) Sir, I beg you a thouſand pardons for my inadvertency.

Sir H. Inadvertency! a man of rank, by not knowing what he does.

Man. We never book ſuch trifles, Sir.

Arthur. Well then ſet them down to me, to Lord Arthur D'Aumerle; or, carry the Bill to my father; or, Timolin will pay you; or, any body will pay you; or, John Bull will pay you; honeſt John pays for all.

Man. I'll ſee if the law wo'n't make you pay me. [*Exit Man.*

Sir H. Sir, I preſume you are Lord Arthur D'Aumerle.

Arthur. Right—who are you? (*aſide*) oh! Sir Hans Burgeſs! that old fool they were laughing at in the ſhop yonder—I hear an immenſe character of you, Sir Hans.

Sir H. Pray, my Lord, what do they ſay of me?

Arthur. Ha! ha! ha! what I ca'n't ſay to your face: that's my father's houſe.

Sir H. Indeed! why we didn't know Lord Torrendel had a ſon.

Arthur. He doeſn't like my coming about him—he affects to be thought ſo very young, to recommend him to the Ladies: you underſtand me, Sir Hans?

Sir H. Not ſee you! he's a very unnatural father.

Arthur. And yet I'm quite a natural ſon.

Enter THOMAS.

Thomas. Sir, my Lord is very much alarm'd, and

and begs you will not commit any more outrage, or attempt to ſee him.

Arthur. Did he give the money to my ſervant?

Thomas. Why, Sir, I did ſee his Lordſhips purſe———

Arthur. Then he has, my profound duty—I aſk his pardon. (*exit Thomas*) He's a tolerable father after all—I'll now pay my debts and be a man again.

Sir Hans. I wiſh my ſon had your fire.

Arthur. You've a ſon? I'll ſhew him how to knock your caſh about!

Sir Hans. Good morning to you, Sir. (*going*)

Arthur. Not ſo, Sir Hans! come and breakfaſt with me.

Sir Hans. Two o'clock! Why my dear Sir, I broke my faſt ſix hours ago.

Enter Robin Hoofs.

Robin H. Sir, here bes Squire Miller's man to tell you dinner bes on table. [*Exit.*

Arthur. Pſha—come and breakfaſt with me.

Sir Hans. But I'm going to dinner.

Arthur. Well, you ſhall have Hams, Tongues, Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Anchovies, Eggs, and Raſhers. Come along———

Sir Hans. Ha, ha, ha! You hit my humour—I'm very wiſe and cunning—I'd do any thing to get money: but all only to ſee my ſon make a blaze.

Arthur. Blaze! a conflagration! I have a bachelor's houſe—that is, I lodge at the jeweller's yonder; I like to have things about me; I've ordered in wine's and reliſhes—I want your opinion of a horſe I've bought juſt now. How I'll curve it

it before noble dad's door! he ſhall ſee I can ſpend his money like a gentleman.

Sir Hans. What a noble lad, I could never get my ſon to buy a jack-aſs.

Arthur. Come, old hock's the word.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ARTHUR'S *lodgings.* [*New cloaths, linen, ſaddle, hat, &c. lying on chairs.*

Enter TIMOLIN.

Timolin. Oh, melancholy is our new home here. I'd wiſh to keep up my poor maſter's ſpirits, but he'll ſee an empty pocket in my diſmal countenance. If his papa had only given him as much as would have taken us back to London—well, we have no debts to lay hold on us in this town, however—(*ſees the things*) oh thunder and zounds! whats here;—been ſhopping on the ſtrength of the expected money! Ordered in wine too! Oh, ho, then not a cork ſhall be drawn 'till it is paid for. (*Locks the cupboard and takes the Key.*)

Arthur. (*without*) This way, Sir Hans. Oh, very well ma'am; but where's my ſervant?

Timolin. Bringing company too!

Enter a Maid-ſervant, with Tea-things, &c.

Maid. Sir, your maſter is returned, and is bringing a gentleman to breakfaſt.

Tim-

Timolin. Inſtead of a little civil baſon of tea, he has brought the whole Bedford Coffee-houſe about us!

Enter ARTHUR, *and* SIR HANS.

Arthur. Pray Sir, walk in—be ſeated—ſo we've touched? *(joyful)*

Timolin. Yes! we ſhall be touched. *(diſmal)*

Arthur. Timolin, my friend here has breakfaſted, ſo get Sandwiches, and Old Hock.

Timolin. Old Hock! I believe you're jumping out of your leather.

Arthur. Ha! ha! ha! very well, Timolin. Sir Hans, that fellow's a treaſure: but, when he does any thing clever, ſuch as bringing a man a couple of hundred, it makes him ſo pert—

Sir H. Yes! my Lord, when once a ſervant knows he's an honeſt man, he begins to be an impudent raſcal.

Timolin. Poh! what talk's that! Was the devil buſy with you, Sir, to ſend in all theſe new things from the tradeſmen?

Arthur. Ha! ha! ha! very well—Timolin, the wine! Sir Hans, I never drink in a morning, dem'd vulgar and unfaſhionable; but I know you old codgers of Port-ſoken Ward. You're a Citizen, Sir Hans, I've heard of your gillings round the Royal Exchange.

Sir H. Why if I drink in a morning, it makes me ſtupid all day.

Arthur. Oh, Sir Hans, impoſſible to make you ſtupid.

Sir H. Sir. *(bows)*

Arthur. Come Timolin, unlock.

Timolin. Indeed I wont.

Arthur. No! Sir Hans, this is the ſecret hiſtory of Old Hock, (*pointing to the cupboard*) and this (*touching his leg*) is the key to it. (*Burſts the door, and brings out wine.*)

Timolin. Broke open the cupboard—Oh, he'll get us both hanged.

Arthur. Sir Hans, without expedient a man's nothing.

Sir H. You and your ſervant, my Lord, put one in mind of a couple of ghoſts. You are all ſpirit, and he is no body—ha! ha! ha!

Arthur. Bravo!

Timolin. My Lord, let me ſend theſe things back to the honeſt people.

Arthur. Send yourſelf out of the room.

Timolin. Only hear me.

Arthur: I'll give you ſuch a beating.

Timolin. Well, ſo you do but hear me, beat me as long as you like.

Arthur. Lay the money upon my bureau and go to the devil: (*Puts him out*) The fellow is ſo puffed with doing a petty ſervice—Give me leave to ſtand Lady, and make tea for you.

Sir H. My Lord, I hope for the honour of ſeeing you down at Samphire Hall, an infant ſcheme, merely for the health and convenience of the gentry in this part of the country. I've converted a naked beech into as commodious a ſea-bathing place—

Arthur. Then your principle object is—

Sir H. The main ocean!

Arthur. Pſha! you want to eſtabliſh it into a faſhion? Its done, I'll be ſeen there upon your ſtein or eſplanade; my phyſician ſhall recommend all his patients from Brompton, and Paddington;

dingdon; a variety of gambling tabbies, honourable black legs, and rickety children.

Sir H. I'll deſcribe to your Lordſhip, exactly this ſituation of mine.—Here, ſuppoſe the edge of this Tea-board is the beach, the top of the Coffee-pot, here riſes the look out—

Arthur. Yes Sir, this is the pour-out. (*Overflows Sir Hans's cup.*)

Sir H. Then Sir, here's the Sea—eh!—I'm ſcalded!

Arthur. Aye Sir, the ſcalding tea.

Sir H. Theſe cups are one of the Rows of Lodging-houſes, this Sugar-baſon, the Chapel and my Houſe—

Arthur. Yes, yes, the ſweeteſt place for yourſelf.

Sir H. The Saucers are too large, to ſhew you the arrangement of the Machines; but, however, ſuppoſe each of theſe Guineas a Houſe. (*Takes out his Purſe, and arranges Guineas.*)

Arthur. A Guinea a Houſe! very cheap, I'll bring all my Friends.

Sir H. Ha! ha! ha! a pleaſant joke!

Arthur. And here's the cream of the jeſt.—(*Daſhes Cream over Sir Hans.*) Ha! ha! ha! This is a moſt ſociable Breakfaſt.

Re-enter TIMOLIN, *with* THOMAS.

Timolin. You told him! then untell him; for he won't hear me at all at all.

Arthur. There again! then, dam'me! now you ſhall bring me ſome brawn and anchovies.

Timolin. Now don't make quite a kiſkawn of yourſelf.

Thomas. Sir, I thought when I told you that my Lord's purſe——

Arthur. Yes! I'm grateful for good news, here. (*puts his hand on his pocket*) Not at home—all abroad. (*ſnatches a few guineas from the table, and gives them to Thomas.*)

Sir H. But my Lord, my guineas.

Arthur. Yes, Sir, a guinea a houſe, neat cottage, ſtable for ſix horſes, coach-houſe, gardens before and behind, pantheon ſtoves, Adelphi windows, geometrical cork-ſcrew ſtair-caſe, kitchen on ground-floor, and fine proſpect from attic ſtory.

Sir H. Bravo! capital for my advertiſement.

Arthur. Here's—I'll reward you. (*taking the guineas*)

Sir H. Stop, you've given him lodging-houſes enough, here my honeſt fellow is the look-out for you. (*gives the Coffee-pot*)

Arthur. Ha, ha, ha! true citizen, ſharp look-out on the guineas.—Tom you ſhall have a bottle. (*gives him one and places him at table. Timolin ſtares, then runs to take it from him.*) What! don't be quite ſo buſy;—ſit ſtill. (*to Thomas*) You march. (*puſhes Timolin out*). Sir Hans, Timolin will pay you your guineas.

Sir H. What a fine model for my ſon! Come, my Lord, I'll give you a patriotic toaſt—Here's ſucceſs to all my undertakings.

Arthur. Patriotic and diſintereſted indeed, Sir Hans! here's——

Thomas. Succeſs to my undertakings!

Arthur. Right, little pigeon—finiſh your bottle by yourſelf, and, if you quarrel with your com-

company, I'll kick you both out of the room. Have you advertiſed this place at Samphire-hall?

Sir H. I fancy advertiſing might make it better known; for newſpapers are a ſort of thing that's read.

Arthur. Why, yes, Sir Hans, people do read newſpapers; how the deuce did you find out that? Come, I'll draw you up a flouriſhing advertiſement.

Sir H. I employed a famous auctioneer to draw up one for me. (*takes a paper and peruſes,*) Mind how he deſcribes the beauties—"To the right, the bold cliffs and high bluff heads—at the foot, Sir Hans has built an elegant ſtrait row of houſes, called the Creſcent"—Eh! that's very fooliſh.

Arthur. Why, yes! your creſcent is a little in the full moon order, ha, ha, ha! no no, I'll try at it. (*gets pen and ink.*)

Enter TIMOLIN, *walks about with his arms folded.*

What do you mean by walking in here with your executioner's face?

Timolin. Well, I didn't run in debt for my face. Step in here, all of you.

Enter ſeveral Trades-people.

1ſt *Man.* Sir, the horſe you bought—I'll be ſatisfied with a draught on Mr. Dickins, our banker, for the 50 guineas.

2d *Man.* Neighbours, your goods are undamaged: but, I inſiſt on being paid for my boots.

Arthur. Timolin!

Timolin. Oh! I know nothing at all about it.

Arthur.

Arthur. Pay the people this moment.

Timolin. With what?

Arthur. What! the two hundred my father gave you.

Timolin. He didn't give me a Manx rap halfpenny.

Arthur. No! why, I thought—by Heavens! I'll get into the houſe myſelf.

Sir H. (*riſing*) Oh! my Lord, a thought ſtrikes me of great conſequence, in the preſent caſe.

Arthur. Well—Sir—quick?

Sir H. That here, inſtead of curlews, he ſhould have ſaid ſea-gulls. (*looking at paper.*)

Arthur. Damn your ſea-gulls, Sir! ſee a nobleman baited, by a parcel of mechanical——

Timolin. There's all your goods for you again—what more do you want? (*they take up all their ſeveral goods.*)

Arthur. Every one of you, lay down my property this moment, in the very ſpot from whence you took it. I'll pay you the firſt money I receive; but now, begone, or I'll murder you.

Timolin. Go good people, whatever he ſays he'll do.

Thomas. Here's gaiety and innocence! (*drinks*)

Arthur. True, it was you who told me firſt, that the money—I'll make you gay, you innocent dog. (*whips him off*)

Sir H. Oh! what a model for my ſon. (*Arthur gives him a ſtroke.*) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Gallery in LORD TORRENDEL'*s hung with whole length Pictures of Women.*

Enter LORD TORRENDEL, *and* L'ŒILLET.

Lord Tor. So very lovely?

L'Œillet. Une beauté celeſte! et pauvre—poor, derfore no danger from relations. So, my Lord, think no more of the rich mechanic Dickins's daughter.

Lord Tor. Why, their ſturdy Citizens may be troubleſome; but you ſay this young Lady is coming with Fanny to ſee my pictures.

L'Œillet. Oui, my Lor.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. This way, Miſs Auguſta.

Lord Tor. L'Œillet! (*winks, exit L'Œillet.*) well, you have brought your new friend, to ſee my paintings?

Fanny. Oh yes, Sir, my Lord I mean, but I didn't think you'd be in the way.

Lord Tor. Don't let her be alarmed at my preſence.

Fanny. Oh true, I'm not to let out you are a Lord?

Lord Tor. Fanny! I ſhould like to have your picture here.

Fanny. No, my Lord, ſure you wouldn't?

Lord Tor. And you ſhall have mine for a locket.

Fanny. You think me a ſilly girl, but I know enough, never to give tokens, or accept preſents, but

but from my papa, and one beſides, a certain—not an old Lord! but a young man. As my new ſong ſays,

AIR—*Fanny.*

Laſſes all are ſimple,
So the wiſe one's ſay:
Caught by bluſh or dimple,
Who is ſilly pray?
The ribband, and the ſtar,
One ſmile brings on a par,
With ruſtic maid, in her ſtockings blue:
Squeezing the hand, is the laſſes cue.
For ting, ting, ting, ting,
I can dance, and ſing.
(*Step Minuet.*)

II.

When the boy we fancy
Jolly comes to woo:
Lady gay or Nancy.
All know what to do.
Tho' mantling cheek denies,
And language of the eyes,
When the tongue gives you words unkind,
Take in her ſilence the laſſes mind.
With our ting, ting, ting,
I can dance and ſing.
(*Quick Step.*)

Re-enter L'ŒILLET.

L'Œillet. Here, my Lord, be de beauté Lady.

Fanny. What a monkey you are, I don't know what you mean, by making ſo much of my governeſs.

Enter AUGUSTA.

Auguſta Oh, are you here Fanny, the pictures in that room are ſo faſcinating.

Lord Tor.

Lord Tor. L'Œillet has good taſte, ſhe's a lovely creature; (*bows*) ſervant ma'am.

Auguſta. Sir! (*curteſies*)

Fanny. Miſs! never mind this old gentleman, he's only the houſe ſteward.

Lord Tor. Old!

Auguſta. (*looking round*) Something in the manner of the beauties at Hampton Court—true, I've been told what he is.

Fanny. What do they ſay of my Lord? he, he, he! ſhe's going to abuſe you. (*apart*)

Auguſta. Fancy habits, or drawn in their real characters?

Lord Tor. Both, madam, they are Ladies that his Lordſhip's heart has at times been devoted to.

Auguſta. And his Lordſhip, I preſume, has flattered himſelf into the idea, that he was at times in poſſeſſion of their hearts. (*Lord Torrendel bows.*)

Fanny. Now, what do you bow for? Miſs wasn't ſpeaking of you, Mr. Old Steward.

Auguſta. I was told he's very vain.

Fanny. Yes! he's quite a conceited figure, and as grey as a badger—isn't he, Mr. Old Steward? (*apart*) I ſaid ſhe'd abuſe you.

Auguſta. What a ſweet expreſſion in that countenance! (*pointing to a picture*)

Lord Tor. Her loſs, madam, makes a chaſm in his Lordſhip's heart, never to be filled but by a face, the lovely emblem of this collected group of charms. (*bows to her*) That is Miſs Emily Woodbine.

Auguſta. My couſin! then am I in the houſe of her baſe deſtroyer!

Lord Tor. What's the matter Madam?

Auguſta. Not much, Sir, I'm not very well.

Come, Fanny! a ſtar! heavens! have I been talking to——

Lord Tor. Stay, my divine girl!

Auguſta. My Lord, it ill becomes my youth, and humble life, to offer admonition, where age ſhould be the monitor of inexperience; and exalted rank *only* illuſtrious in virtuous example. The veil of delicacy drops between my mind and tongue —I cannot ſay what I think you: but the bitter reproach will yet reach your heart, when your only hope lies in pardon for a bad life, from, perhaps, a too late repentance. [*Exit.*

Fanny. What, has my governeſs run away! why Miſs! Miſs! [*Exit.*

Lord Tor. Her words have peirc'd me—but I muſt have her—the only being worthy to ſupply the place of my loſt Emily, and baniſh all other purſuits from my mind; from her good ſenſe I ſhall enjoy rational ſociety—and from her beauty—yes, L'Œillet muſt finiſh, what he has ſo well begun. [*Exit.*

Enter THOMAS *and* ROBINSON.

Robinſon. But how can I help this crazy Lord's getting in.

Thomas. You never ſtrove to help it, you're a rare porter for a Nobleman!—Walk away from the Lodge leave the door open, and let people in that my lord has ordered to be kept out.

Robinſon. Well, for my part, I couldn't ſee [illegible] any body had a greater right than a child, [illegible] his father's houſe.

[illegible] Wilful babe this! he treated me [illegible] juſt now, but by the Harry [illegible] the reckoning.

Arthur.

Arthur. (*without*) Pack of ſcoundrels!

Thomas. Aye there he is running from room to room.—What a row we ſhall have, I'll keep out of the ſcrape however. [*Exit.*

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. Prevent a dutiful ſon from ſeeing his honor'd parent! where's my father?

Robinſon. Why Sir, my Lord is within that's certain; I'm the porter, and I'm afraid I ſhall get at the wrong ſide of the door, for letting you in.

Arthur. Indeed! you're not fit for a great man's porter—you're too honeſt—when a poor man comes to his gate, your hand upon the churliſh key obeys the voice of pity—begone! you ſhall live with me—you ſhall be my Almoner, and diſtribute my whole roaſted oxen, and buts of ale—you ſhall give away a couple of thouſand a year—when I get them—but its dangerous for you to know me now. Go. [*Exit Robinſon.* Yes, oh by heaven my father ſhall ſee me, I'll convince him I'm a good boy—and I will be his comfort, and, though he commands me to be gone, I'll ſtay with him to prove my obedience. What a pity that the omiſſion of ſaying a few words, before I was born, ſhould prevent me from being lawful heir to this caſtle! perhaps the pride of my father! the darling of the tenants! favourite of the neighbours, and friend to the poor! now, a wretched outcaſt, ſhunned like a ſavage, foe to mankind, and man at enmity with me! no eſtabliſhment! profeſſion! friend, or character, no gentle word, no complacent ſmile, every tongue is the vehicle of coarſe reproach, and

every face meets me with a chilling frown. Oh! my father, where are you? (*looks round with grief*) do not ſhun me, I'll kneel, till you ſpurn me from you—that face! (*looks at a picture*) it is my mother. I heard of his lordſhip's gallery of beauties—quite an exhibition for every ſtarer: but my dear mother ſhall no more be diſhonoured, by making one in this unhappy collection—no, by heavens! her misfortunes ſhall be no longer the topic, for the ſneering comments of vulgarity and ill nature. (*lifts the picture down*) Timolin! why don't you come up? Timolin!

Enter LORD TORRENDEL, *and* L'ŒILLET.

Lord Tor. What uproar is this in my houſe?

L'Œillet. Sacriſtie! by dis meeting milor will find out, I did keep all de money, he did give me for his ſon's ſupport.

Lord Tor. Have you any buſineſs with me, Sir? who are you?

Arthur. (*falls on his knee, and points to picture*) Sir, this was my mother. (*Lord Torrendel looks at both, puts his handkerchief to his eyes.*)

L'Œillet. Diantre! he is ſoftened, and I am ruined—milor, here be Miſs Auguſta in de hall ſtill. (*apart*)

Lord Tor. Begone! (*puſhes him off angrily, walks ſlowly and then turns*) My ſon, the child of Emily! [*Exit in great emotion.*

Arthur. This our firſt interview ſince my infancy! my father not to ſpeak to me! now where to turn—I think I have—ſome honour but I have wrong'd the induſtrious tradeſmen—what muſt they think of me?—ſo ſanguine in my hopes!—all blaſted by this father's cruelty—he is cruel, thus

thus to abandon me to the horrors of contempt, ſhame, and poverty.—Many have been baniſhed their country for what I have done—I deſerve it—it may come to that.—Diſtraction! Oh! my father, hear, ſave me!—no, no, no! he's deaf to the voice of nature.—Now the ſtorm's up, and let it blow me as it will.

Enter TIMOLIN.

Timolin. Well, and you ſaw your papa? *(joyfully)*

Arthur. Take that picture to my lodgings—farewell father. *(Calling off at the ſide, turns tenderly to the picture,)* Oh! my mother. *(burſts into tears)* [*Exeunt. Timolin with the picture.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter SIR HANS BURGESS.

SIR HANS.

CRAM a fine daſhing fellow into their priſons for hats and ſhoe-buckles! Sha'n't. What a bright model this Arthur for my ſon George! yet if he had but life and ſoul to ſhew it, George is a compleat and finiſh'd pattern for moſt of our young men. I don't know any one thing that my boy is not perfect maſter of, muſic, dancing, fencing, languages, a magazine of accompliſhments: ſet him to country ſports, he excels every body; he's as keen as an attorney, has the courage of a maſtiff, generous as the Man of Roſs! but hang it, all his ſhining qualities clouded by want of ſpirit to daſh! Oh, if I could but ſee him a bold free daſher!

Enter.

Enter ROBIN HOOFS.

Robin H. Sir, who ſhould paſs me juſt now but the young ſquire.

Sir H. What, my ſon George whiſk'd by you in a phæton? a chaiſe and four? a tandem?

Enter GEORGE BURGESS.

George, why, what the devil's this ſort of figure?

George. Sir, how are you? *(calmly)*

Sir H. Spare no expence for you to appear like a prince; give you money to flaſh in a ſhining tour, to be here and there, before any body can tell where you are, and when I expected you to come, tearing up the pavement, in a phaeton as high as the clouds, over chickens, old women, and pigs, all the people jumping out of the way, with huzza for the young Squire, here you ſneak into town, limping like a lame Highlander on a march, covered with duſt as if you had been dancing in a canniſter of Scotch ſnuff. 'Sblood, Sir! what do you mean by this behaviour?

George. Sir, on my leaving home you gave me a five hundred pound note, and ſix guineas; there's your note—I've ſtill one pound five and ſeven-pence in bank. (*touching his pocket.*)

Sir H. Devil's in you and your ſeven-pence! I wiſh you were both in the ſtocks you pitiful cur. Damn me if I havn't a mind to diſinherit you, and adopt Robin Hoofs. Robin, go to the Roſe inn, and beſpeak the beſt dinner they can provide for I and George and the gallant Arthur, if we can find him. [*Exit Robin H.*

George.

George. Why, Sir, I am a little hungry. *(takes ſomething from his pocket.)*

Sir H. By the Lord! a ſon of mine knawing a cruſt in the open ſtreet!

George. Sir, as I paid for it at the laſt alehouſe where I ſupp'd——

Sir H. Supp'd at an alehouſe!

George. Yes, Sir, a neat little place, ſign of the Goat in Boots.

Sir H. And perhaps ſome of my friends, in their coaches. ſaw you?

George. Yes, Sir, Lady Beechgrove, and the two Miſs Sandfords, drove by in a coach and four; they didn't ſee me at firſt, but I ſaluted them.

Sir H. Salute ladies from the Goat in Boots! Where did your noble honour dine? *(ironical)*

George. Sat upon the mile-ſtone this ſide Saliſbury. *(Sir Hans ſtares.)* Sir, I had no occaſion to ſhut myſelf from the open air, as I had a couple of hard eggs in my pocket.

Sir H. And I ſuppoſe you brought ſalt in your pocket?

George. Yes, Sir, and a penny roll.

Sir H. His penny roll has choak'd me! and where did your honour take your bottle? *(bows ironical.)*

George. True, Sir, I ſlipp'd off the bank into the river, as I was getting a little water in the brim of my hat.

Sir H. The devil take them that took you out again!

George. Father, the walking got me an appetite; after my repaſt, I was neither dry nor hungry; I drank no wine; but then I was free from an headache,

ache, and, without mixing in company, my heart was chearful.

Sir H. (aſide) This gay Arthur will make him another thing. But Dickins will have the conſtables after him. George, you'll give me what information you've picked up in your tour; how they manage their machines and lodging houſes; what they do, and what they don't do, that I may know what I ought to do.

George. Ca'n't make up that other ſix-pence —oh! the halfpenny to the boy for opening the gate!

Sir H. Dem the boy; come poliſh yourſelf up a little, my ward Miſs Auguſta Woodbine's come from London, and I've a certain reaſon for her thinking well of you. If ſhe ſhould ſee you ſo— (*takes an handkerchief, and whiſks the duſt off*)— ſuch an appearance, by the Lord ſeems as eaſy and ſatisfied, as if dreſt for a ball. Can nothing make you aſhamed?

George. I'll take care to do nothing that can make me aſhamed.

Sir H. Here's the Lady—I'll try what effect an accidental meeting may have. Now to know what they have done with the gay Arthur! [*Exit.*

George. I fear I've loſt my clothes bruſh.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. Bleſs me! where can ſhe be? if ſhe has run home, and told papa, I ſhall have it in ſtile.

George. Fanny! how do you do, my love?

Fanny. My dear George! when did you come? Lord! I'm ſo glad!

George. You look as charming as ever.

Fanny. Thank'ye; but, upon my word, you don't look ſo charming.

George. I ſhould make myſelf a little decent.

Fanny. Then run home, and change your dreſs.

George. Oh, no occaſion, I've my clothes-bruſh in my pocket. *(retires, bruſhing his coat.)*

Enter AUGUSTA.

Fanny. Oh! governeſs, I've been running about after you.

Auguſta. What could induce you to bring me into Lord Torrendel's houſe? ſure you know that he is a very dangerous character.

Fanny. Lord, its no ſuch thing, who could have told you that? his Lordſhip has no more pride! he's not aſham'd at making one in a game of romps, even with his own ſervant maids.

Auguſta. Ah, Fanny, when our ſuperiors of the other ſex condeſcend to affability, inſtead of exalting, it is for the purpoſe of degrading us to a ſtate of the moſt pitiable humiliation.

Fanny. Now don't be angry with me, I'll introduce you to———

GEORGE—*advances.*

Auguſta. Oh, no more of your introductions, pray.

Fanny. I will, tho'; Miſs Auguſta, this is—

Auguſta A Mr. *young* Steward, I ſuppoſe.

Fanny. Ha, ha, ha! George you don't know what we're laughing at—*(apart)* Miſs, don't go tell him that I play at ſhuttlecock with my Lord in the great gallery.

Auguſta. A piece of his lordſhip's condeſcenſion I didn't

I didn't know before. My guardian's ſon, I preſume.

George. The deſcription of Miſs Auguſta Woodbine falls ſhort of what I have the happineſs to behold. *(bows)*

Fanny. There I told you he was a ſmart fellow ſometimes. Come, George, you ſhall be our chaperon about the town, but you are an odd-looking beau.

George. I'll attend you on your rambles—Madam—Fanny will you honour my arm.

[*Fanny takes his arm.*

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. Ha! odds. Madam, my arm is at your ſervice. *(to Auguſta.)*

Auguſta. Do you know this Gentleman? *(to Fanny.)*

Enter a Man with fruit.

Fanny. Lord, true, this is Aſſembly night.

Man. Gentlemen, treat the Ladies.

George. The Ladies don't want—ſhall we walk?

Arthur. Quite a hound! ha! nectarines ſo early! Madam. (*offering fruit.*)

Man. Six are a guinea.

Arthur. There! *(gives money.)*

Auguſta. Oh! Sir, by no means.

George. Miſs, an apple—Fanny! (*offering*)

Arthur. Theſe are Angels, not Eves, to be tempted by yonr paltry pippins. (*knocks them about.*)

George. Sir, what d'ye mean? (*angry*)

Enter a Woman and Child.

Woman. Good Gentlemen and Ladies, I've a ſick huſband lying in priſon.

George. For debt? what is it? *(apart)*

Woman. Above eighteen ſhillings.

George. (*loud*) Pray go—don't teize people; their diſtreſs is only the conſequence of idleneſs. I'd never encourage beggars—there, go—(*gives money apart.*) plaguing one.

Woman. Sir, it's a guinea!

George. Well, don't trouble one now. (*loud*) Get your huſband out of priſon, and comfort your child. (*apart; ſings careleſsly, and puts them off.*)

Auguſta. What's this?

Fanny. Bleſs you, governeſs, he is always doing theſe kind of things. He'd grudge himſelf a penny cheeſecake, yet maintains and clothes half the poor round; he's king of a ſmall iſland near his father's ſeat, who is ſuch a ſtingy old curmudgeon.

Arthur. What a pitiful ſcoundrel am I. My guinea nectarines, and little penny-worth of pippins, with the benevolent heart of a god! Sir, if I dare beg the honour of your acquaintance—I haven't a card, but I'm over at——

George. Sir, I'll put down your addreſs; (*takes out his pencil*) points broke (*takes out pen-knife*) cutting it away—waſtes—(*puts up both*) Oh, Sir, I'll remember.

Fanny. What ſignifies your bowing there? come and pay ſome attention to me.

Arthur. (*looking at Auguſta.*) How charming! what a block am I, talking half an hour to a lady, and never look at her!

Auguſta.

Auguſta. Fanny, we muſt be walking towards your papa's.

Fanny. But you hav'n't ſeen our ball-room here.

Arthur. Ball-room! Ladies, do you know I'm a moſt capital dancing-maſter? harkye, my worthy friend, a word.

George. Oh! Sir, as many as you pleaſe.

[*Exeunt.*

Fanny. Lord! that rattle there has dragged George up into the Aſſembly-room; I hope its not to fight—if he goes to fight, George will kill him. (*a fiddle heard above.*) That's hé! I know his ſweet little finger.

Auguſta. What an aſtoniſhing reſemblance! Fanny, did you ever ſee any likeneſs of this ſtrange gentleman?

Fanny. Ah! the image of Miſs. Woodbine's picture! its Lord Torrendel's great boy.

Auguſta. The neglected ſon of my unhappy couſin!

Enter TIMOLIN.

Timolin. To drive him in ſorrow from his doors! my poor maſter now is ſunk in grief and woe.

Arthur. (*without*) Bravo! (*enters ſinging*) Ladies, 'pon my word, my friend is an excellent ſtick; his reſpects to you, Miſs, and my moſt humble adoration to you, Madam, we'll have a little dance above.

Auguſta. Oh, Sir! no, no! come Fanny.

Fanny. Lud! it would be fine fun, governeſs don't you ſee how cloudy it gets; I'm ſure there will be a ſhower, and if I walk thro' the rain, you, as my governeſs, ought to be very angry with me.

Arthur.

Arthur. Fye, Ma'am, wou'd you ſpoil your dreſs? we ſhall have a daſhing ſhower.

[*Fanny holds out her hand.*

Auguſta. No, indeed! come Fanny.

Arthur. You, Sir, where's my mother?

Timolin. With your father. I left the picture in the porter's lodge; for the Frenchman has turn'd away the porter for letting you in.

Arthur. Go back, and bring it to my lodgings, or I'll maſſacre you. (*a fiddle heard without*) we'll be with you, boy.

Fanny. But, Sir, as that young man plays, where's my partner?

Arthur. I'll whiſtle, ſing, and dance, all in a breath. (*puts an arm round each, and runs in.*)

Timolin. (*whiſtles*) A pity that Chriſtians hav'n't a laughing and crying ſide to their faces; for in a comfortable fit of ſorrow, up ſtarts ſomething to give us an he, he, he! and when the mouth's opened for a grin, up goes the finger in the eye with an ho, ho, ho!—but my face muſt take the humour and fortunes of my maſter; in the road of life the ſmall muſt follow the great, and that's the reaſon the big coach-wheel runs after the little one. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Inn.

Enter LANDLADY, *introducing* LADY TORRENDEL, *and* MISS CLARE.

Landlady. Won't you pleaſe to reſt, Ma'am?

Lady Tor. I thank you, but ſo long ſhut up in a

a carriage, one ſhould reſt walking. Miſs Clare, will you be ſo kind as to aſk the footman if I've left my memorandum-book in the coach? (*exit Miſs Clare*) Some handſome equipages about here! have you many gentry in the town?

Landlady. Oh, yes Ma'am, we've a Lord, and Knight, and a power of Squires.

Re-enter MISS CLARE.

Miſs Clare. Here, Ma'am, is the book.

Lady Tor. Oh! I thank you.

Landlady. I'll haſten the horſes. [*Exit.*

Lady Tor. My Lord had a ſeat in this part of the country, and I think a banking agent of his lives in this town, (*looks in the book*) Mr. Dickins, yes, very true.

Miſs Clare. This ſeems a charming place, my Lady!

Lady Tor. It is! I wiſh my Lord hadn't parted with it! the caſtle and its delightful environs were the tranquil ſcenes of my moſt happy hours! after marriage our firſt years were paſs'd here, and tho' there was title on his ſide, and great wealth on mine, yet ours was not a match of faſhion! neither ambition on my part, or (I think) avarice on his; very young to be ſure, but then I was a little philoſopher, tho' bred in the full brilliant certainty of every dazzling joy that riches cou'd beſtow, yet my ſight was proof againſt the glare of ſplendor. My Lord was gay, accompliſh'd, and the generoſity of a youthful mind repell'd all idea of advantage in our union.

Miſs Clare. Ah, Madam! any Gentleman muſt think himſelf poſſeſs'd of every advantage in a union with your Ladyſhip.

Lady

Lady Tor. I wiſh I had myſelf gone to Liſbon with my Lord; this journey ſeems ſo tedious, and then the uncertainty of the ſeas; thro' his indiſpoſition he may want that tender cordiality, his claim from me; I'm all anxiety to proceed.

Enter COACHMAN.

Coachman. Madam the horſes are too, but does your Ladyſhip know my Lord's here?

Lady Tor. Here! how! what do you mean?

Coachman. In this very town my Lady, I met our old Martha.

Lady Tor. Impoſſible! return'd to England! ſomething very myſterious——

Dick. (*without*) Well, what is it?

L'Œillet. (*without*) I cannot talk my Lor's buſineſs in public entré.

Lady Tor. Eh, why—ſure that is my Lord's valet.

Miſs Clare. It certainly is, Madam.

Lady Tor. Huſh, ſtep this way, Heavens! oh, my heart—well—Martha you ſay—tell me—(*agitated*). [*Exeunt.*

Enter DICKINS *and* L'ŒILLET.

Dick. Really, ſince my Lord's lofty conduct to me, I ſhall give up his affairs. I've my agencies, and my bank to mind.

L'Œillet. Bank! vat! de little till in your boutique? you had better ſend challenge to mi Lor—ſwell and puff! ma foi! c'eſt comique ça! let mi Lor take his money out of your bank, den vat is your bladder of conſequence.

Dick. 'Sblood I don't want any body to take their money out of my bank.

L'Œil-

L'Œillet. Here be a freſh pacquet of letters.

Dick. Which I am to forward, as uſual, to Lady Torrendel in Cumberland.

L'Œillet. I have date 'em, ſo as to make mi Lady believe my Lor ſtill at Liſbon.

Dick. To keep the unſuſpecting wife cool amongſt the lakes there, whilſt the gallant huſband enjoys his roſe-buds in his pleaſure grounds here.

L'Œillet. Mi Lor, to ſpare himſelf from writing, ſtill fineſſe de ſprain hand, and trouble me vid de vife—ſo dere I ave writ dat whole bundle for her at vonce. I ave upon my mind des affaires d'importance to get de pretty girl for mi Lor.

Dick. And I, as a magiſtrate, have to ſend this young dog to priſon, who has been taking up the tradeſmen's goods.

L'Œillet. Magiſtrate! fi donc! petit bourgeois —you huff abaut pah! [*Exit.*

Dick. Who cares for your paw, or your four claws, you outlandiſh cockatoo! I muſt ſend theſe one by one, which firſt?

Re-enter LADY TORRENDEL (*unperceived*).

Lady Tor. My Lord in England all this time!

Dick. Dated this day—to Lady Torrendel. (*reading.*)

Lady Tor. How's this! (*aſide*)

Dick. Then to give time for her to ſuppoſe it came from her Lord at Liſbon, where he has not been at all, her Ladyſhip ſhall have this in about a month.

Lady Tor. A little ſooner, if you pleaſe, Sir. (*advancing.*)

Dick. My Lady herſelf! (*drops the letters and*

exit confuſed. Enter Miſs Clare; picks them up and preſents.)

Lady Tor. (*opening one*) Separate himſelf from me by ſuch a complicated ſeries of invention, and by fallacious accounts of his ill-health, keep me in perpetual uneaſineſs! cruel man! make me believe he had ſold his eſtate here, yet retain it only for the baſe purpoſe of converting a ſpot (that brings to my mind the ſweet recollection of delight, and innocence) into a contaminated retreat for licentious, guilty, ſordid pleaſures! you charg'd the coachman not to mention who I am? but I fear that now is too late.

Miſs Clare. No, Ma'am, for his own diſcretion ſuggeſted the neceſſity of that, before I mentioned it to him.

Lady Tor. Do you think too, if the people of this houſe know it, I can engage them to keep my arrival a ſecret.

Miſs Clare. The woman promiſes that, for tho' my Lord ſpends ſo much money, he's no favourite in the town, from the knowledge of his ill uſage to your Ladyſhip.

Lady Tor. I wou'dn't have him deſpiſed; but how to gain full and certain proofs? to put beyond all doubt his motive for ſecreting himſelf here?

Miſs Clare. So far I have taken the liberty of anticipating your Ladyſhip's wiſh. I have aſk'd Martha——

Lady Tor. My good friend! a thouſand thanks! I'm charm'd with your zeal. Yes, it is my wiſh; what! Martha will convey me privately into the Caſtle? delightful! I think none of his ſervants know me here, but his French Secretary. Write to me by a ſervant! not open my Letters! unkind!

kind! ungrateful! but then, to ſteal upon him, it's a ſevere trial—I'm faint! but I muſt ſummon fortitude! they'll ſee I've been weeping; come—

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Parlour in DICKINS'S: *large Books lying on the table.*

Enter JOHN *and* TRADESMEN.

John. Step in, only ſtop a moment, my maſter will be in directly, and take all your informations. You know I can do nothing in it.

[*Exit.*

1ſt *Man.* The young Gentleman is thoughtleſs and wild, but I believe's there not much harm in him.

2d *Man.* I don't think I can find in my heart to proſecute, if the affair is likely to affect his life.

3d *Man.* He's but a bad one I fear, yet I'd not hang a man for all the boots I'm worth.

Enter DICKINS.

Dick. So, the Lady has got into the Caſtle. ſhe'll trim his gay lordſhip—yes, ſhe has ſtole a march upon him—he ſha'n't hear of it from me. Oh what curtain lectures, perhaps a divorce, then maybe he'll marry my Fanny. (*aſide*) A pretty buſineſs this young buck—

2d *Man.* If he can raiſe the money to pay me I don't wiſh to hurt him.

Dick.

Dick. Pay you, oh! I ſhall loſe my fees! (*aſide*) You ſelfiſh man, would you compound a felony: Some revenge upon the father, to have the great family-name of D'Aumerle down in a Mittimus.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Fellow, where's your pris'ner?

Conſt. Pleaſe your worſhip, he be dauncing—he deſired me to gi' you this bit of paper.

Dick. I ſend you for a thief, and you bring me a bit of paper!—he be dauncing! (*reads*) "Lord Arthur D'Aumerle's compliments to Juſtice Dickins, is now engaged with ſome Ladies, but after another dance will wait upon"—dance!

Conſt. Yez, there bes young Squire Burgeſs got fiddling, and Miſs Fanny, they be jigging it up rarely.

Dick. My daughter! is this the firſt leſſon from her new Governeſs! but you ſtupid ſcoundrel, I ſuppoſe you took a bribe.

Conſt. Noa, Sir, I only took Half-a-crown.

Dick. How dare you, only a Conſtable, meddle with the Juſtice's buſineſs. A notorious offender; charged with crimes of life and death! he come! no! he'll abſcond—we ſha'n't ſee him in a hurry.

Arthur. (*without*) I want the Juſtice!

Dick. Why, that's he, but you find no Juſtice here (*aſide*) I muſt examine the culprit in form; you, ſirrah! John, what are you about in the ſhop, when I want you in my office? weighing raiſins and pepper; down with the ſcales and balance, and bring my great books, and my ink-ſtand, aye! and I'll take my chocolate here.

(*Cho-*

(*Chocolate, &c. brought in; Dickins places books, puts on wig, and ſits.* [*Exit Conſtable.*

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. I've finiſh'd our Coranto in a quick ſtep, and, with a kiſs hand to the Ladies, have flown to receive your commands.

Dick. (*aſide*) Now, is this folly, impudence, courage, or generoſity?

Arthur. Upon the information of the butter'd muffins, Juſtice Dickins, I preſume——(*ſits on the table, and eats.*)

Dick. Sir, upon the information of the Conſtable, a great rogue I preſume—but 'pon honor I didn't expect you.

Arthur. Oh! then Sir, your moſt obedient! (*going*)

Dick. Stop! ſtop! is this the man that took your goods?

Tradeſman. Yes!

Dick. Enough! write his mittimus—you all proſecute; what's your name Mr. ——

Arthur. Lord Arthur D'Aumerle.

Dick. Alias Duke of Dunſtable, alias Captain, alias Major.

Arthur. Was my father ſtill in the army, I'd have enliſted a common ſoldier in his own regiment—then the world might have ſaid, there's Lord Torrendel's ſon carrying a knapſack—but now let it ſay, a parent ſuffers his child to lie in priſon for the neceſſaries of life. Cou'dn't you carry me to gaol by the caſtle?

Dick. Conſtable, you have my authority, take him.

Enter

Enter SIR HANS.

Sir H. No man in England ſhall take him. My prince of bold actions, what are they going to do with you?

Dick. Conduct him to priſon!

Sir H. I'll bail him.

Arthur. Pray be quiet, Sir.

Sir H. I wo'n't de quiet, Sir.

Dick. But, here's an aſſault and battery—muſt be bound over to keep the peace for a year and a quarter—no, a year and a day.

Sir H. I'll anſwer for him! aye, two thouſand pounds! there's my name; fill up the inſtrument. (*ſigns*)

Dick. Oh! very well: he'll ſave his neck, and you'll loſe your money—let him out now, and catch him again if you can.

Arthur. Does your little raſcally ſoul conceive I'd let a friend ſuffer for an act of benevolence, and to myſelf? No! human laws may puniſh other crimes; but, let the hotteſt bolt of heaven ſtrike ingratitude.

Timolin. (*without*) Sweet Mr. Conſtable, 'pon my ſalvation I didn't—

Re-enter CONSTABLE, *with* TIMOLIN (*priſoner*).

Conſt. Meaſter, here be's an accompliſh.

Timolin. I'm not accompliſh'd, I'm quite a bog trotter. (*crying*)

Conſt. The picture that was robb'd out of——

Dickins. What, you found it upon him?

Conſt. Upon his very head.

Dick. You notorious criminal!

Timolin.

Timolin. My maſter to be jumping about with Ladies, and leave me——oh! my dear Sir (*runs to Arthur. Tradeſmen whiſper: Timolin, pointing to Sir Hans*) did he! then plaiſe your honour, will you be bound bail for me too?

Sir H. For you! pardon me.

Timolin. No, Sir! aſk them to pardon me.

Enter GEORGE.

George. Mr. Dickins, I'm making up a ſmall ſum,—there was change coming to me yeſterday when I bought the half-pound of Six-ſhilling Souchong, I'll thank you for it, it was nine-pence.

Dick. Confound your nine-pence, Sir, come into Court for your nine-pence.

Sir H. And burn your Souchong.

Arthur. Come, Come, my ſuper-excellent friends, you ſhould know each other.—I have not the honor of knowing your name, Sir, but give me leave to introduce you to Sir Hans Burgeſs, an exceeding worthy Gentleman, who has a ſon, a mean ſpirited young ſoaken ſot that gets tipſey with water, and dines on bread and cheeſe at the Goat in Boots.—Sir Hans, this is Mr.——however, he has a ſoul to relieve poor Debtors out of priſon, yet has a father, the very devil of an "old avaricious Curmudgeon."

George. Now, Sir, Give me leave to introduce my father,—(*pointing to Sir Hans*)

Sir H. My Lord, My Son, (*preſenting George*)

Arthur. Eh! (*ſurpriſed and confuſed*)

George. Oh, my friend, where's the fine picture I ſaw on your head, (*to Timolin.*)

Dick. There he ſaw it on his head,—Swear it. (*to George*)

Sir H.

Sir H. Get along you raſcal, an Informer too. (*puſhes him off.*)

Dick. Take away your priſoner.

Arthur. I'll bail my ſervant.

Dick. You! a rare ſhadow! ah! friend, I know you. Thanks to the noble Lord Torrendel's gallantries, we've twenty ſuch Lords cutting cabbages, and drudging for oyſters, down at Sandgate Iſland---but becauſe your mother had a pretty face, a great fortune, and no virtue——

Arthur. Throw a reflection on my honour'd parent! defame the ſacred memory of the dead —the only univerſal epitaph ſhould be——oblivion to the frailties of humanity!—I'll murder him, by heavens!

Timolin. No occaſion to ſwear, you've ſaid it, and you'll do it.

Sir H. Hold! the devil's in you; break the peace, and I loſe my two thouſand pounds.

Arthur. True, my dear friend.---oh! I burn with fury---but your Worſhip's wig can't ſwear a battery. (*twirls it*) There's Burn's Juſtice, Blackſtone, and Coke upon Littleton. (*knocks books about*) Come along, Timolin,

Timolin. Maſter, ſtay for me---take me---

Sir H. Oh! what a bright model for my ſon George!

[*Exeunt all, Conſtable with Timolin.*

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

An antique Room in LORD TORRENDEL'S

Enter CONSTABLE, *and* L'ŒILLET, *puſhing in* TIMOLIN.

L'ŒILLET.

THERE, you ſtay faſt, coquin! ſuch audace--- of robbery, take furniture and pictures out of my Lor's houſe!

Timolin. I'm more guilty than my Maſter, as the receiver is worſe than the thief.

Conſt. Who is your maſter, the receiver? ſpeak!

Timolin. Friend, you may take me for a robber, if you will; but you ſhan't prove me an informer, becauſe I've a regard for my character.

L'Œillet. Stay there till we find Mr. Dickin, de juſtice, to ſend you to jail; be merry with that table and chair; ſorry to diſgrace---make a

brown bear of my chamber---there ſit and ſing —" de charge is prepared, de lawyers are met."

[*Exit ſinging.*

Timolin. I wiſh they had crammed me into a jail at once, and not thruſt me into this diſmal top of a caſtle. Oh did my poor mother ever think that, before I died, I ſhould get myſelf hanged for a thief? Lord Arthur! Lord Arthur! unlucky was the day that Mr. Felix Timolin hired to be your ſervant man. (*looks at the table*) Here's letters and papers, ſcribble ſcrabble, eh! why, this is my Lord's own hand I remember it by one of his Franks—" To Monſieur L'Œillet." What does he write to his ſervants; but what's all this to me; no way to get out of window, may be in this cloſet. [*Retires.*

Enter at a private door, LADY TORRENDEL, *and* MARTHA.

Martha. (*ſurpriſed*) Why, I vow my Lady, this is the valet's room, and none of us ever knew this door to it.

Lady Tor. I think, Martha, I remember the caſtle better than you, who have lived in it ſo long. Out of that door there's a ſtair-caſe to my Lord's dreſſing-room, where I'll wait till he comes in. I'd wiſh to know a little more before I ſee him. Rather mean this lurking about and tampering with ſervants—but no hope of reclaiming him, except he's certain I know what then will be out of his power to deny. (*aſide*) My Lord rode out you ſay; ſeemed diſcompoſed? well, not a word that I'm here,—(*Exit Martha*) this houſe ſeems all wild, no regularity, peace, or the comforts of a home, but the gratification

of

of paſſions which reaſon and nature now ſhould ſubdue, reconciles him to inquietude, meanneſs, and diſhonour. So, this room now belongs to his vile agent! it was formerly put to a better purpoſe—this is the very room that I converted into a ſchool for the poor infant ruſtics. Here the young mind was trained to virtue and induſtry —here now, are, perhaps, plans laid to corrupt and deſtroy the ſweet roſe of innocence! Eh, who's here!

Re-enter TIMOLIN.

Timolin. No, looks into a deep court. Oh, I'm very high up, they've double locked the door. (*trying it*) Oh dear! oh dear! (*ſits*)

Lady Tor. Dos'nt ſeem one of the family! (*aſide*)

Timolin. This letter, from my Lord to Monſieur, I've a ſtrong curioſity to ſee.

Lady Tor. How! as I'm here on a voyage of diſcovery, the ſight of that might prepare me better for this dreaded interview with my Lord. (*aſide*)

Timolin. It's ungenerous to look into another man's letter, only I'd like to ſee the taſtieſt mode of writing. I'm told its not the faſhion now to croſs the t's, and put little tittles on the i's; no harm to ſee that ſure—(*reads*) "The ſight of this boy has troubled me exceedingly!"—Boy! oh, that's my maſter; (*reading*) "Probably, I ſhan't be home before evening, but if you can contrive to get Auguſta into your power, the better. She may be brought down to Sandgate iſland"—Oh, here's villany! here's villany!

Lady Tor. (*aſide*) Some poor intended victim! My coming at ſuch a time is highly fortunate.

Timolin (*reads*). "Pray have an eye upon that Arthur's ill-looking Iriſhman"—Oh, that crowns his rogueries—"No harm to keep Auguſta under lock and key." I'll keep this proof of their wickedneſs, and if they talk of hanging me for a bit of an old picture, I'll bring it out to their ſhabby red faces—ill looking Iriſhman. (*ſees Lady Tor.*) What! then they have locked you up? you moſt unhappy beautiful ſoul.

Lady Tor. He takes me for the preſent object of purſuit! by giving into this miſtake, I may diſcover ſome more of my huſband's atchievements. (*aſide*) Are you his Lordſhip's emiſſary?

Timolin. I, Miſs! I deſpiſe ſuch doings.

Lady Tor. I believe it; your face ſpeaks honeſty.

Timolin. Then it ſpeaks truth, and the devil himſelf ſhan't make it tell a lie.

Lady Tor. But, who are you?

Timolin. My maſter is his Lordſhip's ſon that's at this inſtant ſhifting about, and can't get a beef-ſteak without venturing his neck for it.

Lady Tor. True—Martha told me of this unhappy deſtitute youth—Oh, huſband! falſe to me, and unnaturally cruel to the offspring of your follies,

Timolin. Miſs, I'll aſſure you, Lord Arthur is as brave a little boy—

Lady Tor. And bears his forlorn ſtate with meekneſs and reſignation?

Timolin. Oh yes, Miſs, he's as meek and gentle—ah, hem!

Lady Tor. (*aſide*). Poor youth, he has a father, and yet an orphan! Then he ſhall find a friend

friend in me—though not mine, he belongs to the man I ſtill love! but to continue this deception—cou'd you contrive any means for me to fly this manſion of ſhame and ruin? (*a noiſe without*)

Timolin. Offer to touch her, and, by the mighty powers of heaven, I'll flay you. (*ſnatches up a chair*).

Lady Tor. Ah! (*runs in. The door burſt open.*)

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. Suffer me to periſh, and impriſon my faithful ſquire for his attachment! Put your arms a-kimbo, ſirrah, ſtump down thoſe great ſtairs with your hat on, and let me ſee who dares ſquint at you——Oh! that lovely divine Auguſta!

Timolin. What! then you've ſeen her, Sir—(*winks, and points off where Lady Torrendel went.*)

Arthur. What do you ſtand winking and making faces there, ſirrah? come out.

Timolin. But there's ſomebody elſe look'd up.

Arthur. Kick up your legs boldly, no matter whoſe ſhins are in the way.

Timolin. But, Sir—

Arthur. By'r leave there for Mr. Timolin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter SIR HANS, *and* GEORGE.

Sir. H. Aye! and well George? (*joyful*)

George

George. We had a dance, Sir.

Sir H. As if he had ſaid we had a funeral. 'Sblood! man, ſay—we had a dance. (*capers*) Arthur was maſter of the ceremonies—you ſhuffled it away? eh, boy?

George. Yes, Sir, I was'nt afraid to ſhuffle, for I had my thick walking ſhoes on.

Sir H. Shoes! aſſes' hoofs! I believe they're half an inch thick.

George. Sir, they're near an inch. (*aſide*) I muſt ſee if the poor woman has releaſed her huſband.

Sir H. George, then 'twas you raſp'd up the fiddle for them?

George. Yes, Sir, ſo we had no fiddler to pay.

Sir H. Pſha! I'd hire Handel's anniverſary band to ſee you dance the Cameronian Rant with Auguſta. This ſcheme of leaving her at large wo'nt do—ſhe'll be ſnapt up. Gad, yonder ſhe is—I muſt clench this buſineſs. Why do you put on that diſmal look, ſirrah?

George. I was thinking, father, of the cruelty in keeping people in priſon for ſmall debts above a twelvemonth however; liberty's ſo ſweet, they'd purchaſe it if in their power, if not, hard to puniſh a man for only being unfortunate.

Sir H. Here comes Miſs Auguſta, Devil's in your thick foal'd ſhoes!

Enter AUGUSTA, *and* FANNY.

Auguſta. That man certainly whiſpered ſomething diſagreeable that cauſed the abrupt departure of Lord Arthur.

Fanny. Dear no, he's a very civil ſoul, why 'twas papa's conſtable. Oh if here is'nt George.

Sir H. Your waiſtcoat's buttoned all crooked

—no

—no powder in your hair—by the lord! you look like the duſtman. (*apart*) Well Miſs, how do you like your new ſituation?—ſtop, I want to ſpeak to you.

Fanny. Stop, he wants to ſpeak to us—how do you do, George?

Sir H. Ha! very free with George! (*aſide*) Miſs Woodbine, I've your good at heart. Your uncle's whim, in taking his fortune from you, makes you an object of compaſſion.

Auguſta. Many would rather be an object of envy—but, to my thinking, an humble ſtate is preferable to affluence, built upon the ruin of unmerited adverſity.

Sir H. (*aſide*) Made for each other! George, to her in her own way—out with your handkerchief, and cry for the poor debtors. (*aloud*) My ſon, Miſs is ſo happy to ſee—to be with you—

Fanny. Happy to ſee her? but I'm ſure its no ſuch thing.

Sir H. He expreſſed great joy at your coming ſo opportunely.

George. Opportunely indeed! (*looking at his ſtocking*) Miſs, could you lend me a needle and thread?

Sir H. Go along, fortune! I'll bind you apprentice to a taylor.

Auguſta. You're happy, Sir, in having a ſon of ſo much frugality for his years.

Sir H. Frugal ma'am! he's the moſt extravagant—

Fanny. I ſee now he only wants them to like each other; I muſt prevent this.

Sir H. Why, look now, with his coat over his

his knuckles; he has on lace ruffles at three guineas a pair. Pull down your ruffles. (*pulls George's wriſtbands down*) by the lord! he has got into a hopſack. What have you done with all the fine linen and lace I ſent you?

George. The lace was too fine for uſe—but the Holland made ſoft, child-bed linen for a poor curate's wife.

Sir H. Yes, madam, the biſhop's lady was the good woman in the ſtraw. He is very frolickſome—it's a ſhame for you to be ſuch a buck.

Fanny. Miſs, George is no buck! he's a mere milk ſop, an't you George?

Sir H. Get away you little devil, who wants your prate. (*apart*) Miſs, we'll conceal your loſs of fortune from my ſon—he's ſo proud—ſee how he throws his head about. (*apart*) George, with Auguſta's caſh, you can do ſuch pretty charities! Son, this lady is worth one hundred thouſand pounds.

Fanny. George, ſhe's only my governeſs, and as poor—borrowed five ſhillings from me juſt now to releaſe her box from the waggon—ſay you did. (*apart to Auguſta*)

Sir H. Get along you little buſy thing. (*apart to Fanny*) You know, ma'am, you're an immenſe fortune.

Auguſta. Sir, I am neither ambitious of compaſſion or ridicule.

Sir H. George, never mind—ſhe's very rich.

Auguſta. Oh no, Sir!

Sir H. Madam, you're a Jew.

Fanny. My governeſs is not a Jew, ſhe has more religon than the biſhop.

Sir H. The devil's in me, if I don't make your father pull your ears! Miſs, my ſon has a moſt

a moſt liberal mind, a ſoul of magnificent extravagance.

George. Madam, my father is only jeſting.

Fanny. True, George, now that's very good, of you, Sir Hans is always making his fun of every body.

Sir H. Overthrowing my whole ſcheme. (*aſide*) Hop home you little magpie! (*to Fanny*)

George. Madam, be aſſured, I eſteem œconomy the firſt virtue.

Sir H. Then the devil's in you both! but it's you, you prating monkey, has done it all; you, you raſcal, with your œconomy and aſſes' hoofs, truſſ down to Sampſhire Hall; and you, Miſs, ſtalk with your poverty to Mr. Dickins, the banker's.

George. Madam, your humble ſervant! (*bows and exit*)

Sir H. Civil ſcoundrel! ſome mad gander will tuck her and her fortune under his wing, and fly off to Gretna Green.

Fanny. George ſent down to the rocks, oh! oh! then I know where ſomebody will go. (*aſide*) Sir Hans, your moſt obedient, good morning to you, Sir! (*curtſys and exit*)

Sir H. Oh very polite Ma'am, but I wiſh you had dropt your curtſy half an hour ago.

Auguſta. (*looking out*) The forlorn thoughtleſs Arthur! Sir, tell me—is Miſs Woodbine's ſon my uncle's heir? then why not inſtantly extricate him, from the embarraſſing perplexities that muſt end in his deſtruction.

Sir H. What ſon? (*looking out*) The gay Arthur! true, Lord Torrendel's; (*aſide*) oh oh! I ſuſpect there's love here—this was her dancing

partner. My dear, as to affection and all that, this Arthur.——

Auguſta. Sir, I am only intereſted for him, on account of my couſin Woodbine.

Sir H. Right! for his heart is engaged to a girl—he told me all over a glaſs of hock. (*Auguſta agitated*) (*aſide*) Yes! ſhe likes him—then, in one word, Miſs Auguſta, my dear, I'll not part with you, till I ſee you and my ſon fairly coupled.

Arthur. (*without*) Sir Hans! (*enters*)

Sir H. Yes, Sir! paſt three. (*exit with Auguſta*)

Arthur. Paſt three! Don't much like his avoiding me, and taking the lady. His bail-bond may keep me from limbo—but muſtn't rob me of paradiſe either.

Enter TIMOLIN.

Run, ſirrah, after Miſs Auguſta, and ———

Timolin. Back again to your father's?

Arthur. You *will* perſiſt, we left Auguſta there; (*tears a leaf from his pocket-book, and writes with pencil*) if I can but obtain the love of this charming girl, ſhe's ſo beautiful, elegant—but then, very modeſt; I muſt engage her affections—Timolin, run with this letter.

Timolin. With what?

Arthur. Stop to aſk queſtions with your hows and whats—run, take this letter to the young lady.

Timolin. I'll give no letters to ladies. Do you want, Sir, to carry on your father's profligate rigmarole? but you don't make a French Mounſeer

ſeer of me—for the ſpirit of Mr. Timolin is a peg above that, I aſſure you.

Arthur. Walk back, if you pleaſe, into Caſtle Quod.

Timolin. Then 'pon my word, I won't.

Arthur. How! do you object to go into priſon when I deſire you? begone! I diſcharge you.

Timolin. Oh! Sir, I diſcharge myſelf, and there's a receipt for my wages. (*ſnaps his fingers*) I'd hazard my life, to procure you what you might again repay—but, helping you to take the innocence you can never return, is beneath the ſoul of Mr. Felix Timolin. [*Exit*

Arthur. I've loſt him. I had no conception of this mighty Iriſh honour of his brave ſoul. He has had moral; from his ruſtic parent in his mud cabin; but, I never knew a father's kind precept or good example.

Enter COACHMAN, *ſurveys* ARTHUR *at a diſtance.*

What does this fellow eye me for.

Coachman. My lady ſent me to know his perſon—yes! that's he, very well. [*Exit.*

Arthur. You're no Coachman, my friend, you're a bailiff—they take all diſguiſes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Walk near Lord Torrendel's

Enter L'ŒILLET.

L'Œillet. To divert mi Lor from de thought of

of dis tapageur ſon of his, I muſt get off Miſs Auguſta for him; but, to ſee more of this letter of inſtruction, (*feeling his pockets*) eh! oh! I have left it on the table in my room—Thomas have borrow Sir Hans's livery to carry her ſham meſſage; but if dere be danger, we yet want ſome ſtrong, able, deſperate——

Enter TIMOLIN, *melancholy.*

Timolin. I couldbe contented with one dinner in three days, becauſe it's a thing I've practis'd with ſome ſucceſs—but, my poor dear maſter——

L'Œillet. Oh! you be got out, where I did lock you——

Timolin. Here, lock me up again; for now I've loſt my maſter, I don't care where I am.

L'Œillet. I ſuppoſe you be not overcharg'd vid money, and I take it you be fripon—in your character, roguery be the leading feature.

Timolin. I judge that your noſe is your leading feature—ſo I take it. (*advancing*) I, a rogue! produce a proof that I'm one.

L'Œillet. Here be a ſtirling proof. (*ſhews money.*)

Timolin. So, becauſe you've money, you've a right to call a poor man out of his name.

L'Œillet. (*gives it*) Dere now, call me out of my name.

Timolin. (*looking at it*) Then, you're an honeſt man and a genteel noble lad. If I can find my lord, this will carry us back to town. (*going*)

L'Œillet. Arreté! dat is for ſervice you vill do me. (*looking out*) Milor! go! dat footman vill tell you vat it be. Beſides, more reward, if you ſhould be taken up again for little peccadillez, milor's intereſt vill releaſe you. Allez!

Tim-

Timolin. Paid for doing good before hand! I've gold and a clear conſcience, two companions that are ſeldom together now a day's.
[*Exit.*

Enter LORD TORRENDEL.

Lord Tor. That fellow of Arthur's ſtill lurking about here!

L'Œillet. Arthur's ſervant! peſte! quelle balourdiſe! I have made fine confidante in my Lor's ſcheme. (*aſide*)

Lord Tor. I hope you hav'nt let this affair go further than thoſe already concerned?

L'Œillet. Oh! no, my Lord! if he knew I had employed this Iriſhman, I am undone. (*aſide*)

Lord Tor. You've warned the porter how he admits them again?

L'Œillet. Ah, my Lor, he vill find hard to admit himſelf.

Lord Tor. L'Œillet, I've improved upon your plan. Thomas's being in Sir Hans's livery may not be ſufficient to perſuade Auguſta, that ſhe is really ſet for by him—now if you could borrow Sir Hans's poſt chaiſe, that would effectually remove ſuſpicion—make any excuſe, he'll be glad to oblige me.

L'Œillet. Here I go for Sir Hans's coach to carry off Miſs Auguſta, and have ſet Thomas and de Iriſhman to take her off vid horſes. (*aſide*)

Lord Tor. Why, you don't ſeem over hearty in the cauſe now?

L'Œillet. Oh! I'm devote to your Lorſhip's ſervice.

Lord

Lord Tor. Once wheedled into the carriage, a pretext is ſoon found to get her to Sandgate Iſland.

L'Œillet. Ah! mais ceſt que ceſt excellent ca!

Lord Tor. About it now—I ſhall be there before you. [*Exit.*

L'Œillet. Pardi! dis is lucky—for now I vill do it myſelf. I viſh tho' I cou'd meet vid dis marouſle, to hinder him meddle in de affair—dat malheureux Iriſh tief vill do me ſome miſchief. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Road.

Enter TIMOLIN, *and* THOMAS, in SIR HANS's *Livery.*

Timolin. Well, Mr. Thomas, I know all your plan, now you've told me. So here you've borrowed Sir Hans's livery from one of his ſervants, and you're to go and tell Miſs Auguſta, he has ſent you for her—but, as you may be a cowardly kind of a chap, the Mounſeer has bid me aſſiſt you with my tight bit of an arm. Huſh! here ſhe comes.

Thomas. I thought ſhe was a little girl juſt left ſchool.

Timolin. I don't know, whether ſhe goes to ſchool or no—but, this is the very Miſs Auguſta, that was lock'd up in the caſtle with me.

me. (*aſide*) Oh! I'll make a neat example of ye all. [*they retire.*

Enter LADY TORRENDEL, *and* COACHMAN.

Lady Tor. My mind is in a ſtate of the moſt tormenting ſolicitude! I wiſh I knew where to find this young lady, and apprize her of my Lord's deſigns. Whether to return and wait for him? I dread the interview, unkind upbraiding often ſhakes the very baſis of affection. Yet I know he'll endeavour, by ſome artful evaſion, to ſlip from my charge, except I can bring it to a full conviction—but firſt to afford this poor young man aſſiſtance.

Timolin. Young man! that muſt be me—ſhe ſaw I was in diſtreſs. (*aſide*)

Lady Tor. Deliver this to him, without letting him know who it comes from. (*gives a pocket-book to Coachman*) [*Exit Coachman.*

Timolin. Stop! I'm here.

Lady Tor. Oh, his ſervant.

Timolin. Now, this goodneſs to me, has determined me, in what I was reſolved upon; to ſave her from all danger. (*aſide*)

Lady Tor. Perhaps I may now learn, who this young lady is.

Timolin. (*to Thomas*) Go you, and ſtay with your horſes—I'll deliver the meſſage to her myſelf.

Thomas. But you're not in Sir Hans's livery—It wo'n't take. (*apart*)

Timolin. How d'ye do, Miſs Auguſta?

Lady Tor. (*aſide*) My truſty champion's miſtaking me for her, I find, continues.

Thomas. Miſs, your guardian, Sir Hans Burgeſs,

geſs, hopes for your company down at Samphire-hall—he has ſent horſes.

Timolin. I'll whiſper a few words, that ſhall bring her directly. Harkye, Miſs! don't go, this is a rogue, that wants to coax you again into the mouſe-trap. (*apart to Lady Torrendel*)

Lady Tor. You miſtake—I'm not the perſon. (*to Thomas*)

Timolin. That's a good thought to deny yourſelf—I'll ſecond it, (*apart*)—are you ſure you never ſaw Miſs Auguſta before now?

Thomas. Not I.

Timolin. Then this is not ſhe—ſo go about your buſineſs.

Thomas. What!

Timolin. He wants to inveigle you, to Lord Torrendel. (*apart*)

Lady Tor. Indeed! this is charming, as I ſuppoſed! the moſt lucky opportunity to do good, prevent evil, ſave the innocent from ruin, and overwhelm the guilty in the bluſhing ſhame of his own baſe intentions. (*aſide*) I was apprehenſive of ſome error—you've brought horſes you ſay—very well, I'll—wait on my guardian. (*to Thomas.*) [*Timolin ſtares, and whiſtles.*

Thomas. Then you are Miſs Auguſta. Why, what did you mean juſt now by ſaying it was not. (*to Timolin*)

Lady Tor. Yes, yes, you're right enough.

Timolin. If they take you for a Lady, that will fly off to an old libertine, they're right enough indeed; but I was wrong, when I thought you a bit of an angel.

Lady Tor. Come. (*going*)

Timolin. A word, ma'am! your intentions juſt now about me, were good—but, ſince you give your-

yourſelf up to this old reprobate, I ſcorn your aſſiſtance, and if a little turn of virtue, ſhould ever make you repent of your nonſenſe, don't expect any defence from the ſoul of Mr. Timolin.

Lady Tor. Heavens! I leave a ſhocking impreſſion on the mind of this worthy creature. *(aſide)* Well, well, we ſhall find a time to clear my character. [*Exit with Thomas.*

Timolin. An old rotten potatoe for your character! bye and bye, when you're ſeen flouriſhing in curricles, with a different gallant every day, ſtuck up at your elbow, you'll ſtill be chattering about your character, to all the turnpikemen.

Enter ARTHUR, (*haſtily*).

Arthur. Yes! it is a bailiff—he's at my heels. Timolin, do you ſee any door open? ſtand in that ſpot, you ſcoundrel.

Timolin. Oh Sir! if any more of thoſe compliments paſs between you and me, it's a toſs up who's to pay them.

Arthur. If he don't touch me, it's no caption.

Timolin. He's returning with the money, the gay Miſs gave him for me.

Re-enter COACHMAN.

Coachman. I've had a good chace after you, Sir.

Arthur. Attempt to give me the tip, and——

Coachman. (*taking papers from his pocket*) Here it is—this bill for three hundred——

Timolin. If it was ten thouſand, I wou'dn't accept it.

Arthur. You villain, do I want you to accept bills for me?

Coachman. It's a good note, and your own too.

Arthur. Well, I know I have notes and bonds enough out—but if I pay one of them, I'll be damn'd.

Timolin. Sir, don't frighten yourſelf, about what doesn't concern you.

Arthur. Hold your tongue, ſirrah; of my own accord, I came from our dance, when old Wighum, the juſtice, ſent for me; but, compell'd I will not be; ſo let the plaintiff carry the bills to my father.

Coachman. Now, Sir, you're too nice. I promiſed to do the buſineſs, and I will. (*offers papers.*)

Arthur. Aye! he only wants to touch me. (*ſlips round Timolin.*)

Timolin. Arrah! what ſignifies your dancing round me, like a couple of May-poles?

Arthur. Timolin, knock him down—I wonder whether it's a capture if I touch him.

Timolin. What are you at with your caps, and hats? The Engliſh of the thing is—Miſs Auguſta, I deſpiſe.

Arthur. Speak ſo of my divine charmer!

[*ſtrikes him, and runs off, Coachman follows.*

Timolin. Oh! if he diſcharges me, and comes once a day to give me a knock in my cheek, I'm to have a bleſſed life of it—tho' my honor wou'd not ſuffer me to take relief from this

Miſs

Miſs Auguſta, yet I'll try and get the reward from Mounſeer, for, if I was to preach in a pulpit as high as Patrick's ſteeple, the ladies, and gentlemen, would be running after one another, and, till they give roaſt beef for nothing, to mere honeſty, a guinea is convenient in an empty pocket.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Samphire-hall: SIR HANS's, *and other Houſes:— A view of the Sea, bathing Machines, &c.*

Enter SIR HANS, *and* ROBIN HOOFS.

SIR HANS.

A Month ſince I've been down here at my favourite rocks. How do the lodging-houſes go on? I hope they keep low with their prices, till the place is known. Aye! I may yet ſee Samphire-hall eclipſe Brighton, Weymouth, and Scarborough.

Robin H. Yes! your honour; for the young Squire has ſet up a ſtaple commodity of trade, and already the volks bes ſo merry about'n. You know Humphry Grim, the ſtone-maſon, is famous in the letter cutting way—Meaſter George has gi'n the freedom of the quarry, and he has eſtabliſhed a manufacture for tomb-ſtones.

Sir H.

Sir H. Tomb-ſtones to make people merry!

Robin H. He has finiſhed half a dozen choice epitaphs with:

" Afflictions zore
" Long time I bore
" Phyſicians were in wain."

(SIR HANS *walks up enraged.*)

Enter GEORGE.

George. That was certainly Lord Torrendel turn'd into the green lane—muffled up, and ſeem'd hiding his face. Robin gave me a hint of his deſigns upon Fanny.

Sir H. A ſweet morning concert for the rooms, of chipping and ſawing! Tell Maſter Grim, he muſt depart in peace with his merry monuments. Did you hire a new poſtillion?

Robin H. Yez, Sir.

George. Oh, Robin! my ſcheme of ſettling the poor artificers here, requires a kind of agent or ſuperior, to regulate it in my abſence; a ſenſible perſon of good nature and probity—that I can truſt—I've fixt upon a man—he's now over at Sandgate iſland, you muſt acquaint him—no only tell him I'd ſpeak with him.

Sir H. (ſeeing George) Don't come near me—get a tin pot and a bit of ſtick, and pick up cockles on the beach—you haven't a ſoul above a cockle-gatherer, you curſed otter. Robin! have they put up the ſhelves in the raffling ſhop?

George. Sir, the men are working at their looms.

Sir H. Looms!

George.

George. Inſtead of encouraging frauds, cheating ſtrangers with paltry toys, I have erected looms, that will give bread to two induſtrious families. *(loom heard without)*

Sir H. Why, they're Weavers!

George. Yes, Sir, weavers of ſtockings, gloves, and mittins.

Sir H. A ſtocking loom in the place of my elegant raffling ſhop!

George. There's a ribband loom too. This was the firſt wove in it; for the motto's ſake, put it into your hat.

Sir H. (*reads*) "Succeſs to Commerce, and a ſpeedy peace." Well, let Induſtry throw the ſhuttle to this motto with all my heart. What ſmoke's that yonder? clinking of hammers! by the lord it's a forge.

George. Yes, Sir, the forge I built for poor old Grimes.

Sir H. What, a ſmith?

George. Yes, Sir, a worthy blackſmith.

Sir H. Within the very walls of my cold bath, old Grimes blowing his bellows!

George. What uſe for a cold bath juſt on the verge of the ocean? and the farmers want the neceſſary tools for agriculture.

Sir H. I baniſh you for ever, from my faſhionable bathing-place. You barbarous young ſavage! after my high puff advertiſements of cold liquors, neat wines, circulating libraries, baths, concerts, balls, billiards machines, and bathing-caps, to expect to drag people of faſhion down here, amongſt ſtocking-looms, tombſtones, and bellows-clinkers!

George. Father, my little colony was famiſhing

ing on Lord Torrendel's iſland. Since I have brought them here, in pity don't diſturb them.

Sir H. A fine ragged colony you've planted.

George. Conſider, Father, induſtry is a flower that ſhould be encouraged by the genial warmth of patronage.

Sir H. By the the lord! the fellow's only fit for a plowman, or a weaver.

George. Well, Sir, the one gives bread, the other cloathing; as a plowman and a weaver are the moſt uſeful characters, I know of none more noble.

Sir H. Ah! don't talk to me, my very ſervants will deſpiſe you, I dare ſay not one of 'em would ſtir a ſtump to ſave your ſoul and body, you young Beaver.

Enter ROBIN HOOFS.

Robin H. Your purſe, Sir—I found it on the road. (*to George*)

George. Thank you, Robin.

Sir H. George's purſe! how much was in it?

Robin. More than I can tell—once I knew it to be maſter George's, I never put finger on the caſh it held.

Sir H. Suppoſe it had been my purſe?

Robin H. Ecod! your honor, you might never have ſeen it again: Gold's a tempting thing, and I don't ſet up for more honeſty than my neighbours; but young Squire's money already belongs to the poor, and he bez a bad man indeed that wou'd take, what the generous heart is ſo ready to give.

George. You've been playing tricks, knocking

it about—its all broke—ſtupid fellow, I dare ſay you'd take better care of your own!

Robin H. La, Sir, I have no purſe, only a little bit of a leather bag, to divide a few ſhillings from the halfpence. *(ſhewing the bag, George takes it.)*

George. Whole, and ſound—tearing one's property—there's my broken one, I ſhall keep yours. *(flings it to Robin Hoofs)*

Robin H. But, Sir, the gold's in it.

George. Never mind, keep it Robin, you're an honeſt fellow; honeſty is a true diamond, and ſhould be ſet in gold. *(puts him off)*

Sir H. My generous boy, George, build up and pull down, juſt as you pleaſe; I ſee now the rich man's ſafeſt guard, is the bleſſings of charity; but gold is the grand ſtaple of your trade of benevolence—I've brought Miſs Woodbine, and her fortune; go and entertain her.

George. Iſn't that Lord Torrendel's Frenchman. (*looking out*)

Re-enter Robin Hoofs.

Robin H. Your honor, Mounſeer's come from his Lord, to borrow your poſt-chay—going on a viſit, and his own be broke.

Sir H. Here's an opportunity to oblige my Lord. He ſhall have it, and hanſel my new poſtilion too.

George. (*aſide*) Some knavery in this poſt-chaiſe borrowing! Robin, a word.

Sir H. Here ſtill! go to the Lady! hold, here ſhe is.

Enter

Enter AUGUSTA.

Auguſta. 'Twas certainly Arthur croſs'd the road. (*aſide*) Sir, I've walk'd out, to ſee your charming place here. (*to Sir Hans*)

Sir H. Hem!—I bid him ſpeak to the Lady, and by the lord he's whiſpering Robin; George, addreſs her with rapture.

George. Yes, Sir! Madam, the great pleaſure of—Robin. [*Exit, talking with Robin Hoofs.*

Sir H. The great pleaſure of—Robin! oh! the devil's in you, for a fine amorous ſcoundrel! Stop, you Sir. [*Exit.*

Auguſta. This young gentleman is an unadorned caſket, encloſing the moſt delicate ſprings of ſenſibility; but that heart is not for me; or rather mine is not for him. I muſt not cheriſh an hopeleſs paſſion for Arthur; if, as Sir Hans tells me, another poſſeſſes his affections.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny!

Fanny. My dear governeſs, I've got down to you; I'm only come, becauſe you are here—where's George.

Auguſta. You only come becauſe I'm here—where's George! Ah, Fanny!

Fanny. I've made papa bring me too—by a monſtrous ſtory though. I've told him, Sir Hans wants him on moſt prodigious buſineſs.

Enter ARTHUR, (*running*).

Arthur. Diſtanced the nabber! my lovely Partner! who could expect to find you here,

like a ſea-nymph ſent from old Neptune's palace, to make mortals plunge into the ocean, enamoured from this divine ſpecimen of aquatic beauty.

Auguſta. Moſt heroically gallant indeed, Sir.

Fanny. Now for ſomething gallant to me—How d'ye do, Sir? (*curteſies*)

Arthur. Ah! little titmouſe, ſuppoſe, my love, you ſtep and gather a few honeyſuckles from the hedge yonder.

Fanny. George might have had the manners to meet, and make nymphs of other people. Titmouſe, indeed! [*Exit.*

Arthur. Madam, you ſee before you, a fellow the moſt wretched——(*aſide*) ſhall I venture to declare my love? no—farewell.

Auguſta. Whither, Sir, are you going?

Arthur. The truth is, Madam, tho' Great-Britain's large, I'm driven to the water's edge, where I'll ſtep into, and puſh off the firſt fiſhing boat I can find; for abandon'd by my father, and purſued by——England, Madam, is no home for me. If I can get acroſs the channel, amongſt camps, and batteries, my empty ſconce may keep a bullet from a head that has brains in it.

Auguſta. Your fortunes, Sir, are not, perhaps, ſo deſparate—your mother was—

Arthur. How! Madam, have you heard?—ſhe is I hope an angel—and you my heaven. (*kneels.*)

Enter COACHMAN.

Coachman. Overtaken you at laſt!

Arthur. I'll be damn'd if you have though. (*runs off, Coachman purſues.*)

Auguſ-

Auguſta. Unhappy youth! they'll purſue him to deſpair; but I'm uſurping a concern that belongs to the miſtreſs of his heart; yet, tho' I muſt not love, am I to reject all feelings of humanity.

Re-enter FANNY.

Fanny. (*joyfully*) Oh! governeſs, I have aſked the poſtillion to give us a roll on the beach—you don't know half this ſweet place.

Auguſta. In the chaiſe I may have a better chance of ſeeing which way he takes. (*aſide.*)

Fanny. (*aſide*) Muſtn't tell 'twas my Lord's valet propoſed our ride, ſhe's ſo ſqueamiſh.

Auguſta. Does Sir Hans know of this jaunt?

Fanny. Very true—he may not let us go; I have it, ſit in the chaiſe till I come; I'll fetch your hat and cloak. [*Exit.*

Auguſta. Is this prudent, but no time for reflection, Arthur may be loſt for ever. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A parlour in SIR HANS'S.

Enter DICKINS.

Dick. Deviliſh good place the Knight has got here; a fine proſpect of the ſea; a pretty mortgage, and I may pick up ſuch a bit as this, with Torrendel's intereſt.

Enter

Enter FANNY; *looking about.*

Fanny. My Governeſs is ſo giddy—where can ſhe have left her hat.

Dick. Oh, Fanny, where's your friend Auguſta? you ſeem all upon the fidgets.

Fanny. (*confuſed*) Oh no, Sir.—The two old boys will be running after us—what can I think of to keep them here? oh, true. (*aſide*) Papa, I wonder why Sir Hans has ſent for you; do you know?

Dick. No, child, but I ſhall if I can get to ſee him.

Fanny. Here he is, ha, ha, ha! (*aſide*) only look papa, what a fine proſpect at that window; you can ſee, I believe, to the Iſle of Wight.

Dick: Oh no; but very fine. (*looks out of window.*)

Enter SIR HANS.

Sir H. Fanny, where's your papa?

Fanny. He's there, Sir, but his head is ſo full of this ſerious affair, he's come down to tell you about. (*in an under tone*)

Sir H. Oh, very well,

Fanny. He, he, he! now each will be ſo full of expectation of the other telling, when there is nothing to tell, it may bring them into a ſquabble, and that will keep them as cloſe as a game backgammon—but where's Auguſta's hat? [*Exit.*

Sir H. Ah, Dickins! how do you do?

Dick. (*turning*) Oh, Sir Hans, well, I've trundled down to you.

Sir H. Then the affair is very urgent? ſit down.

Dick.

Dick. Of conſequence, I hope; for I had a good deal to do.

Sir H. And ſo?

Dick. Well.

Sir H. Well? ſo ſudden, I was alarmed! but does it concern me much?

Dick. That you beſt know.

Sir H. How ſhould I know!

Dick. (*peeviſhly*) Well then, when you tell me, perhaps I may know.

Sir H. When you tell me, perhaps I may not know. But come.

Dick. Aye?

Sir H. He's afraid of being overheard I ſuppoſe; come, I'll faſten the door.

Dick. Oh, if it is of ſo much conſequence, and ſecrecy, I'll faſten this door too. (*both riſe and go to oppoſite doors*) There now, we are quite ſafe. (*ſits down*) aye?

Sir H. Aye? (*they put their heads together as liſtening*)

Dick. What do you ſit gaping for, why don't you out with it?

Sir H. Why do you ſit ſtaring and ſtretching your neck? why don't you tell it at once?

Dick. You ſent for me down about your buſineſs—and, zounds! what is it? that I may go about mine.

Sir H. I ſend for you! you came here to tell me of ſomething of great importance—tell it, and ſhorten your viſit, when you pleaſe, Sir. (*both riſe*)

Dick. Sir, your ill manners, in your own houſe, are equal to your impudence in bringing me into it for nothing.

Sir H. Impudence, you vulgar man! it's well you

you are in my houſe, or by the hand of this body, I'd pitch you out of window.

Dick. Pitch me, you hard-headed old fool! if Torrendel was to behave ſo, I'd——

Sir H. I ſhall choak.—*(rings)* You're under my roof—ſo ſay what you will—Robin Hoofs!

Dick. Damn your hoofs, and your horns, Sir! I can quit your houſe myſelf. You're as impudent as Torrendel. *(puts on his hat, and gloves)*

Enter FANNY, *crying, with Auguſta's hat.*

Fanny. Oh George! George! my Governeſs has run away with George! falſe fellow! to dreſs himſelf up as the new poſtilion, and drive off with my Governeſs, when I only returned to fetch her hat and cloak.

Sir H. My ſon drive off with Auguſta! Huzza! he's a daſher.

Fanny. And then Lord Torrendel's valet, to jump up behind the chaiſe—'twas all a pack'd thing to deceive me. *(cries)*

Sir H. What! the Frenchman gone off with my ward.

Fanny. Yes, they'll ſurely be married.

Dick. What, the Frenchman?

Fanny. No! George!

Dick. But where are they gone?

Fanny. Rattled down the beach, towards Sandgate Iſland.

Sir H. Robin Hoofs, John, the devil, I've loſt my ward. [*Exeunt Dickins, and Sir Hans.*

Fanny. Yes, I heard Sir Hans brought her down here to marry George; a demure looking thing, ſhe knew better than to take the mad young

young Arthur; and I myſelf to introduce her to my George; this is female friendſhip indeed, here's my friend's hat, and my friend's ribbands, oh that I had herſelf here.

[*Exit tearing the hat.*

SCENE III; *and laſt.*

Sandgate Iſland; one ſhattered houſe, and a few wretched cottages.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. The ferryman not to run his boat boldly in the creek—oblige me to daſh through the water! If I could but get over to the continent, I'd fight like a true volunteer—the firſt Enſign that dropt, pick up his colours—I wiſh I had a few ſhillings, to pay my paſſage in ſome fiſhing ſmack.

Enter COACHMAN.

There again—by heavens! you ſha'n't have all the bailiff-work to yourſelf—we'll have a tuſsle for it—if you are ſtronger, I go—if not, I commit your body to maſter ſhark—begone, or into the ſea I fling you.

Coachman. Then, there Sir, is three hundred pound, Bank of England note—now I've at laſt done my job. [*drops it, and exit.*

Arthur. (picking it up) 'Tis—and I to miſtake my bright angel for the blackeſt of all imps, a catchpole! three hundred! now they ſhall ſee who

who is Lord Arthur D'Aumerle—who from? my kind father, doubtleſs. Now I've caſh, where is my poor faithful Timolin.

Enter ROBINSON, (*out of livery.*)

A dreary Iſland, but one houſe,—you live yonder, maſter.

Robinſon. Live! ah, Sir! (*ſighs.*)

Arthur. Complain! Why, in the winter here, you've ſtorms in high perfection—ſnow, hail, rain, lightning and thunder, neat as imported —no door to your houſe, and ſcarce a houſe to your door! the ſplanged canopy your bed-teſters, and for a clear proſpect no glaſs to your windows! nor a tree on your iſland, becauſe you wou'd not harbour noiſy rooks to diſcompoſe your ſlumbers!—nor even a buſh! but that's vanity —that you might have it to ſay, you challenge the globe round to ſhew a ſpot more deſolate.

Robinſon. He doesn't recollect me. (*aſide*) I've only come to-day, Sir, but here I believe I muſt abide till better times. This houſe belongs to a brother of mine—all poor enough and yet but for the charity of Mr. George Burgeſs, they muſt be worſe. The ſquire has unpeopled this iſland, and ſettled them comfortably near his father's. Since Lord Torrendel, the landlord, leaves them to his Frenchman and that Maſter Dickins, my brother wiſhes they'd take the houſe off his hands.

Arthur. They'll be taking it preſently from about his ears——

Enter ROBIN HOOFS.

Robin H. (*to Robinſon*) I believe it's you I wants —You're

—You're to come over to-morrow noon to Samphire-Hall, my young Maſter wou'd ſpeak to you, eh!—Sure I know you, why wasn't you porter to Lord Torrendel? (*looking ſtedfaſtly at Robinſon*)

Arthur. Indeed!

Robin H. It is—Now I underſtands the whole affair—Squire George is always himſelf.

Arthur. Were not you diſcharged from Lord Torrendel's for admitting me into the Caſtle?

Robin H. He was and that he might not loſe by his good-nature, Maſter George was going to give him a place of 50 *l.* a year, but Sir Hans has knock'd up that plan, and wo'n't let the newcomers ſettle there.

Arthur. A man turn'd a-drift into this curſed world, for a moſt kind action towards me, and I ſtand prating here with 300 *l.* in my hand: no pennyworth of pippins ſha'n't have all this work to himſelf—there, (*gives the note*) that will buy you cakes and ale till you get a place.

Robinſon. Sir!——

Arthur. Don't talk, I hate talking; I'm abſolute in that particular, Old Cruſoe. (*puts them off*) Ha, ha, ha! I'm tickled with a ſtrange ambition—I'll be king of this Iſland from my father's ſole inheritance. I'll enchant this houſe from the court of poverty, to the caſtle of comfort.—This iſland is now my territory—here am I king! oh! for my queen! but plague of my palace. [*Exit into houſe.*

Enter L'ŒILLET, *and* BOATMAN.

L'Œillet. Now dat your comrade has brought

lady over in toder boat, let no one elſe croſs but Milor. [*Exit Boatman.*
Ah! quel bonheur to find Auguſta myſelf! now Monſieur Thomas and dat villain Iriſh terrier may hunt her for deir own recreation—dis ſolitary iſle—here milor have no perſon to interrupt. [*Retires.*

Enter AUGUSTA.

Auguſta. The deſire of ſeeing my couſin Arthur once again, before it is too late, can ſcarcely reconcile me to this ſtep—altogether this iſland wears a moſt forbidding aſpect—I'll return, and ſit in the chaiſe, till Fanny comes. (*going*).

L'Œillet. Ah! ma chere (*preventing her*) You muſt vait for Milor.

Auguſta. He here! heavens! I'm betrayed—I now ſee my folly.

L'Œillet. I was your laquais, mon ange, and did ſit behind de chaiſe, and you did not know it.

Auguſta. Pray, Sir, ſuffer me to go.

L'Œillet. Oui, to Londres! dere Milor vil buy you fine cloaths and jewels, and you vill ſhine at operas and ball and concert, and he vill kiſs your hand dus. (*offers to kiſs her hand*)

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. How! (*ſtrikes him.*)

L'Œillet. Diantre! (*runs off. Arthur purſues. A plunge, as if in water, is heard without.*)

Re-

Re-enter Arthur.

Auguſta. Heavens! ſir, what have you done?

Arthur. Only caſt my bait into the ſea—Lucifer will always bite at a ſcoundrel.

Auguſta. Sir, he'll be drowned.

Arthur. He's already a pickled dog—don't be alarm'd—you're ſafe now from even the ſhadow of inſult. How came you here in this remote place? ſpeak—but no matter—you ſeem diſtreſs'd, Madam.

Auguſta. (*aſide*) Vice ſhould not humble the father in the opinion of the ſon.

Arthur. Lean upon me, ma'am—holloo! old Cruſoe, where's your dame? come madam: (*leads Auguſta in.*)

Enter LORD TORRENDEL.

Lord Tor. Should L'Œillet bring my Auguſta ſafe, here is no accommodation; I thought I had ſome tenants on this Iſland! they've let the place run ſtrangely to ruin. Confuſion! Sir Hans!

Enter SIR HANS, DICKENS, GEORGE, *and* ROBIN HOOFS.

Dick. But 'ſquire, why diſguiſe yourſelf; ſure you coud'n't be a confederate with my Lord's pandar, to ſteal my daughter's governeſs?

Sir H. Aye, George, where was the neceſſity of uſing artifice, to run away with Auguſta, the very girl I wanted to give you.

George. Then to explain the myſtery—ſome baſe deſigns of others, have ſunk me into a ſchemer of ſtratagems. My lord, my name is Burgeſs.—I'm no profeſſed knight-errand, yet I openly avow that I will endeavour henceforth to protect female innocence from your lordſhip's diſhonourable purpoſes. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Bravo! He has been drinking hock with Lord Arthur.—My lord, I'll talk to you. [*Exit.*

Dick. My lord, to you I'll talk. [*Exit.*

Lord Tor. Then no ſhelter from open ſhame, but to turn champion myſelf! beſides, the ſtorm once blown over, my ſeeming her protector wins her love by gratitude.

Enter TIMOLIN.

Timolin. Oh, my lord, here flies the ſweet creature to you with her character under her arm.

Lord Tor. Then, that villain L'Œillet, has made my ſon's ſervant a party in this buſineſs.

Enter LADY TORRENDEL, *veiled, and* THOMAS.

Timolin. So Miſs, you wou'dn't be warn'd by me, you wou'd run headlong to the devil. And there he ſtands, ready to receive you. (*apart to Lady Torrendel*)

Lord Tor. What's your purpoſe, you ſcoundrels, in bringing the lady to this lonely place?

Timolin. Our purpoſe! well, that's very high!—

Lord Tor. Madam, rely upon my protection. I am

I am bound by honor to defend you from every inſult.

Lady Tor. Certainly, my lord! every gentleman ſhould be the protector of—his wife. (*diſcovers herſelf.*)

Lord Tor. Lady Torrendel!

Timolin. The Lady herſelf! then 'twas to her huſband ſhe was running, oh! here's a wonder, and a blunder! [*Exit.*

Lady Tor. My Lord, I ſee you are confuſed, yet could I hope your preſent humiliation proceeded from a ſorrow that promiſed repentance, and conſequent reformation, my heart's feelings for the man I did love and honor, ſhould melt me to compaſſion! (*weeps*) but no! take my reſentment! my deſerved, and bitter reproach! grief cannot reach a breaſt ſo callous as your's! it is only the ſtings of a wounded pride, and diſappointed purpoſe, that now agitates you; reflect! return an humble gratitude to heaven for having made my unexpected arrival here the means of ſnatching you from the repetition of a crime the moſt hoſtile to ſociety. A ſelfiſh, tranſient gratification, that muſt baniſh for ever an unhappy female from the paths of honor! ſhun'd thro' life by the beſt part of her own ſex!—and even deſpiſed by you! the author of her ſhame! your wrongs to me are nothing, but your meditated tricks and plans, which you call gallantries, reflect only diſgrace on the dignity of manhood!

Lord Tor. Lady Torrendel—I confeſs I'm altogether ſomewhat ſhocked, and wiſh—I'm very unhappy to ſee—that is—I'm unhappy at your ſuſpecting——

Lady

43524

Lady Tor. Oh, you miſtake, my lord! I have no ſuſpicions! mine are all certainties—but even if you conſider my throwing the paſt into the ſhade of oblivion, any indulgence, I ſhall inſiſt upon a few conditions, and the firſt—turn your countenance and protection to your poor deſerted youth! you as a parent, are reſponſible for every violation that your neglect has occaſioned him to make on the laws of propriety; if you refuſe, I will be his parent, and henceforth regard your poor friendleſs ſon, with all the care and tenderneſs of maternal affection.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. Huzza, the joy that laughs on me, ſhall ſmile on all around; ſir, I thank you for your bounty, but——

Enter COACHMAN.

Coachman. My Lady, I gave Lord Arthur the money,

Lady Tor. Well, well!

Arthur. How! was that 300 *l.* ſent me by you, Madam.

Lord Tor. Did you give countenance and relief, where wives, in general, look with contempt and even hatred? Madam, can you pardon?

Lady Tor. My Lord, your conduct renders you rather an object of pity, than reſentment—you have implicitly delivered up your fortune, your character, nay more, my Lord, your honor, to be the ſport and property of an infa-

mous

mous paraſite—your confidential favourite, your Valet, counteracted the rectitude of your intentions, by embezzling the ſums he had for purpoſes dictated by duty and nature. Oh! why will thoſe who poſſeſs the godlike power of doing good, delegate a baſe, unworthy agent, for the kind purpoſes of humanity.

Enter SIR HANS, DICKINS, GEORGE, *and* AUGUSTA.

Sir H. Here, boy, take Auguſta. (*advancing*).

Arthur. (*advancing*) Thank ye, Sir Hans! (*takes her hand*)

Sir H. Thank ye, indeed, for that! George, will you loſe your wife ſo?

George. I've one ready at hand—father, with your leave and her own conſent.

Enter FANNY, *and* TIMOLIN, *at the back.*

Dick. To be ſure, I conſent—and we all conſent.

Fanny. Oh! yes! we all conſent—my dear governeſs, are you going to be married? It ſeems I'm going to be married. He, he, he! eh! George?

Sir H. To ſee my ſon taken before my face, with an he, he, he! s'blood, ſir! let the girl go, he, he, he, indeed.

Dick. Then I diſcover your tricks, Sir, oh, oh, oh! indeed!—Madam, (*to Auguſta*) no matter what he ſays—you are ſtill heireſs to your uncle Woodbine's fortune. Throw it into my bank, chuſe me your guardien, I'll recover—I'll ſend Sir Nob a ſheet of cracklin ramſkin, that

ſhall

ſhall reach from Chancery-lane, to Weſtminſter-hall.

Auguſta. Well, even ſo 'the property of the mother ſhould devolve to the ſon, and to him I reſign it.

Arthur. No! ſooner than take it from you, my generous couſin, Timolin and I will buffet the world again—and, rather than commit further depredations on honeſt tradeſmen, I'll turn to any thing, any one thing in life, except a Poet. Where are you old Bargatrot Caſtle?

Timolin. I'm here, your honor, dead or alive—we'll jump into our boots, before they're bought—away, maſter! I'm your man, thro' thick and thin, fire and ſmoke.

Arthur. I could force myſelf to accept this fortune—that is, with a certain ſweet'ner—Will you, my Auguſta, accompany it?

Auguſta. Then, Sir, for paltry gold, you'd quit your love! oh! fie!

Sir H. Devil's in you, child! I was only joking about the girl over the hock, to make you marry George.

(*Arthur kiſſes her hand.*)

Lord Tor. Why, this is right. Lady Torrendel, your unexampled liberality will reclaim me into a huſband and a father.—My boy, were bleſſings mine, you ſhould have one from me.

Timolin. Then, as you're not worth a bleſſing, ſhow'r a bundle of yellow-boys upon us both.

Dick. A good motion, throw them into my bank.—Eh! is that Monſieur ſhaking his ears like a water dog? (*looking out*)

Arthur. My Lord, father, and you moſt adored Auguſta, if I am deſtined to affluence, here

is

is my model, (*to George*) who can forego the comforts of life to beſtow its neceſſaries on the indigent!

Sir H. Why, my moſt magnificent Arthur, I thought you were to be George's model, and that like you he'd have grace enough, to play the devil.

Arthur. So he ſhall—we'll kick Care out of the window, our abode ſhall be the Houſe of Joy, and the firſt card of invitation ſhall be, to the Man of Sorrow.

My faults how great! but as no foſt'ring care
Did ever ſmile upon misfortune's heir!
The outcaſt oh receive! your pardon give,
And in your favour, let him happy live!

THE END.

THE

CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1782.

THE MUSICK BY DR. ARNOLD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Scipio,		Mr. WILSON.
Don Cæſar (or Capt. Ramirez),		Mr. REINHOLD.
Fernando,		Mr. MATTOCKS.
Don Juan,		Mr. FEARON.
Alphonſo,		Mrs. KENNEDY.
Pedrillo,		Mr. EDWIN.
Spado,	Banditti.	Mr. QUICK.
Sanguino,	Banditti.	Mr. MAHON.
Calvette,	Banditti.	Mr. THOMPSON.
Rapino,	Banditti.	Mr. BOYCE.
Philippo,		Mr. BRETT.
Vaſquez,		Mr. STEVENS.
Lopez,		Mr. LEDGER.
Victoria,		Miſs HARPER.
Lorenza,		Signora SESTINI.
Iſabella,		Miſs PLATT.
Catilina,		Mrs. WILSON.

BANDITTI, SERVANTS, *&c.*

SCENE, *Spain.*

THE

CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Cavern with winding Stairs, and Receſſes cut in the Rock; a large Lamp hanging in the Center, a Table, Wine, Fruits, &c.—At the head DON CÆSAR, *on each ſide* SPADO, SANGUINO, RAPINO, *and others of the Banditti.*

CHORUS.

HERE we ſons of freedom dwell
In our friendly, rock-hewn cell;
Pleaſure's dictates we obey,
Nature points us out the way
Ever ſocial great and free,
Valour guards our liberty.

AIR.—*Don Cæſar.*

Of ſevere and partial laws,
Venal judges, Alguazils;
Dreary dungeons's iron jaws,
Oar and gibbet---Whips or wheels
Let's never think
While thus we drink
Sweet Muſcadine!
O life divine!

Chorus. Here we ſons of freedom dwell, &c.

Don C.

Don C. Come, Cavaliers, our carbines are loaded, our hearts are light, charge your glaſſes, Bacchus gives the word, and a volley makes us immortal as the roſy god.—Fire! *(all drink)*

Spa. Ay, Captain, this is noble firing, Oh, I love a volley of grape-ſhot—Are we to have any ſky-light in our cave? *(looking at Sanguino's glaſs)*

Don C. Oh, no! a brimmer round. Come, a good booty to us to-night. *(all drink)*

Spa. Booty! I love to rob a fat Prieſt.—Stand, ſays I, and then I knock him down.

Sang. My noſe bleeds. *(looks at his handkerchief)* I wonder what colour is a coward's blood!

Spa. Don't you ſee it's red?

Sang. Hah! call me coward, *(riſes in fury)* Sirrah! Captain! Cavaliers! but this ſcar on my forehead contradicts the miſcreant.

Spa. Scar on your forehead! Ay, you will look behind you when you run away.

Sang. I'll ſtab the villain—*(draws ſtilletto)* I will, by heaven.

Don C. Poh, Sanguino! you know when a jeſt offers, Spado regards neither time, place nor perſon.

All. (interpoſing) Don't hurt little Spado!

Spa. (hiding behind) No, don't hurt little Spado.

Sang. Run away! Armies have confeſs'd my valour—the time has been—but no matter! *(ſits)*

Don C. Come, away with reflection on the paſt, or care for the future; the preſent is the golden moment of poſſeſſion; let us enjoy it.

All. Ay, ay, let us enjoy it.

Don C. You know, Cavaliers, when I enter'd into this noble fraternity, I boaſted only of a little courage ſharpen'd by neceſſity, the reſult of my

my youthful follies, a father's ſeverity, and the malice of a good natur'd dame.

Spa. Captain, here's a ſpeedy walk-off to old women.

All. Ha, ha, ha! *(drink)*

Don C. When you did me the honor to elect me your captain, for two conditions I ſtipulated —Tho' at war with the world abroad, unity and ſocial mirth ſhould preſide over our little common-wealth at home.

Spa. Yes, but Sanguino's for no head—he'll have ours a common-wealth of fiſts and elbows.

Don C. The other, unleſs to preſerve your own lives, never to commit a murder.

Spa. I murder'd ſince that—a biſhop's coach-horſe.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Don C. Hand me that red wine.

AIR.—*Don Cæſar.*

Flow, thou regal purple ſtream,
Tinted by the ſolar beam,
In my goblet ſparkling riſe,
Cheer my heart and glad my eyes.
My brain aſcend on fancy's wing,
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
While I live, I'll lave my clay,
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirſty ſubjects ſay,
A month he reign'd, but that was May.

[thunder.

Don C. Hark, how diſtinct we hear the thunder through this vaſt body of earth and rock—Rapino, is Calvette above upon his poſt?

Rap. Yes.

Don C. Spado, 'tis your turn to relieve the centinel.

Spa.

Spa. Relieve! why what's the matter with him?

Don C. Come, come, no jeſting with duty—'tis your watch.

Spa. Let the wolves watch for me—my duty is to get ſupper ready—*(thunder)* Go up! Od's fire, do you think I am a Salamander? D'ye hear!

Sang. No ſport I fear.

Don C. Then call Calvette, lock down the trap-door, and get us ſome more wine from the ciſtern.

Spa. Wine! Ay, Captain, and this being a night of peace we'll have a diſh of olives.

Sang. No peace! we'll up and ſcour the foreſt preſently. But well thought on, a rich old fellow, one Don Scipio has lately come to reſide in the caſtle on the ſkirts of the foreſt—what ſay you to plunder there?

Don C. Not to night—I know my time—I have my reaſons—I ſhall give command on that buſineſs. But where's the ſtranger we brought in at our laſt excurſion?

Rap. He repoſes in yonder receſs.

Spa. Ay, there he lies with a face as innocent as an angel, thought he fought like ſeven devils. *(aſide)* If my fellow-rooks wou'd but fly off—I'd have the pidgeon here within all to myſelf.

Calv. *(appears at the top of the winding ſtairs with a lanthern)* Captain!

Sang. Good news, Cavaliers; here comes Calvette.

Calv. A booty!

Sang. What? where?

Calv. Soft—but one man!

Sang. Is he alone?

Calv. Quite.

Spa.

Spa. One man and alone—that's odd!

Calv. He ſeems in years, but his habit, (as well as I could diſtinguiſh,) ſpeaks him noble. (*deſcends*)

Don C Then he'll fight. My arms!

Spa. Oh, he'll fight.—Get my arms—no, my legs will do for me. (*aſide*)

Sang. Come, my carbine—quick!

Don C. To the attack of one man—paltry! Only you Calvette, and Spado go, the reſt prepare for our general excurſion.

Spa. Captain, don't ſend me; indeed I'm too raſh!

Don C. Come, come, leave buffoonery and to your duty.

[CALVETTE *aſcends, the reſt go in at ſeveral receſſes,* SPADO, *aſcends ſlowly.*]

Enter ALPHONSO.

Alph. I find myſelf ſomewhat refreſh'd by ſleep—at ſuch a time to fall into the hands of theſe ruffians, how unlucky! I'm pent up here; my rival Fernando, once my friend, reaches Don Scipio's Caſtle, weds my charming Victoria, and I loſe her for ever; but if I could ſecure an interview, love ſhould plead my cauſe.

AIR.—*Alphonſo.*

The hardy ſailor braves the ocean,
Fearleſs of the roaring wind;
Yet his heart, with ſoft emotion,
Throbs to leave his love behind.

To dread of foreign foes a ſtranger,
Tho' the youth can dauntleſs roam,
Alarming fears paint every danger
In a rival, left at home.

SPADO *returns down the ſtairs.*

Spa. (*aſide*) Now for ſome talk with our priſoner here—Stay, are they all out of ear-ſhot? How the poor bird ſings in its cage! I know more of his affairs than he thinks of by overhearing his converſation at the inn at Lorca.

Alph. How ſhall I eſcape from theſe raſcals!—Oh, here is one of the gentlemen. Pray, Sir, may I take the liberty——

Spa. No liberty for you here—Yet upon certain conditions, indeed—give me your hand.

Alph. (*aſide*) Impudent ſcoundrel!

Spa. Senor, I wiſh to ſerve you, and ſerve you I will; but I muſt know the channel before I make for the coaſt, therefore to examine you with the pious ſeverity of an holy Inquiſitor, in heaven's name, who the devil are you?

Alph. A pious adjuration truly! (*aſide*) Sir, my name is Alphonſo, and I am ſon of a banker at Madrid.

Spa. Banker! I thought he ſung like a young gold-finch.

Alph. Perhaps by truſting this fellow I may make my eſcape——

Spa. I'll convince him I know his ſecrets, and then I hold his purſe-ſtrings.

Alph. You won't betray me?

Spa. Honor among thieves.

Alph. Then you muſt know when your gang attack'd me yeſterday evening——

Spa. You were poſting full gallop to Don Scipio's caſtle on the confines of the foreſt here.

Alph. Hey! then perhaps you know my paſſion for——

Spa-

Spa. Donna Victoria his daughter.

Alph. Then you know that ſhe's contracted—

Spa. To your friend Don Fernando de Zelva, who is now on his journey to the caſtle, and to the deſtruction of your hopes, weds the lady on his arrival.

Alph. True, while I am pent up in this curſed cavern, but how you got my ſtory, I—

Spa. No matter! I could let you out of this curſed cavern.

Alph. And will you?

Spa. Ah, our trap-door above requires a golden key.

Alph. Your comrades have not left me a piaſtre.

Spa. Will you give me an order on your father's bank for fifty pieces, and I'll let you out?

Alph. You ſhall have it.

Spa. A bargain. I'll ſecure your eſcape.

Enter D. CÆSAR, (*behind*).

Don C. How's this!

Spa. Zounds, the Captain Ramirez! (*aſide*) Aye, you dog, I'll ſecure you from an eſcape! Do you think I'd ſet you at liberty without the Captain's orders? Betray my truſt for a bribe! What the devil do you take me for? (*in a ſeeming rage*) Oh, Captain, I didn't ſee you.

Don C. What's the matter?

Spa. Nothing, only our priſoner here was miſtaken in his man—that's all. Let you eſcape, indeed!

Alph. Here's a raſcal!

Spa. Raſcal! D'ye hear him? he has been

abuſing me this half hour, becauſe I would not convey him out without your knowledge. Oh, what offers he did make me! but my integrity is proof againſt Gallions, Eſcurials, Peru's, and Mexico's.

Don C. Begone inſtantly to your comrades.

[*Spado aſcends.*

Senor, no occaſion to tamper with my companions; you ſhall owe your liberty to none but me. Some particulars of your ſtory, which I had from Spado, have engaged me in your intereſt—to be free, up in the open air would you venture—ha, ha, ha!—not afraid of a ſprinkle of rain or a flaſh of lightning—no, no. Well, without conſulting my brethren here, as ſoon as they ſally forth, I'll convey you to the cottage of the vines, belonging to the peaſant Philippo, not far from Don Scipio's caſtle; there you may reſt in ſafety to-night, and——

Alph. Ah, Captain! no reſt for me.

Don C. Look ye Senor, I am a ruffian, perhaps worſe, but venture to truſt me—A picklock may be uſed to get at a treaſure—don't wiſh to know more of me than I now chuſe to tell you, but if your miſtreſs loves you as well as you ſeem to love her, to-morrow night ſhe's yours.

Alph. My good friend!

Don C. Now for Philippo—I don't ſuppoſe you wiſh to ſee any of our work above, ha, ha, ha!—Well, well, I was once a lover, but now——

AIR.

AIR.—*Don Cæſar.*

On by the ſpur of valour goaded,
Piſtols prim'd and carbines loaded,
Courage ſtrikes on hearts of ſteel;
While each ſpark
Through the dark
Gloom of night,
Lends a clear and cheering light,
Who, a fear or doubt can feel?

Like ſerpents now, through thickets creeping,
Then on our prey, like lions, leaping!
Calvette to the onſet lead us,
Let the wand'ring trav'ler dread us!
Struck with terror and amaze,
While our ſwords with lightning blaze. (*Thunder*)
Thunder to our carbines roaring,
Burſting clouds in torrents pouring,
Each a free and roving blade,
Ours a free and roving trade,
To the onſet let's away,
Valour calls, and we obey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Foreſt, (a ſtormy night).

Enter FERNANDO.

Fer. Pedrillo! (*calling*) What a dreadful night, and horrid place to be benighted in! Pedrillo!—I fear I've loſt my ſervant, but, by the pace I rode ſince I left Ecceija, Don Scipo's caſtle can't be very far diſtant—this was to have been my wedding night, if I arrived there—and as for my charming bride—Yet I cannot regret my

my ſeparation from beauties, that I can only imagine.

AIR.—*Fernando.*

Serenely ſmooth the moments run,
With him, who from his natal hour,
Has ne'er beheld the ſplendid Sun,
Nor ſovereign Nature's genial power.

But by the bolt of Jove ſtruck blind,
Thus ſhut from every ray of light,
What poignant grief o'ercaſts his mind,
Who once hath known the joys of Sight.

But what keeps Pedrillo, Pedrillo! Pedrillo! (*calling*)

Ped. (*within*) Sir!

Fer. Where are you?

Ped. Quite aſtray, Sir.

Fer. This way.

Enter PEDRILLO, (*groping*).

Ped. Any body's way, for I have loſt my own —Do you ſee me, Sir?

Fer. No, indeed! (*lightning*)

Ped. You ſaw me then, Sir. (*thunder*) Ah, this muſt frighten the mules, they'll break their bridles; I tied the poor beaſts to a tree.

Fer. Well, we may find 'em in the morning, if they eſcape the banditti which I am told infeſts this foreſt.

Ped. Banditti! (*a ſhot without*) Ah! we are dead men.

Fer. Somebody in trouble!

Ped. No, ſomebody's troubles are over.

Fer. Draw, and follow me.

Ped.

Ped. Lord, Sir! ha'nt we troubles enough of our own?

Fer. Follow! who can deny aſſiſtance to his fellow-creature in diſtreſs? (*draws*) [*Exit.*

Ped. What fine creatures theſe gentlemen are! But for me, I am a poor, mean ſervant—ſo I'll ev'n take my chance with the mules.

AIR.—*Pedrillo.*

A maſter I have, and I am his man,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
And he'll get a wife as faſt as he can,
With a haily, gaily, gambo raily,
Giggling, niggling,
Galloping galloway, draggle tail, dreary dun.

I ſaddled his ſteed ſo fine and ſo gay,
Galloping, dreary dun,
I mounted my mule, and we rode away.
With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
The nightingale ſung inſtead of the lark,
With her, &c.

We met with a friar, and aſk'd him our way,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
By the Lord, ſays the friar, you're both gone aſtray,
With your, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
We wander alone, like the babes in the wood,
With our, &c.

My maſter is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
Galloping, dreary, dun,
But now I think better, I'd better go ſleep,
With my, &c. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A thicker part of the foreſt. Large tree and ſtone croſs near the front.

Enter SPADO, *runs round terrified, and climbs into the tree.*

Enter DON SCIPIO, *attacked by* SANGUINO, RAPINO, *and* CALVETTE.

Sang. Now, Rapino, lop off his ſword-arm.

Don S. Forbear! there's my purſe. (*throws it down*)

Sang. Fire!

Spa. (*peeping from the tree*) No, don't fire.

Sang. I am wounded, hew him to pieces! (*as Don Scipio is nearly overpowered*)

Enter FERNANDO.

Fer. Ha! what murderous ruffians! (*engages the Banditti who precipitately diſperſe ſeveral ways*)

Spa. Holloa! the foreſt is ſurrounded with Inquiſitors, Alguazils, Corrigidores, Hangmen, and holy fathers.

Don S. Oh, I hav'nt fought ſo much theſe twenty years.

Spa. Eh, we have loſt the field, curſed dark; tho' I think I could perceive but one man come to the relief of our old Don here.

Don S. But where are you, Senor? approach my brave deliverer.

Spa. So here's a victory and nobody to claim it! I think I'll go down and pick up the laurel. (*deſcends*) I'll take the merit of this exploit, I may get ſomething by it.

Don

Don S. I long to thank, embrace, worſhip this generous ſtranger as my guardian angel.

Spa. (*aſide*) I may paſs for this angel in the dark—Villains, ſcoundrels! robbers, to attack an honeſt gentleman! but I made the dogs ſcamper! (*vapouring*)

Don S. Oh, dear! this is my preſerver!

Spa. Who's there? Oh, you are the worthy gentleman I reſcued from theſe raſcal banditti.

Don S. Noble, valiant ſtranger—I—

Spa. No thanks, Senor, I have ſav'd your life and a good action rewards itſelf.

Don S. A gallant fellow faith—Eh, as well as I could diſtinguiſh in the dark, you look'd much taller juſt now? (*looking cloſe at him*)

Spa. When I was fighting? true, anger raiſes me—I always appear ſix foot in a paſſion; beſides my hat and plume added to my height.

Don S. (*by accident treading on the purſe*) Hey, the rogues have run off without my purſe too.

Spa. O, ho! (*aſide*)—What, I have ſav'd your purſe as well as your precious life! Well, of a *poor* fellow, I am the luckieſt dog in all Spain.

Don S. Poor! Good friend, accept it as a ſmall token of my gratitude.

Spa. Nay, dear Sir!

Don S. You ſhall take it.

Spa. Lord, I am ſo aukward at taking a purſe. (*takes it*)

Don S. Hey, if I could find my cane too I dropt it ſomewhere hereabouts when I drew to defend myſelf. (*looking about*)

Spa. Zounds! I fancy here comes the real co-

queror—no matter—I've got the ſpoils of the field. (*aſide chinks the purſe and retires*)

Don S. Ah, my amber-headed cane! (*ſtill looking about*)

Re-enter FERNANDO.

Fer. The villians!

Don S. Ay, you made 'em fly like pigeons, my little game-cock!

Fer. Oh, I fancy this is the gentleman that was attack'd. Not hurt, I hope, Sir,

Don S. No, I'm a tough old blade—Oh, gadſo, well thought on—feel if there's a ring on the purſe, it's a relick of my deceas'd lady, it's with ſome regret I aſk you to return it.

Fer. Return what, Sir?

Don S. A ring you'll find on the purſe.

Fer. Ring and purſe! really, Sir, I don't underſtand you.

Don S. Well, well, no matter—A mercenary fellow? (*aſide.*)

Fer. The old gentleman has been robb'd, and is willing that I ſhould reimburſe his loſſes. (*aſide*)

Don S. It grows lighter: I think I can diſtinguiſh the path I loſt—follow me, my hero, and —(*going ſuddenly turns and looks ſtedfaſtly at* Fernando.) Zounds, Senor, I hope you are not in a paſſion, for I think you look ſix foot high again.

Fer. A ſtrange, mad old fellow this! (*aſide.*)

Don S. Theſe raſcals may rally, ſo come along to my caſtle, and my daughter Victoria ſhall welcome the preſerver of her father.

Fer.

Fer. Your daughter, Victoria! Then, perhaps, Sir, you are Don Scipio, my intended father-in-law?

Don S. Eh! Why! is it poſſible that you can be my expected ſon, Fernando?

Fer. The ſame, Sir, and was on my journey to your Caſtle when benighted in the foreſt here.

Don S. Oh, my dear boy! (*embraces him.*) Damn'd mean of him to take my purſe tho'—(*aſide.*) Ah, Fernando, you were reſolv'd to touch ſome of your wife's fortune before-hand.

Fer. Sir—I—

Don S. Huſh! You have the money and keep it: aye, and the ring too; I'm glad it's not gone out of the family—Hey, it grows lighter—Come!

Fer. My raſcal Pedrillo is fall'n aſleep ſomewhere. (*a whiſtle without*)

Don S. No, we're not ſafe here—Come then, my dear—brave valiant—Curs'd paltry to take my purſe tho'. (*aſide.*) [*Exeunt.*

Spa. (*who had been liſtening, advances.*) So then our old gentleman is father to Victoria, my young banker Alphonſo's miſtreſs, and the other is Fernando his dreaded rival—this is the firſt time they ever ſaw each other too.——He has a ſervant too, and his name Pedrillo—a thought ſtrikes me, if I could by croſs paths but get to the caſtle before 'em, I'd raiſe a moſt delicious commotion—In troubled waters I throw my fiſhing-hook—(*Whiſtle without.*) Excuſe me, gen—I'm engag'd.

[*Exit oppoſite ſide.*

SCENE IV.

An apartment in DON SCIPIO'S *caſtle.*

Enter VICTORIA *and* CATALINA.

Cat. Nay, dear madam, do not ſubmit to go into the nunnery.

Vic. But, Catalina, my father deſires I ſhould take the veil, and a parent's voice is the call of heaven!

Cat. Heav'n! Well, tho' the fellows ſwear I'm an angel, this world is good enough for me —Dear Ma'm, I wiſh I could but once ſee you in love.

Vic. Heigh ho! Catilina, I wonder what ſort of gentleman this Don Fernando is, who is contracted to me, and hourly expected at the caſtle!

Cat. A beautiful man, I warrant—But, Ma'm, your'e not to have him. Huſh! Dame Iſabel, not content with making your father by ſlights and ill-uſage, force your brother, poor Don Cæſar, to run about the world in the Lord knows what wild courſes, but ſhe now has perſuaded the old gentleman to paſs her daughter on Don Fernando for you—There, yonder ſhe is flaunting, ſo bejewell'd and be plum'd—Well, if I was you, they might take my birth-right—but my huſband—take my man—the deuce ſhould take them firſt! Ah, no! if I ever do go to heav'n I'll have a ſmart lad in my company. Send you to a nunnery!

Vic. Was my fond mother alive!—Catilina, my father will certainly marry this Dame Iſabel; I am

I am now an alien to his affections, bereft of every joy and every hope, I ſhall quit the world without a ſigh.

AIR.—*Victoria.*

Ah, ſolitude, take my diſtreſs,
My griefs I'll unboſom to thee,
Each ſigh thou can'ſt gently repreſs,
Thy ſilence is muſic to me.

Yet peace from my ſonnet may ſpring,
For peace let me fly the gay throng,
To ſoften my ſorrows I ſing
Yet ſorrow's the theme of my ſong.

[*Exit Victoria.*

Cat. I'd quit this caſtle as ſoon as ever Donna Victoria enters a nunnery—Shall I go with her? No, I was never made for a nun—Aye, I'll back to the vineyard, and if my ſweetheart Philippo, is as fond as ever, who knows—I was his queen of all the girls, tho' the charming youth was the guitar, flute, fiddle and hautboy of our village.

AIR.—*Catilina.*

Like my dear ſwain, no youth you'd ſee
So blythe, ſo gay, ſo full of glee,
In all our village who but he
To foot it up ſo featly---
His lute to hear,
From far and near,
Each female came,
Both girl and dame,
And all his boon
For every tune,
To kiſs them round ſo ſweetly

While

While round him in the jocund ring,
We nimbly danc'd, he'd play or ſing,
Of may, the youth was choſen king
He caught our ears ſo neatly.
Such muſic rare,
In his guitar,
But touch his flute
The crowd was mute,
His only boon
For every tune,
To kiſs us round ſo ſweetly. [*Exit.*

Enter VASQUEZ, *introducing* SPADO.

Vaſ. I'll inform dame Iſabel, Sir—pleaſe to wait a moment. [*Exit Vaſquez.*

Spa. Sir!—This dame Iſabel is, it ſeems, a widow-gentlewoman, whom Don Scipio has retain'd ever ſince the death of his lady, as ſupreme directreſs over his family, has ſuch an aſcendancy here, that ſhe has even prevail'd on him, to drive his own ſon out of his houſe, and, ha, ha, ha! is now drawing the old Don into a matrimonial nooſe, ha, ha, ha! I am told, rules the roaſt here in the caſtle—Yes, yes, ſhe's my mark—Hem! Now for my ſtory, but my ſcheme is up if I tell a ſingle truth—Ah, no fear of that.—Oh, this way ſhe moves—

Enter Dame ISABEL *and* VASQUEZ.

Iſ. Don Scipio not return'd! A fooliſh old man, rambling about at this time of night! Stay, Vaſquez, where's this ſtrange, ugly, little fellow you ſaid wanted to ſpeak with me?

Vaſ. (*confuſed.*) Madam, I did not ſay ugly—

Spa. No matter, young man—Hem!

[*Exit Vaſquez.*

Iſ. Well,

If. Well, Sir, pray who are you?

Spa. (*bowing obſequiouſly.*) Madam, I have the honour to be confidential ſervant and ſecretary to Don Juan, father to Don Fernando de Zelva.

If. Don Fernando! Heav'ns! is he arrived? Here, Vaſquez, Lopez, Diego! (*calling.*)

Spa. Hold, madam; he is not arriv'd! Moſt ſagacious lady, pleaſe to lend your attention for a few moments to an affair of the higheſt importance to Don Scipio's family. My young maſter is coming—

If. Well, Sir!

Spa. Incog.

If. Incog!

Spa. Madam, you ſhall hear—(*aſide*) Now for a lie worth twenty piſtoles—The morning before his departure, Don Fernando calls me into his cloſet, and ſhutting the door, Spado, ſays he, you know this obſtinate father of mine has engag'd me to marry a lady I have never ſeen, and to-morrow, by his order I ſet out for Don Scipio her father's caſtle, for that purpoſe; but, ſays he, ſtriking his breaſt with one hand, twiſting his muſtachios with the other, and turning up his eyes—if, when I ſee her, ſhe don't hit my fancy—I'll not marry her, by the ——!! I ſhan't mention his oath before you, madam.

If. No, pray don't, Sir.

Spa. Therefore, ſays he, I deſign to dreſs Pedrillo, my arch dog of a valet, in a ſuit of my clothes, and he ſhall perſonate me at Don Scipio's caſtle, while I, in a livery, paſs for him—If I like the lady, I reſume my own character, and take her hand, if not, the deceit continues, and Pedrillo weds Donna Victoria, juſt to warn pa-

rental

rental tyranny how it dares to clap up marriage without conſulting our inclinations.

If. Here's a diſcovery! ſo then, it's my poor child that muſt have fall'n into this ſnare—(*aſide.*) Well, good Sir!

Spa. And, continued he Spado, I appoint you my truſty ſpy in this Don Scipio's family; to cover our deſigns, let it be a ſecret that you belong to me, and I ſhan't ſeem even to know you—You'll eaſily get a footing in the family, ſays he, by impoſing ſome lie or other upon a fooliſh woman I'm told is in the caſtle, Dame Iſabel, I think they call her.

If. He ſhall find I'm not ſo eaſily impos'd upon.

Spa. I ſaid ſo, madam; ſays I, a lady of Dame Iſabel's wiſdom muſt ſoon find me out were I to tell her a lie.

If. Ay, that I ſhould, Sir.

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vaſ. Oh, Madam! my maſter is return'd and Don Fernando de Zelva with him.

[*Exit Vaſquez.*

If. Don Fernando! Oh, then, this is the valet, but I'll give him a welcome with a vengeance!

Spa. Hold, Madam! Suppoſe for a little ſport, you ſeem to humour the deceit, only to ſee how the fellow acts his part, he'll play the gentleman very well I warrant; he is an excellent mimic, for, you muſt know, Ma'am, this Pedrillo's mother was a Gypſy, his father a Merry Andrew to a Mountebank, and he himſelf five years Trumpeter to a company of Strolling Players.

If. So,

If. So, I was likely to have a hopeful ſon-in-law—Good Sir, we are eternally indebted to you for this timely notice of the impoſition.

Spa. I have done the common duties of an honeſt man—I have been long in the family and can't ſee my maſter make ſuch a fool of himſelf without endeavouring to prevent any miſchance in conſequence.

If. Dear Sir, I beſeech you be at home under this roof, pray be free, and want for nothing the houſe affords.

Spa. (*bows.*) Good Madam! I'll want for nothing I can lay my fingers on. (*aſide.*)

(*Exit Spado.*)

If. Heaven's! what an honeſt ſoul it is! what a lucky diſcovery! Oh, here comes my darling girl!

Enter LORENZA, (*magnificently dreſs'd.*)

Lor. Oh, cara Madre! See, behold!—Can I fail of captivating Don Fernando? Don't I look charming?

If. Why, Lorenza, I muſt ſay the toilet has done it's duty, I'm glad to ſee you in ſuch ſpirits, my dear child!

Lor. Spirits! ever gay, ever ſprightly, chearful as a lark—but, my dear mother—

If. Mother! Huſh, my love! you forget you are now to paſs for Donna Victoria, Don Scipio's daughter; and for that purpoſe, I had you brought from Italy—It ſeems your young Madrid Lover, Alphonſo too, thinks you Victoria, but you muſt forget him, child.

Lor. Yes—but how ſhall I forget my Florence Lover, my dear Ramirez? I love him, Alphonſo loves

loves me, and here for the ſake of Fortune muſt I give my hand to this Don Fernando, when there can't poſſibly be any love on either ſide.

If. I requeſt, my dear, you'll not think of this Ramirez—ev'n from your own account of him, he muſt be a perſon of moſt diſſolute principles—fortunately he knows you only by your name of Lorenza, I hope he won't find you out here.

Lor. Then, farewell, loving Alphonſo—Adieu, belov'd Ramirez! In obedience to your commands, Madam, I ſhall accept of this Don Fernando; and as a huſband, I will love him if I can—

AIR *Lorenza.*

Love! gay illuſion!
Pleaſing deluſion,
With ſweet intruſion,
Poſſeſſes the mind.

Love with love meeting
Paſſion is fleeting;
Vows in repeating
We truſt to the wind.

Faith to faith plighted,
Love may be blighted;
Hearts often ſlighted
Will ceaſe to be kind.

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vaſ. Madam—my maſter and Don Fernando.
If. Has Don Fernando a ſervant with him?
Vaſ. No Madam.
If. Oh, when he comes, take notice of *him*.

Enter

Enter DON SCIPIO *and* FERNANDO.

Don S. Oh, my darling dame, and my delicate daughter, bleſs your ſtars that you ſee poor Scipio alive again—Behold my ſon-in-law and the preſerver of my life—Don Fernando, there's your ſpouſe, and this is Donna Iſabella, a lady of vaſt merit, of which my heart is ſenſible.

Fer. Madam! *(ſalutes Iſabella.)*

Iſ. What an impudent fellow! *(aſide.)*

Don S. Dear Fernando, you are as welcome to this caſtle as flattery to a lady, but there ſhe is—bill and coo—embrace, carreſs her.

(Ferdinand ſalutes Lorenza.)

Lor. If I had never ſeen Ramirez, I ſhould think the man tollerable enough! *(aſide*

Don S. Ha! ha! this ſhall be the happy night—Eh, Dame Iſabel, by our agreement, before the lark ſings I take poſſeſſion of this noble tenement.

Fer. Don Scipio, I hop'd to have the honour of ſeeing your ſon.

Don S. My ſon! Who, Cæſar? Oh, Lord! He's—He was a—turn'd out a profligate—Sent him to Italy—got into bad company—don't know what's become of him—My dear friend, if you would not offend me, never mention Cæſar in my hearing. Egad—Eh, my dainty dame, is not Don Fernando a fine fellow!

Iſ. Yes, he's well enough for a trumpeter.

Don S. Trumpeter! *(with ſurpriſe)* what do you mean by that? Oh, becauſe I found his praiſe; but, Madam, he's a cavalier of noble birth, title, fortune, and valour——

Iſ. Don Scipio, a word if you pleaſe.

(takes him aſide)

Lor. (*to Fernando*) Si, Signor, our caſtle here is rather a gloomy manſion when compared to the beautiful Caſſino's on the banks of the Arno.

Fer. Arno! true, Don Scipio ſaid in his letter, that his daughter had been educated at Florence. (*aſide*)

Lor. You have had an unpleaſant journey, Signor.

Fer. I have encountered ſome difficulties by the way, it is true, Madam; but am amply repaid by the honour and happineſs I now enjoy. (*bows*)

Lor. Sir!—I ſwear he's a polite cavalier. (*aſide*) Won't you pleaſe to ſit, Sir? I fancy you muſt be ſomewhat weary. (*they ſit*)

Don S. Eh, ſure—what this fellow only Don Fernando's footman! how! it can't be!

If. A fact; and preſently you'll ſee Don Fernando himſelf in livery.

Don S. Look at the impudent ſon of a gypſey—Sat himſelf down—By St. Iago I'll—

If. Hold! let him play off a few of his airs.

Don S. A footman! Ay, this accounts for his behaviour in the foreſt—Don Fernando would never have accepted my purſe—(*taps Fernando on the ſhoulder.*) Hey, what, you've got there!

Fer. Will you pleaſe to ſit, Sir? (*riſes*)

Don S. Yes, he looks like a trumpeter. (*aſide*) You may ſit down, friend. (*with contempt*)

Fer. A ſtrange old gentleman!

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vaſ. Sir, your ſervant Pedrillo, is arriv'd. [*Exit Vaſquez.*

If. Servant Pedrillo! Ay, this is Fernando himſelf. (*apart joyfully to Scipio*)

Fer.

Fer. Oh, then the fellow has found his way at laſt. Don Scipio—Ladies—excuſe me a moment.

[*Exit Fernando.*

Lor. What a charming fellow!

Don S. What an impudent raſcal!

Ped. (*without*) Is my maſter this way?

Don S. Maſter! Ay, this is Fernando.

Enter PEDRILLO *with a Portmanteau.*

Ped. Oh, dear! Ive got among the gentlefolks, I aſk pardon.

If. How well he does look and act the ſervant!

Don. S. Admirable! Yet I perceive the grandee under the livery.

If. Pleaſe to ſit, Sir. (*with great reſpect*)

Lor. A livery ſervant ſit down by me!

Don S. Pray ſit down, Sir. (*ceremoniouſly.*)

Ped. Sit down. (*ſits*) Oh, theſe muſt be the upper ſervants of the family—her ladyſhip here is the houſekeeper, I ſuppoſe—the young tawdry tit, lady's maid—(hey, her miſtreſs throws off good clothes) and old Whiſkers Don Scipio's butler. (*aſide*)

Enter FERNANDO.

Fer. Pedrillo! how! ſeated? what means this diſreſpect?

Ped. Sir. (*riſes*) Old Whiſkers the butler there, aſked me to ſit down by Senorita Furbelow the waiting-maid, here.

Fer. Sirrah!

Ped. Yes, Sir.

Don S. Sir, and ſirrah! how rarely they act their parts. I'll give them an item tho' that I underſtand the plot of their comedy. (*aſide*)

AIR.

AIR.—QUINTETTO.

D. Scipio. Senor! (*to Pedrillo*)
Your wits muſt be keener,
Our prudence to elude,
Your fine plot,
Tho' ſo pat,
Will do you little good.

Pedrillo. My fine plot!
I'm a ſot,
If I know what
Theſe gentlefolks are at.

Fernando. Paſt the perils of the night,
Tempeſts, darkneſs, rude alarms;
Phœbus riſes clear and bright,
In the luſtre of your charms.

Lorenza. O, charming, I declare,
So polite a cavalier!
He underſtands the duty,
And homage due to beauty.

D. Scipio Bravo! O braviſſimo!

Lorenza. Caro! O cariſſimo!
How ſweet his honey words,
How noble is his mien!

D. Scipio. Fine feathers make fine birds,
The footman's to be ſeen.
But both deſerve a baſting!

Pedrillo. Since morning I've been faſting.

D. Scipio. Yet I could laugh for anger.

Pedrillo. Oh, I could cry for hunger.

D. Scipio. I could laugh.

Pedrillo I could cry.

D. Scipio. I could quaff,

Pedrillo. So could I.

D. Scipio. Ha, ha, ha! I'm in a fit.

Pedrillo. Oh, I could pick a little bit.

D. Scipio. Ha, ha, ha!

Pedrillo. Oh, oh, oh!

Lorenza. A very pleaſant party!

Fernando. A whimſical reception!

D Scipio. A whimſical deception!
But maſter and man accept a welcome hearty.

Fernando. } Accept our thanks ſincere, for ſuch a welcome
Pedrillo } hearty.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Caſtle.

Enter DON CÆSAR *(with precaution.)*

DON CÆSAR.

THUS far I've got into the Caſtle unperceived —I'm certain Sanguino means the old gentleman a miſchief, which nature bids me endeavour to prevent. I ſaw the raſcal ſlip in at the poſtern below; but where can he have got to! (*A ſliding pannel opens in the wainſcot, Enter thro' it* SANGUINO.) Yes, yonder he iſſues like a rat or a ſpider.—How now, Sanguino!

Sang. Captain Ramirez!

Don C. On enterprize without my knowledge! What's your buſineſs here?

Sang. Revenge! Look—(*ſhews a ſtilletto.*) if I meet Don Scipio—

Don

Don C. I command you to quit your purpoſe.

Sang. What, no ſatisfaction for my wound laſt night, and loſe my booty too!

Don C. Your wound was change—Put up—We ſhall have noble booty here, and that's our buſineſs—But you ſeem to know your ground here, Sanguino?

Sang. I was formerly Maſter of the Horſe to Count D'Olivi the laſt reſident, ſo am well acquainted with the galleries, lobbies, windings, turnings, and every ſecret lurking place in the caſtle.

Don C. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I have hope o'er our booty here, we can afford to laugh at paſt dangers.

AIR.—*Don Cæſar.*

As homeward from the neighb'ring fair,
His grain well ſold, diſpell'd his care,
With jocound haſte the thrifty ſwain
Trips o'er the mead and ſkims the plain,
He ſtops! He views--.Oh, dire amaze!
His ſtock, his cottage all a blaze!

But haſt'ning on he looks around,
The heath's on fire---to clear his ground.
His jovial friends to meet him come,
To chaunt the cheerful welcome home;
With heart-felt joy the ſound he hears,
And laughs away his former fears.

I miſt Spado at the muſter this morning—did he quit the cave with you?

Spa. (*without*) As ſure as I'm alive it's fact, Sir,—

Don C. Isn't that his voice?

Sang.

Sang. Impoſſible!
Don C. Huſh! (*they retire.*)

Enter DON SCIPIO *and* SPADO.

Don S. Yes, I've heard of ſuch places; but you ſay you've been in the cave where theſe ruffian banditti live?

Spa. Moſt certainly, ſir; for after having robb'd me of five hundred doubloons, the wicked rogues barbarouſly ſtripp'd, tied me neck and heels, threw me acroſs a mule like a ſack of corn, and led me blindfold to their infernal cavern.

Don S. Poor fellow!

Spa. There, Sir, in this ſkulking hole the villains live in all manner of debauchery, and dart out upon the innocent traveller like beaſts of prey.

Don S. Oh, the tygers! juſt ſo they faſtened upon me laſt night, but your fellow ſervant Pedrillo, our ſham Fernando, made 'em run like hares; I gave him my purſe for his trouble tho'.

Spa. And he took it! what a mean fellow! —you ought not to have ventured out unarm'd—I always take a blunderbuſs when I go upon the road—the raſcal banditti are moſt pitiful cowards.

Don S. What a glorious thing to deliver theſe reprobates into the hands of juſtice.

Spa. Ah, Sir, 'twould be a bleſſed affair—Oh, I'd hang 'em up like mad dogs!

Don S. Well, you ſay you know the cave?

Spa. Yes, yes, I ſlipp'd the handkerchief from my eyes and took a peep, made particular obſerva-

ſervations of the ſpot; ſo get a ſtrong guard, and I'll lead you to the very trap door of their den.

Don S. then we'll ſurprize them, and you'll have the prayers of the whole country, my honeſt friend.

Spa. Heav'n knows, Sir, I have no motives for this diſcovery but the publick good, ſo I expect the country will order me a hundred piſtoles as a reward for my honeſty.

Don C. Here's a pretty dog! (*apart.*)

Sang. Ay, ay, he han't long to live. (*apart.*)

Don S. An hundred piſtoles!

Spa. Sir, have an eye upon their Captain as they call him, he's the moſt abandon'd, impudent, profligate—(*ſuddenly turning ſees* Don Cæſar, *who ſhews a piſtol.*) Captain did I ſay. (*terrified.*) Oh, no; the Captain's a very worthy good natur'd fellow—I meant a ſcoundrel, who thinks he ought to be Captain, one Sanguino, the moſt daring, wicked and bloody villain that—(*turning the other way perceives* Sanguino *with a piſtol.*) but indeed, I found Sanguino an honeſt good natured fellow too—(*with increaſed terror*)

Don S. Hey, a bloody, wicked, honeſt, good-natur'd fellow! what is all this?

Spa. Yes; then, Sir, I *thought*, I ſaw theſe two gentlemen, and at that inſtant, I *thought* they looked ſo terrible, that with the fright, I *awoke.*

Don S. Awoke! what then, is all this but a dream you have been telling me?

Spa. Ay, ſir, and the moſt frightful dream I ever had in my life. I'm at this inſtant fright'ned out of my wits.

Don

Don S. You do look frighten'd indeed—poor man! I thought this cave was—

Spa. Don't mention the cave or I faint—heigho!

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vaſ. Dame Iſabel would ſpeak with you, ſir.

Don S. I'll wait on her.

Spa. Yes I'll wait on her. (*going haſtily.*)

Don S. You! ſhe don't want you.

Spa. Dear Sir, ſhe can't do without me at this time. [*Exit Don Scipio.*
I come. (*going.*)

Don C. No you ſtay.—(*pulls him back.*)

Spa. Ah, my dear Captain. (*affecting ſurprize and joy.*) What, and my little Sanguino too! Who could of thought of your finding me out here!

Don C. Yes; you are found out.

Spa. Such diſcoveries as I have made in the caſtle!—

Don C. You're to make diſcoveries in the foreſt too.

Sang. Our cave!

Spa. Oh, you overheard that! Didn't I hum the old fellow finely? Ha, ha, ha!

Sang. And for your reward, traitor, take this to your heart. [*Offers to ſtab him.*

Don. C. Hold, Sanguino

Spa. Nay, my dear Sanguino, ſtay! What the devil—So here, I can't run a jeſt upon a ſilly old man, but I muſt be run thro' with a ſtiletto!

Don

Don. C. Come, Spado, confeſs what really brought you here.

Spa. Buſineſs, my dear Sir, buſineſs, all in our own way too, for I deſign'd to let every man of you into the caſtle this very night, when all the family are in bed, and plunder's the word—Oh, ſuch a delicious booty! pyramids of plate, bags of gold, and little cheſts of diamonds!

Sang. Indeed!

Spa. Sanguino, look at that cloſet.

Sang. Well!

Spa. A glorious prize!

Sang. Indeed!

Spa. Six cheſts of maſſy plate! Look, only look into the cloſet; wait here a moment, and I'll fetch a maſter-key that ſhall open every one of them.

Don C. Hey! Let's ſee thoſe cheſts.

Sang. Maſſy plate! Quick, quick, the maſter key.

Spa. I'll fetch it.

Sang. Do, but make haſte, Spado.

Spa. I will, my dear boy.

[*Exit Sanguino into the cloſet.*

My good—honeſt—Oh, you two thieves! (*aſide.*)

[*Exit Spado.*

Don C. Yes, I'll avail myſelf of the power my influence over our Banditti has put into my hands; this night ſhall give me poſſeſſion of the caſtle; I'll ſee if terror can't reſtore that right of which injuſtice has deprived me—perform my promiſe to Alphonſo, quit my honeſt companions—carry my ſpoil to Florence, and with my fond little Lorenza enjoy the delights of love and competence.

Re-enter

Re-enter SANGUINO.

Sang. A valuable booty, I dare ſay, Captain.

Don C. (*Looking in.*) Ay, to judge by the form of the cheſts they do ſeem full of clumſy old plate.

Sang. If we can but convey it off.

Don S. Yes. but I inſiſt, Sanguino, no more of the poniard.

Sang. It's ſheath'd—Enough—But, Captain, if this little raſcal, Spado, ſhould turn informer and diſcover us,——

Don S. (*without*) I'll be with you preſently, Dame.

Don C. Away, a way, to your lurking place.

Sang. Yes, yes, thoſe pregnant cheſts muſt be delivered.

[*they haſtily retire into pannel.*

Enter DON SCIPIO.

Don S. Now, Spado, I—hey, where is my little dreamer? but why is this door open; this cloſet contains many valuables—Why will they leave it open? Let's ſee—(*goes into the cloſet.*)

Enter SPADO (*with a portmanteau.*)

Spa. (*as entering.*) I have no key—However I have ſtol'n Don Fernando's portmanteau as a peace offering for theſe two raſcals! (*lays it on table.*) Are you there! What a pity the coming of my fellow-rogues! I ſhould have had the whole caſtle to myſelf

ſelf—Oh, what a charming ſeat of work for a man of my induſtry—*(ſpeaking at cloſet door.)* You find the cheſts there—You may convey them out at night, and as for cutting Don Scipio's throat—that I leave to——

Enter DON SCIPIO,

Don S. Cut my throat!—What are you at your dreams again?

Spa. (*aſide*) Oh, zounds!—Yes Sir, as I was telling you.

Don S. Of a little fellow you have the worſt dreams I ever heard.

Spa. Shocking Sir—then I thought—

Don S. Hold, hold, let me hear no more of your curſt dreams.

Spa. I've got off, thanks to his credulity. [*aſide.*

Don S. What portmanteau's that?

Spa. I'm on again! (*aſide.*)

Don S. Fernando's I think.

Spa. (*affecting ſurpriſe*) What, my maſter's—ſo it is.—But I wonder who could have brought it here.—Ay, ay, my fellow ſervant Pedrillo is now too grand to mind his buſineſs;—And my maſter I find, tho' he has taken the habit ſcorns the office of a ſervant—So I muſt look after the things myſelf.

Don S. Ay, ay, take care of them.

Spa. Yes, Sir, I'll take care of them!

Don S. Ha, ha, ha! what a ſtrange whimſical fellow this maſter of yours! with his plots and diſguiſes.—Think to impoſe upon me too.—But I think I'm far from a fool.

Spa.

Spa. (*looking archly at him.*) That's more than I am.

Don S. So he pretends not to know you, tho' he has ſent you here as a ſpy to ſee what you can pick up?

Spa. Yes, Sir, I came here to ſee what I can pick up. (*takes up the portmanteau.*)

Don S. What an honeſt ſervant! he has an eye to every thing. [*Exit Don Scipio.*

Spa. But before I turn honeſt, I muſt get ſomewhat to keep me ſo.

AIR—*Spado.*

In the foreſt here hard by,
A bold robber late was I,
Sword and blunderbuſs in hand,
When I bid a trav'ller ſtand:
Zounds deliver up your caſh,
Or ſtrait I'll pop and flaſh,
All among the leaves ſo green-o,
Damme, ſir,
If you ſtir,
Sluice your veins,
Blow your brains,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o.

II

Soon I'll quit the roving trade,
When a gentleman I'm made;
Then ſo ſpruce and debonnaire,
'Gad, I'll court a lady fair;
How I'll prattle, tattle, chat,
How I'll kiſs her, and all that,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o!
How d'ye do?
How are you?

Why

Why ſo coy?
Let us toy,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o.

III

But ere old, and grey my pate,
I'll ſcrape up a ſnug eſtate;
With my nimbleneſs of thumbs,
I'll ſoon butter all my crumbs.
When I'm juſtice of the peace,
Then I'll maſter many a leaſe,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o.
Wig profound,
Belly round,
Sit at eaſe.
Snack the fees,
Hey down,
Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green-o. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Saloon.

Enter FERNANDO.

Fer. A wild ſcheme of my father's to think of an alliance with this mad family;—yes, Don Scipio's brain is certainly touch'd beyond cure, his daughter, my cara ſpoſa of Italy don't ſuit my idea of what a wife ſhould be—no, the lovely novice, this poor relation of Dame Iſabel has caught my heart. I'm told to-morrow ſhe's to be

be immur'd in a convent; what if I aſk Dame Iſabel, if—but ſhe, and indeed Don Scipio carry themſelves very ſtrangely towards me—I can't imagine what's become of my raſcal Pedrillo.

Enter PEDRILLO, *in an elegant morning gown, cap and ſlippers.*

Ped. Strange, the reſpect I meet with in this family. I hope we don't take horſe after my maſter's wedding. I ſhou'd like to marry here myſelf—before I unrobe I'll attack one of the maids! —Faith a very modiſh dreſs to go courting in—hide my livery and I am quite gallant.

Fer. Oh, here's a gentleman I haven't ſeen yet.

Ped. Tol de rol

Fer. Pray, Sir, may I—Pedrillo! *(ſurpriſed)* where have you—hey! what, ha, ha, ha! what's the matter with you!

Ped. Matter!—Why Sir, I don't know how it was, but ſome how or other laſt night, I happen'd to ſit down to a ſupper of only twelve covers, crack'd two bottles of choice wine, ſlept in an embroider'd bed, where I ſunk in down, and lay 'till this morning like a diamond in cotton. —So, indeed, Sir, I don't know what's the matter with me.

Fer. I can't imagine how, or what it all means.

Ped. Why, Sir, Don Scipio, being a gentleman of diſcernment, perceives my worth, and values it.

Fer. Then Sir, if you are a gentleman of ſuch prodigious merit, be ſo obliging, with ſubmiſſion to your cap and gown, to—pull off my boots. *(Pedrillo ſtoops)*

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vaſ. Sir, the ladies wait breakfaſt for you! (*to Pedrillo, who riſes haſtily.*)

Fer. My reſpects, I attend 'em.

Vaſ. You! I mean his honour here.

Ped. Oh, you mean my honour here.

Fer. Well, but perhaps my good friend, I may chuſe a diſh of chocolate as well as his honour here.

Vaſ. Chocolate, ha, ha, ha! (*with a ſneer*)

Ped. Chocolate, ha, ha, ha!

Fer. I'll teach you to laugh, Sirrah! (*ſtrikes Pedrillo*)

Ped. Teach me to laugh! you may be a good maſter, but you've a very bad method—hey for chocolate and the ladies.

[*Exeunt Pedrillo and Vaſquez.*

Fer. Don Scipio ſhall render me an account for this treatment, bear his contempt, and become the butt for the jeſts of his inſolent ſervants! As I don't like his daughter, I have now a fair excuſe, and indeed a juſt cauſe to break my contract, and quit his caſtle; but then, I leave behind the miſtreſs of my ſoul.—Suppoſe I make her a tender of my heart—but that might offend, as ſhe muſt know my hand is engaged to another.—When I look'd, ſhe turn'd her lovely eyes averted—doom'd to a nunnery!

AIR.—*Fernando.*

My fair one like the bluſhing roſe,
Can ſweets to every ſenſe diſcloſe:
Thoſe ſweets I'd gather, but her ſcorn
Then wounds me like the ſharpeſt thorn.

With

With ſighs each grace and charm I ſee
Thus doom'd to wither on the tree,
'Till age ſhall chide the thonghtleſs maid,
When all thoſe blooming beauties fade.

Hey, who comes here? oh the ſmart little Soubrette who ſeems ſo much attach'd to the beautiful novice—No harm to ſpeak with her——

Enter CATALINA.

So my pretty primroſe!

Cat. How do you do, Mr.—*(pert and familiar)* I don't know your name.

Fer. Not know my name! You muſt know who I am tho', and my buſineſs here, child?

Cat. Lord, man, what ſignifies your going about to ſift me when the whole family knows you're Don Fernando's footman.

Fer. Am I faith? Ha, ha, ha! I'll humor this —*(aſide)* Well, then, my dear, you know that I am only Don Fernando's footman?

Cat. Yes, yes, we know that, notwithſtanding your fine clothes.

Fer. But where's my maſter?

Cat. Don Fernando! he's parading the gallery yonder in his ſham livery and morning-gown.

Fer. Oh, this accounts for twelve covers at ſupper, and the embroider'd bed; but who could have ſet ſuch a jeſt a going? I'll carry it on tho' —*(aſide)* So then after all I am known here?

Cat. Ay, and if all the impoſtors in the caſtle were as well known, we ſhou'd have no wedding to-morrow night.

Fer. Something elſe will out—I'll ſeem to be in the ſecret, and perhaps may come at it—

(aſide) Ay, ay, that piece of deceit is much worſe than ours:

Cat. That! what then you know that this Italian lady is not Don Scipio's daughter, but Dame Iſabel's, and her true name Lorenza?

Fer. Here's a diſcovery! *(aſide)* Oh yes, I know that.

Cat. You do! Perhaps you know too, that the young lady you ſaw me ſpeak with juſt now is the real Donna Victoria?

Fer. Is it poſſible! Here's a piece of villainy! *(aſide)* Charming! let me kiſs you, my dear girl. *(kiſſes her)*

Cat. Lord, he's a delightful man! *(aſide)*

Fer. My little angel, a thouſand thanks for this precious diſcovery.

Cat. Diſcovery!—Well if you did not know it before, hang your aſſurance, I ſay—but I muſt about my buſineſs, can't play the lady as you play'd the gentleman, I've ſomething elſe to do; ſo I deſire you won't keep kiſſing me here all day.

AIR.—*Catalina.*

I have a lover of my own,
So kind and true is he;
As true, I love but him alone,
And he loves none but me.

I boaſt not of his velvet down,
On cheeks of roſy hue,
His ſpicy breath, his ringlets brown;
I prize the heart that's true.

So to all elſe I muſt ſay nay;
They only fret and teaze:
Dear youth, 'tis you alone that may
Come court me when you pleaſe.

I play'd

I play'd my love a thouſand tricks,
In ſeeming coy and ſhy;
'Twas only, 'ere my heart I'd fix,
I thought his love to try.

So to all elſe, &c. [*Exit.*

Fer. Why what a villain is this Don Scipio! ungrateful to—but I ſcorn to think of the ſervices I render'd him laſt night in the foreſt, a falſe friend to my father, an unnatural parent to his amiable daughter! Here my charmer comes. [*Retires.*

Enter VICTORIA.

Vic. Yes Catalina muſt be miſtaken, it is impoſſible he can be the ſervant, no, no; that dignity of deportment and native elegance of manner can never be aſſum'd, yonder he walks, and my fluttering heart tells me, this is really the amiable Fernando, that I muſt reſign to Dame Iſabel's daughter.—

Fer. Stay, lovely Victoria!

Vic. Did you call me, Sir! Heav'ns what have I ſaid! (*confuſed*) I mean, Senor, wou'd you wiſh to ſpeak with Donna Victoria? I'll inform her, Sir. (*going*)

Fer. Oh, I cou'd ſpeak to her for ever, for ever gaze upon her charms, thus tranſfix'd with wonder and delight.

Vic. Pray, Senor, ſuffer me to withdraw.

Fer. For worlds I wou'd not offend; but think not lady, 'tis the knowledge of your quality that attracts my admiration.

Vic. Nay, Senor——

Fer.

Fer. I know you to be Don Scipio's daughter, the innocent victim of injuſtice and oppreſſion, therefore I acknowledge to you, and you alone, that whatever you may have heard to the contrary, I really am Fernando de Zelva.

Vic. Senor, how you became acquainted with the ſecret of my birth I know not; but from an acquaintance ſo recent, your compliment I receive as a mode of polite gallantry without a purpoſe.

Fer. What your modeſty regards as cold compliments, are ſentiments, warm with the deareſt purpoſe; I came hither to ratify a contract with Don Scipio's daughter! you are his daughter, the beautiful Victoria, deſtin'd for the happy Fernando.—Concurrent to a parent's will, my hand is your's already. And thus on my knees let me make an humble tender of my heart.

Vic. Pray, riſe, Senor!—My father perhaps even to himſelf cannot juſtify his conduct to me; —But to cenſure that, or to pervert his intentions, wou'd in me be a breach of filial duty.

AIR.—*Victoria.*

By woes thus ſurrounded, how vain the gay ſmile
Of the little blind archer, thoſe woes to beguile!
Tho' ſkilful, he miſſes, his aim it is croſt,
His quiver exhauſted, his arrows are loſt.
Your love, tho' ſincere, on the object you loſe,
(*Aſide*) How ſweet is the paſſion! Ah, muſt I refuſe?
If filial affection that paſſion ſhould ſway,
Then love's gentle dictates I cannot obey.

Fer. And do you, can you wiſh me to eſpouſe Signora Lorenza, Iſabella's daughter?—Say you do not, do but ſatisfy me ſo far.

Vic.

Vic. Senor, do not deſpiſe me if I own, that before I ſaw in you the huſband of Don Scipio's daughter, I did not once regret that I had loſt that title.

Fer. A thouſand thanks for this generous, this amiable condeſcenſion,—Oh, my Victoria! If fortune but favours my deſign, you ſhall yet triumph over the malice of your enemies.

Vic. Yonder is Dame Iſabel, if ſhe ſees you ſpeaking to me, ſhe'll be early to fruſtrate whatever you may purpoſe for my advantage. Senor farewell!

Fer. My life, my love adieu!

DUET.—*Victoria and Fernando.*

Idalian queen, to thee we pray,
Record each tender vow;
As night gives place to chearful day,
Let hopes of future bliſs allay,
The pangs we ſuffer now.

[*Exit Victoria.*

Fer. This is fortunate; the whole family except Victoria, are firmly poſſeſt with the idea that I am but the ſervant.—Well, ſince they will have me an impoſtor, they ſhall find me one; In heav'n's name, let them continue in their miſtake, and beſtow their mock Victoria upon my ſham Fernando. I ſhall have a pleaſant and juſt revenge for their perfidy; and perhaps obtain Don Scipio's real, lovely daughter, the ſum of my wiſhes.—Here comes Don Scipio—now to begin my operations.

Enter

Enter Don Scipio.

Don S. Ay here's the impudent Valet.

Fer. (*as wiſhing Don Scipio to overhear him*) I'm quite weary of playing the gentleman, I long to get into my livery again.

Don S. Get into his livery! (*aſide*)

Fer. Theſe cloaths fall to my ſhare however; my maſter will never wear 'em after me.

Don S. His maſter! ay, ay! (*aſide*)

Fer. I wiſh he'd own himſelf, for I'm certain Don Scipio ſuſpects who I am.

Don S. Suſpect! I know who you are, (*advancing*) So get into your livery again as faſt as you can.

Fer. Ha, my dear friend, Don Scipio, I was——

Don S. Friend! you impudent raſcal! I'll break your head if you make ſo free with me. None of your ſwaggering, Sirrah.—How the fellow acts, 'twasn't for nothing he was among the ſtrolling players, but harkee, my lad, be quiet, for you're blown here without the help of your trumpet.

Fer. Lord your honor, how came you to know that I am Pedrillo?

Don S. Why I was told of it by your fellow—hold, I muſt not betray my little dreamer tho' (*aſide*) Nomatter who told me;—I—but here comes your maſter.

Fer. Pedrillo! The fellow will ſpoil all; I wiſh I had given him his leſſon before I began with Don Scipio. (*aſide*)

Don S. I hope he'll now ha' done with his gambols.

Fer.

Fer. Sir, my maſter is ſuch an obſtinate gentleman, as ſure as you ſtand here, he'll ſtill deny himſelf to be Don Fernando.

Don S. Will he? then I'll write his Father an account of his vagaries.

Enter PEDRILLO.

Ped. Maſter! ſhall I ſhave you this morning?

Don S. Shave! Oh, my dear Sir, time to give over your tricks and fancies.

Ped. (*ſurpriſed*) My tricks and fancies!

Fer. Yes Sir, you are found out.

Ped. I am found out!

Don S. So you may as well confeſs.

Ped. What the devil ſhall I confeſs.

Don S. He ſtill perſiſts! Harkee, young gentleman, I'll ſend your father an account of your pranks, and he'll trim your jacket for you.

Ped. Nay, Sir, for the matter o' that, my father could trim your jacket for you.

Don S. Trim my jacket, young gentleman!

Ped. Why, he's the beſt taylor in Cordova!

Don S. His father a taylor in Cordova!

Fer. Ay, he'll ruin all—(*aſide*) Let me ſpeak to him.—Tell Don Scipio you are the maſter. (*apart to Pedrillo*)

Ped. I will, Sir.—Don Scipio you are the maſter.

Don S. What!

Fer. Stupid dog!—(*apart to Pedrillo*) Say you are Fernando, and I am Pedrillo.

Ped. I will—Sir, you are Fernando, and I am Pedrillo.

Fer. Dull rogue! (*aſide*) I told you, Sir, he'd perſiſt in it! (*apart to Don Scipio*)

Don. S. Yes, I ſee it; but I tell you what Don Fernando——

LORENZA *ſings without.*

My daughter! don't let your miſtreſs ſee you any more in this curſed livery.——Look the gentleman, hold up your head—egad, Pedrillo's acting was better than your natural manner.

Fer. Ah, Sir, if you were to ſee my maſter dreſs'd—the livery makes ſuch an alteration!

Don S. True! curſe the livery.

Ped. It's bad enough; but my maſter gives new liveries on his marriage.

Fer. An inſenſible ſcoundrel! (*aſide*)

Enter LORENZA.

Lor. Oh, Caro Signor, every body ſays that you are (*to Fernando*) not Don Fernando.

Don S. Every body's right, for here he ſtands like a young taylor of Cordova. (*to Pedrillo*)

Lor. Oh, what? then this is Pedrillo? (*to Fernando*)

Fer. At your ſervice, Ma'm. (*bowing*)

Ped. That Pedrillo! then, who am I?

Fer. Here rogue, this purſe is yours—ſay you are Don Fernando. (*apart to Pedrillo*)

Ped. Oh, Sir—now I underſtand you. True, Don Scipio, I am—all that he ſays.

Don S. Hey! Now that's right and ſenſible, and like yourſelf, but I'll go buſtle about our buſineſs—for, we'll have all our love affairs ſettled this evening.

[*Exeunt Don Scipio and Fernando.*

Lor. So, then, you're to be my huſband, ha, ha,

ha, ha! Well, who is to have me, or who am I to have at laſt? This? *(looking at Pedrillo)* ha, ha, ha! Why this is ſtill worſe and worſe—every degree of lover farther remov'd from the perfections of my Ramirez.

Ped. Ma'm—wou'd you be ſo obliging as—to be ſo kind as—to tell a body what you intend to get talking about now in this here caſe?

Lor. Ah, Lord! Ha, ha, ha! Why, Signor, I was reflecting what a lucky thing it is for ſome people that they are born to a great fortune. *(ſneeringly)*

Ped. Eh? *(looks grave)* Ha, ha, ha! Ma'am, I'm ſo puzzld here—that—my brain turns about like a te-to-tum, and I don't know which is coming up, A for all or P. for put down.

Lor. Ha, ha, ha! Will you love me, pray?

Ped. Eh!

Lor. Well, if not I can be as cold as you are indifferent.

AIR.—*Lorenza.*

If I my heart ſurrender
Be ever fond and tender,
And ſweet [illegible] ſhall crown
Each ſoft roſy hour,
In pure delight each heart ſhall own
Love's triumphant pow'r.
See brilliant belles admiring,
See ſplendid beaux deſiring,
All for a ſmile expiring,
Wheree'r Lorenza moves.
To balls and routs reſorting
Oh bliſs ſupreme, tranſporting!
Yet ogling, flirting, courting,
'Tis you alone that loves.
If I my heart ſurrender, &c.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Vineyard and Cottage.

Enter ALPHONSO, (*with a letter.*)

Alph. How cruel is my ſituation! Though Captain Ramirez has ſet me at liberty, to what purpoſe, while my heart is Victoria's priſoner! This generous Ramirez, means well, I believe; but to enter into any league with a man of his deſcription—Can ſhe love this Fernando? With all my ardour of paſſion, to me ſhe was cold and inſenſible?——Her marriage with Fernando is determined on; but, if poſſible, I'll prevent it—Yes, Philippo, the youth of the cottage here ſhall bear him this challenge.

Enter PHILIPPO *from the Cottage,* (*with a Fruit-baſket.*)

Phil. Are you here, Sir! Lord, Senor, why would not you eat ſome dinner with us?

Alph. Ah, Philippo! were you in love, you'd have little appetite.

Phil. Why, I like a pretty little girl—ha, ha, ha!—Catalina above at the caſtle, and next Martlemas I intend to fall in love with her, for then we ſhall certainly be married—may be—Do ſtep in, Sir, and eat a bit.

Alph. No, no.

Phil. As nice an Ollo Podrida—

Alph. But where now, Philippo? Going to ſell your grapes?

Phil. Sell! Oh, no, Sir; I am going to make a preſent

a preſent of the earlieſt and fineſt cluſters to Don Scipio up at the caſtle.

Alph. Why, you're vaſtly generous.

Phil. Oh, yes, Sir; I like to make a preſent to gentlefolks, becauſe they always give me twice the value of 'em; and then my Catalina gives me a kiſs—her lips, ſweet, ſoft, and pouting as this plump Muſcadel.

AIR.—PHILIPPO.

In autumn ev'ry fruit I ſee,
Brings Catilina to my mind;
I carve her name on ev'ry tree,
And ſing love-ſonnets in the rind.

Her forehead as the nectrine ſleek,
And brown as hazle-nut her hair is;
The downy peach, her bluſhing cheek,
Her pouting lips---two May-Duke cherries.

The birds by faireſt fruits allur'd,
And I'm ſweet Catilina's bird;
I peck, hop, flutter on my ſpray,
And chirp and carrol all the day.

Alph. Well, Philippo, you'll find one Don Fernando at the caſtle and—

Phil. Oh, ay, the great grandee that's to marry Donna Victoria.

Alph. Diſtraction! (*aſide*) Give him this letter from me.

Phil. Yes, Sir, what is't about?

Alph. Ah—its only—an—invitation to Don Fernando and his intended bride to an entertainment I deſign to give to a few ſelect friends at my villa.

Phil. To a feaſt, ha, ha!

Alph.

Alph. But ſtop! Pray, Philippo, do you know who this Captain Ramirez is?

Phil. Don't even know where he lives—ſometimes he rides, ſometimes he walks,—ſometimes he runs here—travels about—Mayhap a hunting in the foreſt—often takes a bed at our cottage, and he pays ſo handſome that he's always welcome.

Alph. Ha, ha, ha! Philippo, you're the moſt generous—diſintereſted lad! (*gives money*)

Phil. So I am, Sir, (*looking at it*) Good bye!

Alph. You'll deliver my letter.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! yes, Sir—(*looking at the money*) Ha, ha, ha! to think, Senor, what a pair of lovers you and I be!

AIR DUET.—ALPHONSO *and* PHILIPPO.

Alph. So faithful to my fair I'll prove,
Phil. So kind and conſtant to my love,
Alph. I'd never range,
Phil. I'd never change,
Both. Nor time, nor chance, my faith ſhould move.

Phil. No ruby cluſters grace the vine,
Alph. Ye ſparkling ſtars forget to ſhine,
Phil. Sweet flowers to ſpring,
Alph. Gay birds to ſing,
Both. Thoſe hearts then part that love ſhall join,

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Saloon.

Enter DON SCIPIO *and* VASQUEZ.

DON SCIPIO.

D'YE hear, Vaſquez, run to Father Benedict, tell him to wipe his chin, go up to the chapel, put on his ſpectacles, open his Breviary,—find out matrimony, and wait 'till we come to him—

[*Exit Vaſquez.*

Then hey for a brace of weddings. I wonder is Don Fernando dreſt—Oh, here comes the ſervant in his proper habiliments.

Enter FERNANDO *in a livery.*

Ay, now, my lad, you look ſomething like.

Fer. Yes, your honour, I was quite tired of my grandeur—My paſſing ſo well in this diſguiſe gives me a very humble opinion of myſelf. (*aſide*)

Don S. But, Pedrillo, is your maſter equipp'd! faith, I long to ſee him in his proper garb.

Fer. Why, no, Sir, we're a little behind hand with

with our finery on account of a portmanteau of clothes that's miſlaid ſomewhere or other.

Don S. Portmanteau! Oh, it's ſafe enough—Your fellow ſervant has it.

Fer. Fellow ſervant!

Don S. Ay! the little ſpy has taken it in charge, Oh, here comes the very beagle.

Enter SPADO.

Don S. Well, my little dreamer, look, Pedrillo has got into his own cloaths again.

Spa. (*ſurpriſed and aſide.*) Don Fernando in a livery! or is this really the ſervant! ſure I han't been telling truth all this while! we muſt face it tho'—Ah, my dear old friend!—Glad to ſee you yourſelf again.

[*ſhakes hands.*

Fer. My dear boy, I thank you.—(*aſide.*) So, here's an old friend I never ſaw before.

Don S. Tell Pedrillo where you have left your maſter's portmanteau. While I go lead him in triumph to his bride. [*Exit.*

Fer. Pray, my good, new, old friend, where has your care depoſited this portmanteau?

Spa. Gone! (*looking after Don Scipio.*)

Fer. The portmanteau gone!

Spa. Ay, his ſenſes quite——

Fer. Where's the portmanteau that Don Scipio ſays you took charge of?

Spa. Portmanteau! Ah, the dear gentleman! Portmanteau did he ſay? yes, yes, all's over with his poor brain; yeſterday his head ran upon purſes and trumpeters and the lord knows what, and to-day he talks of nothing but dreamers, ſpies, and portmanteaus.—Yes, yes, his wits are going.

Fer.

Fer. It muſt be ſo, he talk'd to me laſt night and to-day of I know not what in a ſtrange incoherent ſtile.

Spa. Grief—all grief.

Fer. If ſo, this whim of my being Pedrillo, is perhaps the creation of his own brain,—but then, how cou'd it have run thro' the whole family.—This is the firſt time I ever heard Don Scipio was diſorder'd in his mind.

Spa. Ay, we'd all wiſh to conceal it from your maſter, leaſt it might induce him to break off the match, for I don't ſuppoſe he'd be very ready to marry into a mad family.

Fer. And pray what are you, Sir, in this mad family?

Spa. Don Scipio's own gentleman, theſe ten years—Yet, you heard him juſt now call me your fellow ſervant.—How you did ſtare when I accoſted you as an old acquaintance!——But we always humour him, I ſhou'd not have contradicted him if he ſaid I was the pope's nuncio.

Fer. (*aſide*) Oh, then I don't wonder at Dame Iſabel taking advantage of his weakneſs.

Spa. Another new whim of his,——he has taken a fancy that every body has got a ring from him, which he imagines belong'd to his deceas'd lady.

Fer. True, he aſked me ſomething about a ring.

Don S. (*without*) I'll wait on you preſently.

Enter DON SCIPIO.

Don S. Ha, Pedrillo, now your diſguiſes are over return me the ring. (*to Fernando*)

Spa. (*apart to Fernando*) You ſee he's at the ring again.

Don S. Come let me have it, lad, I'll give you ſomething better, but that ring belong'd to my deceas'd lady.

Spa. (*to Fernando*) His deceas'd lady—Ay there's the touch—grief for her death.

Fer. Poor gentleman! (*aſide.*)

Don S. Do, let me have it,—Here's five piſtoles, and the gold of the ring is not worth a dollar.

Spa. We always humour him, give him this ring and take the money.

[*apart. gives Fernando a ring.*

Fer. (*preſents it to Don Scipio.*) There, Sir.

Don S. (*gives money.*) And there, Sir,—Oh you mercenary raſcal. (*aſide*) I knew it was on the purſe I gave you laſt night in the foreſt.

Spa. Give me the caſh, I muſt account for his pocket money.

[*apart to and taking the money from Fernando.*

Ped. (*without*) Pedrillo! Pedrillo! Sirrah!

Don S. Run, don't you hear your maſter, you brace of raſcals?—Fly! [*Exit Spado.*

Don S. (*looking out*) What an alteration!

Enter Pedrillo richly dreſs'd.

Ped. (*to Fernando*) How now, Sirrah? loitering here, and leave me to dreſs myſelf, hey! (*with great authority.*)

Fer. Sir, I was—(*with humility*)

Ped. Was!—and are—and will be, a lounging raſcal, but you fancy you are ſtill in your finery, you idle vagabond!

Don S. Bleſs me, Don Fernando is very paſſionate juſt like his father.

Fer.

Fer. The fellow, I ſee, will play his part to the top. (*aſide*)

Ped. Well, Don Scipio,—A hey! an't I the man for the ladies? I am, for I have ſtudied Ovid's art of Love.

Don S. Yes, and Ovid's Metamorphoſes too, ha, ha, ha!

Ped. (*aſide*) He, he, he! what a ſneaking figure my poor maſter cuts.—Egad, I'll pay him back all his domineering over me. (*ſits*) Pedrillo?

Fer. Your honour.

Ped. Fill this box with Naquatoch. [*Gives box.*

Fer. Yes, Sir. (*going*)

Ped. Pedrillo!

Fer. Sir?

Ped. Perfume my handkerchief.

Fer. Yes, Sir. (*going*)

Ped. Pedrillo.

Fer. Sir?

Ped. Get me a tooth-pick.

Fer. Yes Sir, (*going*)

Ped. Pedrillo!

Fer. (*aſide.*) What an impudent dog!—Sir!

Ped. Nothing—Abſcond.

Fer. (*aſide*) If this be my picture, I bluſh for the original.

Ped. Maſter! to be like you, do let me give you one kick. (*aſide to Fernando.*)

Fer. What!

Ped. Why, I won't hurt you much.

Fer. I'll break your bones, you villain.

Ped. Ahem, tol de rol.

Don S. Pedrillo!

Ped. Sir? (*forgetting himſelf*)

Fer. (*apart*) What are you at you raſcal?

Ped. Ay, what are you at you raſcal? avoid! (*to Fernando*)

Fer. I'm gone, Sir. [*Exit.*

Ped. Curſt ill-natur'd of him, not to let me give him one kick. (*aſide*)

Don S. Don Fernando, I like you vaſtly.

Ped. So you ought.—Tol de rol.—Who cou'd now ſuſpect me to be the ſon of a taylor, and that four hours ago, I was a footman. (*aſide*) Tol de rol.

Don S. Son-in-law, you're a flaming beau!—Egad you have a princely perſon.

Ped. All the young girls—whenever I got behind—inſide of the coach—all the ladies of diſtinction, whether they were making their beds, or dreſſing the—dreſſing themſelves at the toilette, wou'd run to the windows,—peep thro' their fingers, their fans, I mean, ſimper behind their handkerchiefs, and liſp out in the ſofteſt, ſweeteſt tones, Oh, dear me, upon my honour and reputation, there is not ſuch a beautiful gentleman in the world, as this ſame Don Pedrill—Fernando.

Don S. Ha, ha, ha! can't forget Pedrillo.—But come, ha' done with your Pedrillo's now—Be yourſelf, ſon-in-law.

Ped. Yes, I will be yourſelf's ſon-in-law, you are ſure of that honor, Don Scipio, but pray what fortune am I to have with your daughter? You are a grey-headed old fellow Don Scipio, and by the courſe of nature, you know you cannot live long.

Don S. Pardon me, Sir, I don't know any ſuch thing.

Ped. So when we put a ſtone upon your head—

Don S. Put a ſtone upon my head!

Ped.

Ped. Yes, when you are ſettled—ſcrewed down, I ſhall have your daughter to maintain, you know.

Don S. (*aſide*) A narrow-minded ſpark!

Ped. Not that I wou'd think much of that, I am ſo generous.

Don S. Yes, generous as a Dutch uſurer. [*aſide.*

Ped. The truth is, Don Scipio—I was always a ſmart young gentleman.

[*Dances and ſings.*

Don S. Since Don Fernando turns out to be ſuch a coxcomb, faith I'm not ſorry that my old child has eſcap'd him:—A convent itſelf is better than a marriage with a monkey.—The poor thing's fortune tho'! And then my ſon—I begin now to think I was too hard upon Cæſar—to compare him with this puppy, but I muſt forget my Children, Dame Iſabel will have me upon no other terms. (*aſide.*)

Ped. D'ye hear, Don Scipio, let us have a plentiful feaſt.

Don S. Was ever ſuch a conceited, empty, impudent— [*Exit.*

Ped. Yes, I'm a capital fellow, ha, ha! So my fool of a maſter ſets his wits to work after a poor girl that I am told they are packing into a convent, and he dreſſes me up as himſelf to carry the rich heireſs. Donna Victoria! Well I'm not a capital fellow! but I was made for a gentleman—gentleman! I'm the neat pattern for a Lord—I have a little honour about me, a bit of love too; ay, and a ſcrap of courage, perhaps—hem! I wiſh I'd a rival to try it tho'—od, I think I could fight at any weapon from a needle to a hatchet.

Enter

Enter PHILLIPPO, *with a letter and Baſket.*

Phil. Sènor, are you Don Fernando de Zelva?

Ped Yes, boy.

Phil. Here's a letter for you, Sir, from Don Alphonſo.

Ped. I don't know any Don Alphonſo, boy. What's the letter about?

Phil. I think, Sir, 'tis to invite you to a feaſt.

Ped. A feaſt!—Oh, I recollect now, Don Alphonſo, what? my old acquaintance! give it me, boy.

Phil. But, are you ſure, Sir, you're Don Fernando?

Ped. Sure, you dog!—don't you think I know myſelf—let's ſee, let's ſee—(*Opens the letter and reads.*)—"Senor, tho' you ſeem ready to fall "to on a love-feaſt, I hope a ſmall repaſt in the "field won't ſpoil your ſtomach"—Oh, this is only a ſnack before ſupper.—"I ſhall be at ſix o'clock this evening"—You dog it's paſt ſix now —"in the meadow near the Cottage of the Vines, where I expect you'll meet me."—Oh dear, I ſhall be too late!—"As you aſpire to "Donna Victoria, your ſword muſt be long "enough to reach my heart, Alphonſo." My ſword long enough! (*frightened*) Feaſt! this is a downright challenge.

Phil. I beg your pardon, Senor, but if I hadn't met my ſweetheart, Catalina, you would have had that letter two hours ago.

Ped. Oh, you have given it time enough my brave boy.

Phil.

Phil. Well, Sir, you'll come?

Ped. Eh! Yes, I dare ſay he'll come.

Phil. He!

Ped. Yes, I'll give it him, my brave boy.

Phil. Him! Sir, didn't you ſay you were——

Ped. Never fear, child, Don Fernando ſhall have it.

Phil. Why, Sir, an't you Don Fernando?

Ped. Me, not I, child, no, no. I'm not Fernando, but, my boy, I would go to the feaſt, but you have delay'd the letter ſo long, that I have quite loſt my appetite—Go, my fine boy.

Phil. Sir, I——

Ped. Go along, child, go! *(puts Philippo off)* however Don Fernando ſhall attend you—but here comes my ſpoſa——

Enter LORENZA, *reading a letter.*

"Deareſt Lorenza!—By accident I heard of "your being in the caſtle—if you don't wiſh to "be the inſtrument of your mother's impoſi- "tion, an impending blow, (which means you "no harm) "this night ſhall diſcover an impor- "tant ſecret relative to him who deſires to re- "ſign ev'n life itſelf, if not your RAMIREZ."

(*Kiſſes the letter*) I wiſh to be nothing, if not your Lorenza; this fooliſh Fernando! (*looking at Pedrillo*) but, ha, ha, ha! I'll amuſe myſelf with him—looks tolerably now he's dreſs'd, not ſo agreeable as my diſcarded lover Alphonſo tho'. (*aſide*)

Ped. I'll accoſt her with elegance—How do you do, Senora.

Lor. Very well, Signor, at your ſervice.—Dreſſes exactly like Prince Radifocani!

Ped.

Ped. Now I'll pay her a fine compliment—Senora, you're a clever little body—Will you ſit down, Senora? (*hands a chair*)

Lor. So polite too!

Ped. Oh I admire politeneſs. (*ſits*)

Lor. This would not be good manners in Florence tho' Signor.

Ped. Oh! (*riſes*) I beg pardon—Well, ſit in that chair; I'll aſſure you, Donna Victoria, I don't grudge a little trouble for the ſake of good manners. (*places another chair*)

Lor. Voi cette molto gentile. (*curtſies*)

Ped. Yes, I ſit on my ſeat genteelly—I find I underſtand a good deal of Italian.—Now to court her, hem! hem! what ſhall I ſay? Hang it, I wiſh my maſter had gone through the whole buſineſs to the very drawing of the curtains.—I believe I ought to kneel tho'.—(*aſide*) (*Kneels*) Oh, you moſt beautiful Goddeſs, you angelic angel! (*repeats.*

For you, my fair, I'd be a roſe
To bloom beneath that comely noſe;
Or, you the flower and I the bee,
My ſweets I'd ſip from none but thee.
Was I a pen, you paper white,
Ye gods, what billet doux I'd write!
My lips the ſeal, what am'rous ſmacks
I'd print on yours, if ſealing-wax.
No more I'll ſay, you ſtop my breath,
My only life, you'll be my death. [*riſes.*

—Well ſaid, little Pedrillo! (*wipes his knees*)

Lor. There is ſomething in Don Fernando's paſſion extremely tender, though romantic and extravaganza.

Ped. Oh, for ſome ſweet ſounds, Senora, if you'll

you'll ſing me a ſong, I'll ſtay and hear it, I'm ſo civil.

Lor. With pleaſure, Signor.

AIR.—*Lorenza.*

Heart beating,
Repeating,
Vows in palpitation,
Sweetly anſwer each fond hope;
Prithee leave me,
You'll deceive me
After other beauties running;
Smiles ſo roguiſh, eyes ſo cunning
Shew where points the inclination. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Gallery in the Caſtle.

Enter FERNANDO, ALPHONSO *and* VICTORIA.

Fer. Give me joy, Alphonſo, father Benedict in this dear and wiſh'd for union has this moment made me the happieſt of mankind.

Alph. Then it is certain all you have told me of my Victoria?

Vic. True indeed, Alphonſo, that name really belongs to me.

Alph. No matter, as neither lineage, name or fortune caught my heart, let her forfeit all, ſhe is ſtill dear to her Alphonſo.

Fer. Courage, I'll anſwer you ſhall be no exception to the general joy of this happy night.

Alph. Happy, indeed, if bleſt with my Lorenza.

AIR.—*Alphonſo.*

Come ye hours, with bliſs replete,
Bear me to my charmer's feet!
Cheerleſs winter muſt I prove,
Abſent from the maid I love;
But the joys our meetings bring
Shew the glad return of ſpring. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A view of the outſide of the Caſtle, with Moat and Drawbridge.

Enter DON CÆSAR, *and* SPADO.

Don C. You gave my letter to the lady?
Spa. Yes, I did, Captain Ramirez.
Don C. Lucky ſhe knows me only by that name. (*aſide*)

AIR.—*Don Cæſar.*

The Billet Doux, ah, didſt thou bear,
To my Lorenza charming fair?
I ſee how look'd the modeſt maid,
I hear the gentle things ſhe ſaid.
The mantling blood her cheek forſakes,
But quick returns the roſy hue;
With trembling haſte the ſeal ſhe breaks,
And reads my tender Billet Doux.

The Billet Doux when I receive,
I preſs it to my throbbing heart;
Sweet words I cry, ſuch joys you give,
Oh, never never thence depart.

And

And now it to my lips is preſt,
But when the magic name I view,
Again I claſp it to my breaſt,
My fond, my tender Billet Doux!

Spa. A love-affair, hey,—Oh, fly!

Don C. Huſh! Mind you let us all in by the little wicket in the eaſt rampart.

Spa. I'll let you in, Captain, and a banditti is like a cat, where the head can get in the body will follow.

Don C. Soft! Letting down the drawbridge for me now, may attract obſervation. (*looking out*) Yonder I can croſs the moat.

Spa. But my dear Captain! If you fall into the water, you may take cold.—I wiſh you were at the bottom with a ſtone about your neck. (*aſide*)

AIR.—*Don Cæſar.*

At the peaceful midnight hour,
Ev'ry ſenſe, and ev'ry pow'r,
Fetter'd lies in downy ſleep;
Then our careful watch we keep;
While the wolf in nightly prowl,
Bays the moon with hideous howl,
Gates are barr'd, a vain reſiſtance!
Females ſhriek; but no aſſiſtance,
Silence, or you meet your fate;
Your keys, your jewels, caſh and plate;
Locks, bolts, bars, ſoon fly aſunder,
Then to rifle, rob and plunder.
[*Exit Don Cæſar.*

Spa. I ſee how this is—our Captain's to carry off the lady and my brethren all the booty, what's left for me then? No, devil a bit they'll give me—Oh, I muſt take care to help myſelf in time—Got nothing yet b t that portman-

teau, a few ſilver ſpoons and tops of pepper-caſtors; let's ſee, I've my tools here ſtill—(*takes outs piſtols*) I'll try and ſecure a little before theſe fellows come, and make a general ſweep—Eh, (*looks out*) My made-up Fernando! [*Retires.*

Enter PEDRILLO.

Ped. He, he, he! Yes, my maſter has certainly married the little nunnery-girl—Ha, ha, ha! Don Alphonſo to demand ſatisfaction of me! no, no, Don Fernando is a maſter for the gentlemen, I am a man for the ladies.

AIR.—*Pedrillo.*

A ſoldier I am for a lady,
What beau was e'er arm'd compleater?
When face to face,
Her chamber the place,
I'm able and willing to meet her.
Gad's curſe, my dear laſſes, I'm ready
To give you all ſatisfaction;
I am the man
For the crack of your fan,
Tho' I die at your feet in the action.
Your bobbins may beat up a row-de-dow,
Your lap-dog may out with his bow-wow-wow,
The challenge in love,
I take up the glove,
Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

Spa. (*advances*) That's a fine ſong, Senor.
Ped. Hey! did you hear me ſing?
Spa. I did, 'twas charming.
Ped. Then take a pinch of my Macquabah. (*offers, Spado takes.*)
Spa. Now, Senor, you'll pleaſe to diſcharge my little bill.

Ped.

Ped. Bill! I don't owe you any——

Spa. Yes, you do, Sir; recollect, didn't you ever hire any thing of me?

Ped. Me! no!

Spa. Oh, yes; I lent you the uſe of my two fine ears to hear your ſong, and the uſe of my moſt capital noſe to ſnuff up your Macquabah.

Ped. Eh! what do you hire out your ſenſes and organs.

Spa. Yes, and if you don't inſtantly pay the hire, I'll ſtrike up a ſymphonia on this little barrel-organ here. *(ſhews a piſtol)*

Ped. Hold, my dear Sir—there—(*gives money*) I refuſe to pay my debts!—Sir, I'm the moſt punctual—*(frighten'd)* but if you pleaſe, rather than hire them again, I'd chuſe to buy your fine noſe and your capital ears out and out.

Spa. Hark'ee (*in a low tone*) You owe your Donſhip to a fineſſe of mine, ſo mention this, and you are undone, Sirrah!

Ped. Sir! *(frighten'd)* Dear Sir! (*Spado preſents piſtol*)—Oh, lord, Sir! [*Exit.*

Spa. Ha, ha, ha! They call me little Spado—why I am not big but even Sanguino allow'd I was a clever little fellow. Aſtoniſhing how a ſoul like mine, cou'd be pack'd in ſo ſmall a compaſs, but if worth is to be eſtimated by bulk, then muſt the Orient pearl give way to the gooſe's egg, and the moſs roſe to the red cabbage.

AIR.—*Spado.*

Tho' born to be little's my fate,
Why ſo was the great Alexander;
And when I march under a gate,
I've no need to ſtoop like a gander;

I'm

I'm no linkum long hoddy-doddy,
Whoſe paper kite ſails in the ſky;
If two feet I want in my body,
In ſoul I am thirty feet high!

II.

Sweet laſs, of ſweet love can you fail,
With ſuch a compact little lovy?
Tho' no one can taſte the big whale,
All reliſh the little anchovy.
The eagle, tho' for an high flyer,
Of fine-feather'd fowl is the crack,
Yet when he cou'd fly up no higher,
The little wren jump'd on his back.

Enter PHILIPPO *towards the cloſe of the air.*

Phil. Lord, Sir! I do vaſtly like your ſinging.

Spa. Oh, then you heard my fine ſong.

Phil. Yes, Sir.

Spa. How did you get in?

Phil. In!

Spa. Did you pay at the door?

Phil. What door, Sir?

Spa. What door, Sir! the door of this ſpacious theatre.

Phil. Theatre! Lord, Sir, are'nt we out in the open air?

Spa You little equivocating ſneaking ſcoundrel! wou'd you cheat, defraud a man of genius out of the reward of his talents?—What, hear my ſweet ſong, and not pay for your muſick.

Phil. Pay!

Spa. O, ho! I ſee ſomebody's likely to be robb'd here! Look'e friend, I'm not to be bilk'd, ſo if you don't this inſtant pay, I muſt diſcharge

diſcharge my door-keeper, here he is—*(ſhews a piſtol)*

Phil. (*crying*) And muſt I give all the money Don Scipio gave me for my whole baſket of grapes. (*gives money*) A plague o' your muſick! Oh, oh! [*Exit crying.*

Spa. What, you villain! I ſuſpect preſently this houſe will be too hot for me, yet the devil tempts me ſtrongly to venture in once more, if I cou'd but pick up a few more articles—Egod, I'll venture, tho' I feel an ugly ſort of tickling under my left ear—Oh, poor Spado! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV; *and laſt.*

A Hall in the Caſtle.

Enter SPADO.

Spa. So many eyes about—I can do nothing; if I cou'd but raiſe a commotion to employ their attention—Oh! here's Don Juan, father to Fernando, juſt arriv'd—Yes, to mix up a fine confuſion now—aye, that's the time to pick up the looſe things—but hold, I am told this Don Juan is very paſſionate—heh! to ſet him and Don Scipio together by the ears—Ears!—I have it.

Enter DON JUAN *in a travelling dreſs, and Servant.*

Don J. My coming will ſurprize my ſon Fernando, and Don Scipio too—tell him, I'm here—I hope I'm time enough for the wedding. [*Exit Serv.*

Spa. A grim looking old gentleman! (*Bows obſequiouſly.*)

Don J.

Don J. Who's dog are you?

Spa. How do you do, Senor?

Don J. Why, are you a phyſician?

Spa. Me a phyſician! Alack-a-day, no, your honour, I am poor Spado.

Don J. Where's Don Scipio? What is this his hoſpitality? he has heard that I am here?

Spa. He hear! Ah, poor gentleman—hear! his misfortune!

Don J. Misfortune! what, he's married again?

Spa. At the brink.

Don J. Marry and near threeſcore, what, has he loſt his ſenſes?

Spa. He has loſt nearly one, Sir.

Don J. But where is he? I want to aſk him about it.

Spa. Aſk, then you muſt ſpeak very loud, Sir.

Don. J. Why, is he deaf?

Spa. Almoſt Sir, the dear gentleman can ſcarce hear a word.

Don J. Ah, poor fellow! Hey! Isn't yonder my ſon? (*walks up.*)

Spa. Now if I could bring the old ones together, I ſhouldn't doubt of a quarrel.

Enter DON SCIPIO.

Don S. Ah, here's my friend Don Juan! Spado, I hope he han't heard of his ſon's pranks!

Spa. Hear! Ah, poor Don Juan's hearing! I've been roaring to him theſe five minutes.

Don S. Roaring to him!

Spa. He's almoſt deaf.

Don S. Bleſs me!

Spa. You muſt bellow to him like a ſpeaking-trumpet. [*Exit Spado.*

Don S.

Don S. (*very loud.*) Don Juan, you are welcome.

Don. J. (*ſtarting.*) Hey! Strange that your deaf people always ſpeak loud—(*very loud.*) I'm very glad to ſee you, Don Scipio.

Don S. When people are deaf themſelves, they think every body elſe is ſo—How long have you been this way. (*bawling.*)

Don. J. Juſt arriv'd. (*bawling in his ear.*)

Don. S. I mean as to the hearing?

[*Very loud.*

Don J. Aye, I find it's very bad with you. (*bawling.*) I ſhall roar myſelf as hoarſe as a raven.

Don S. My lungs can't hold out a converſation: I muſt ſpeak by ſigns— (*makes ſigns*)

Don J. What now, are you dumb too?

Enter VASQUEZ. *Whiſpers Don* SCIPIO.

Don S. Oh, you may ſpeak out, nobody can hear but me.

Don J. [*to* Vaſquez] Pray, is this crazy fool your maſter here going to be married?

Don S. What! (*ſupriſed.*)

Vaſ. Don Fernando wou'd ſpeak with you, Sir. (*to Don* Scipio.) [*Exit* VASQUEZ.

Don S. I wiſh he'd come here, and ſpeak, to this old blockhead his father—Don Juan, you are welcome to my houſe—but I wiſh you had ſtaid at home. (*in a low tone.*)

Don J. I am—much oblig'd to you. (*enraged*)

Don S. You'll ſoon ſee your ſon: as great an aſs as yourſelf. (*in a low toue.*)

Don J. An aſs! you ſhall find me a tyger, you old whelp!

Don S. Why, zounds, you're not deaf!

Don J. A mad—ridiculous!—

Enter FERNANDO *and* VICTORIA.

Fernando! hey, boy, what dreſs is this?

Fer. My father—Sir—I---I---

Don S. (*to* Victoria.) What are you doing with that fellow?

Vic. Your pardon, deareſt father, when I own that he is now my huſband.

Don S. By this ruin, this eternal diſgrace upon my houſe am I puniſh'd for my unjuſt ſeverity to my poor ſon---married to that raſcal.

Don J. Call my ſon, a raſcal!

Don S. Zounds, man! who's thinking of your ſon? But this fellow to marry the girl and diſgrace my family.

Don J. Diſgrace! He has honoured your family, you crack-brained old fool!

Don S. A footman honour my family, you ſuperannuated deaf old ideot!

Enter Dame ISABEL.

Oh, Dame, fine doings! Pedrillo here has married my daughter.

Don J. But why this diſguiſe---what is all this about? tell me, Fernando.

Iſa. What, is this really Don Fernando?

Don S. Do you ſay ſo, Don Juan?

Don J. To be ſure.

Don S. Hey! then, Dame, your daughter is left to the valet---no fault of mine tho'.

Iſa. What a vile contrivance?

Fer. No, Madam, your's was the contrivance, which love and accident have counteracted in juſtice to this injured lady.

Iſa. Oh, that villain Spado.

Don J. Spado! why that's he that told me you are deaf.

Don S.

Don S. Why, he made me believe you cou'd not hear a word.

Iſa. And led me into this unlucky error.

[*Exit* ISABELLA.

Don J. Oh, what a lying ſcoundrel!

Enter SPADO. (*behind.*)

Spa. I wonder how my work goes on here! (*Roars in Don* JUAN's *ear.*) I give you joy, Sir.

Don J. I'll give you ſorrow, you raſcal! (*beats him.*)

Don S. I'll have you hang'd, you villain!

Spa. Hang'd! dear Sir, 'twould be the death of me.

Ped. (*without.*) Come along, my Cara Spoſa---tol-de rol---(*Enters*) How do you do, boys and girls---Zounds! my old maſter!

Don J. Pedrillo! hey day! here's finery!

Ped. I muſt brazen it out: Ah, Don Juan, my worthy dad!

Don J. Why, what in the name of---but I'll beat you to a mummy, ſirrah!

Ped. Don't do that-- I'm going to be married to an heireſs, ſo muſtn't be beat to a mummy---Lady ſtand before me, (*gets behind* Victoria).

Don J. Let me come at him.

Spa. Stay where you are, he don't want you.

Spa. Dear Sir.

Don S. Patience, Don Juan, your ſon has got my daughter, ſo our contract's fulfill'd.

Don J. Yes, Sir; but who's to ſatisfy me for your intended affront, hey!

Don S. How ſhall I get out of this---I'll revenge all upon you, you little raſcal! to priſon you go---Here, a brace of Alguazils, and a pair of hand-cuffs.

Spa. For me! the beſt friend you have in the world!

Don S. Friend, that ſhan't ſave your neck.

Spa. Why I've ſav'd your throat.

Don S. How, Sirrah?

Spa. Only two of the banditti here in the caſtle this morning.

Don S. Oh, dear me!

Spa. But I got 'em out.

Don S. How, how!

Spa. I told 'em they ſhould come and murder you this evening.

Don S. Much oblig'd to you.---Oh, lord!

[*A craſh and tumultuous noiſe without, banditti ruſh in arm'd,* Don Cæſar *at their head,* Fernando *draws and ſtands before* Victoria.]

Band. This way!

Don S. Oh, ruin! I'm a miſerable old man! Where's now my Cæſar, if I hadn't baniſh'd him I ſhould now have a protector in my child.

Don C. Then you ſhall—Hold! (*to Banditti*) My father! (*kneels to Don* Scipio.)

Don S. How! Cæſar!

Don C. Yes, Sir—drove to deſperation by—my follies were my own---but my vices——

Don S. Were the conſequence of my rigour---My child! let theſe tears waſh away the remembrance of the paſt.

Don C. My father! I am unworthy of this goodneſs---I confeſs ev'n now I entered the caſtle with an impious determination to extort by force---

Sang. Captain, we didn't come here to *talk*---Give the word for plunder.

Band. Aye, plunder! (*very tumultuous.*)

Don C. Hold!

Spa. Captain, let's have a choice rumaging. (*cocks his piſtol.*)

I'd,

Ped. Oh, Lord! there's the barrel-organ!

Don C. Stop! hold! I command you.

Don S. Oh, heav'ns then is Ramirez the terrible Captain of the cut-throats, the grand tyger of the cave?—but all my fault! the un-natural parent ſhould be puniſh'd in a rebellious child! My life is yours.

Don C. And I'll preſerve it as my own. Retire and wait your orders.

[*Exeunt all* Banditti *but* Spado.]

Don S. What, then, you are my protector. My dear boy! Forgive me! I, I, I pardon all.

Don C. Then, Sir, I ſhall firſt beg it for my companions, if reclaim'd by the example of their leader, their future lives ſhew them worthy of mercy, if not, with mine let them be forfeit to the hand of juſtice.

Don S. Some, I believe, may go up—Eh; little Spado, could you dance upon nothing?

Spa. Yes, Sir; but our captain, your ſon muſt lead up the ball. (*Bows.*)

Don S. Ha, ha, ha; Well, though ill-beſtow'd, I muſt try my intereſt at Madrid. Children, I aſk your pardon; forgive me Victoria; and take my bleſſing in return.

Vic. And do you, Sir, acknowledge me for your child?

Don S. I do, I do, and my future kindneſs ſhall make amends for my paſt cruelty.

Ped. Ha, here comes my ſpoſa---Eh! got a Ciceſbeo already?

Enter ALPHONSO *and* LORENZA.

Don C. My beloved Lorenza! (*They Embrace.*)

Lor. My deareſt.

Alph.

Alph. My good Captain! as I knew this Lady only by the name of Victoria, you little imagined in your friendly promiſes to me, you were giving away your Lorenza; but, had I then known we both loved the ſame miſtreſs, I ſhould e're now have relinquiſhed my pretenſions.

Lor. My good-natured Alphonſo! Accept my gratitude, my eſteem, but my love is, and ever was, in the poſſeſſion of—Don Cæſar.

Don C. Dear father, this is the individual Lady whoſe beauty, grace, and angelic voice, captivated my ſoul at Florence; if ſhe can abaſe her ſpotleſs mind to think upon a wretch degraded by his lawleſs irregularities, accompany her pardon with your approbation to our union.

Lor. My Cæſar! let every look be forward to happineſs.

DUET—*Cæſar and Lorenza.*

My ſoul, my life, my love how great!
Sweet flower ſo long neglected,
Our joys are rapture when we meet,
A bleſſing unexpected.

The envious clouds now chaſe away,
Behold the radient god of day,
Ariſe with light eternal crown'd,
To guild the glorious landſcape round.

Don S. Iſabel has been too good, and I too bad a parent! ha, ha, ha! then fate has decreed you are to be my daughter ſome way or other. Eh, Signora.

Ped. Yes, but has fate decreed that my ſpoſa is to be another man's wife?

Spa. And, Sir, (*to Scipio.*) if fate has decreed that your ſon is not to be hanged, let the indulgence extend to the humbleſt of his followers. (*Bows.*)

Don S.

Don S. Ha, ha, ha! Well, tho' I believe you a great, little rogue, yet it ſeems you have been the inſtrument of bringing about things juſt as they ſhould be.

Don J. They are not as they ſhould be, and I tell you again, Don Scipio, I will have,——

Don S. Well, and ſhall have—a bottle of the beſt wine in Andaluſia, ſparkling Muſcadel, bright as Victoria's eye, and ſweet as Lorenza's lip; hey, now for our brace of Weddings—where are the violins, lutes, and cymbals? I ſay let us be merry in future, and paſt faults, our good-humour'd friends will forget and forgive.

FINALE.—GLEE.

Social powers at pleaſure's call
Welcome here to Hymen's hall;
Bacchus, Ceres, bleſs the feaſt,
Momus lend the ſprightly jeſt,
Songs of joy elate the ſoul,
Hebe fill the roſy bowl,
Every chaſte and dear delight,
Crown with joy this happy night.

THE END.

LE

GRENADIER.

IN THREE PARTS.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1789.

THE MUSICK BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Clementin, ...	Mr. BANNISTER.
Count de Lorge, ...	
Governor of the Baſtille, ...	
M. Pincemaille, ...	
Dubois (a Grenadier, ſon to Ambroiſe),	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Acorn (an Engliſhman), ...	
Martin, (a Soldier), ...	Mr. DUFFY.
Ambroiſe (a veteran Officer), ...	Mr. DARLEY.
Auſtin (a Prieſt), ...	Mr. POWELL.
Arnold (an Exempt), ...	
Robert (an Invalid), ...	
Savetier (a Cobler), ...	Mr. EDWIN.
Thomas, Jaques (Chrildren of the Military School, and ſons to Ambroiſe), ...	
Alderfeldt (an Officer in the German ſervice), ...	
Pere Anthony (a Brother of St. Lazare),	
Madame Clementine, ...	Miſs PLATT.
Henriette, ...	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Alice, ...	
Madelaine, ...	Mrs. MARTYR.

Friars of all orders, German Guards, French Guards, Invalids, Nobleſſe, Citizens, Children of the Depôt des gardes Françoiſes, Peaſants, Jailors, Exempts, Women, Children, Priſoners, &c.

SCENE, *Paris.*

LE

GRENADIER.

PART I.

SCENE I.

A view near Menilmontant in the vicinity of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine; on one ſide Madame Clementine's Houſe—A Court and Gate on the other —a Tree with a Seat under it near the front.

ENTER Thomas and Jaques hand in hand, in their uniforms—they look, laugh and jump with great joy; then run and hide behind a tree, and archly peep out.

Enter Ambroiſe—looks about him for Thomas and Jaques—they ſuddenly ſtart out from behind the tree, and with joy ſpring into his arms.

Enter Dubois—tender and affectionate to his father and brothers, who bring Ambroiſe off with great glee.—Henriette appears at a window of Madame Clementine's houſe, ſmiles at Dubois; he ſalutes reſpectfully; ſhe enters haſtily from the houſe through the gate—Dubois with gallantry and complaiſance invites her to ſit down

on the ſeat under the tree; he paſſionate and tender; ſhe liſtens with affection.

AIR.—*Dubois.*

Hark to the tinkling of yon brook,
Upon it's flow'ry margin look;
Thro' this green mead, tho' free to ſtray,
While you are here it ſeems to ſay,
In plaintive murmurs, Let me ſtay,
Ah cruel Seine why aſk me yet,
I cannot leave ſweet Henriette.

II.

For thee my fair the violets ſpring,
To pleaſe my love, the ſweet birds ſing;
Or was't thy thrilling voice dear maid?
No, Cupid calls from yonder ſhade,
And he muſt ever be obey'd.
Beneath that tree the loves are met,
And there I'll court my Henriette.

III.

To look around thro' all mankind,
Some darling paſſion ſways the mind.
The greedy miſer pants for gold,
A nation's for ambition ſold,
And fame leads on the ſoldier bold.
Fame, gold, ambition, all are met,
In one ſweet ſmile from Henriette.

He leads her to the bench; they ſit.—Diſtant ſhouts—Dubois and Henriette liſten.

Enter Martin.—Acquaints Dubois that the people are aſſembling to repair to M. Pincemaile's houſe, with deſign to make him give up his monopolized corn. Dubois draws his ſword.—Henriette endeavours to diſſuade him from going; they part tenderly. [*Exeunt Dubois and Martin.* The former in his ardour having forgot his muſ-

quet

quet and grenadier's hat on the bench. Henriette diſtreſſed.

Enter Madame Clementine from the houſe, introducing the Governor; preſents him to Henriette as a lover. She rejects him with diſdain. He entreats Madame Clementine to interpoſe her authority in his favor; this ſhe declines, unwilling to force her daughter's inclinations. The Governor looking on the bench, ſees Dubois' hat with the national green cockade and the muſquet, ſnatches up the hat in great fury, upbraids Henriette with giving the preference to ſo mean a rival, tears out the cockade, throws it on the ground, and treads on it.—— Madame Clementine with indignation againſt the Governor, picks up the cockade, preſents it to her daughter, commands her to wear it next her heart, and deſires the Governor to ſee Henriette no more.—He greatly enraged, ſtill having Dubois' hat in his hand, who returns for his muſquet, ſees the hat and claims it.——Madame Clementine points to the cockade in Henriette's breaſt, aſking him if it is his; he acknowledges it—Madame Clementine with great joy looks on Du Bois, authoriſes Henriette to receive his addreſſes —The Governor filled with much anger and contempt ſeems greatly mortified.—Shouting without; the Governor alarm'd; Dubois ſmiles at him with exultation, acquaints Madame Clementine that the people are going to break open Pincemaille's granaries, and diſtribute to the poor the corn at a reaſonable price.

[*Exit the Governor haſtily and agitated.*

Madame Clementine with ſpirit, encourages Dubois to go and aſſiſt the people, to which Henriette with reluctance agrees.—

DUET.

DUET.

Henrictte and Dubois.

Hen. Generous ſoldier do not go
To fight, when there's no foreign foe.

Dub. Do not wrong the glorious cauſe,
Againſt the abuſe but not the laws.
At firſt the godlike flame began,
To give mankind the claims of Man.

Hen. My fears ſuch boding ills preſage,
Bleſt Angels ſtill my ſoldier guard;
A nation's good his thoughts engage,
A nation's praiſe the bright reward.

Dub. Sweeteſt, beſt, of womankind,
Sooth my love thy troubl'd mind;
When tempeſtuous tumults roll,
This aſſurance calm thy ſoul.
Thy Guillaume ſcorns a rebel's name,
Nor treaſon ſtain his ſword with ſhame.

Hen. Ah me!
Dub. My Henriette!
Hen. Go.---
Dub. The proud humanity ſhall know.
With patriotic zeal I burn.
Hen. Go, and in civic wreaths return.

[*Exit Dubois.*

Shouts encreaſe.
Madame Clementine looks after him with joy and zeal: Henriette expreſſing doubts and fears for his ſafety, determines to follow. Madame Clementine chears her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A ſtreet before Pincemaille's magazine.

People of all deſcription, men, women, and children forcibly carrying ſacks of flour from it. Acorn conſpicuouſly active. *Enter Pincemaille* at the ſide in rage and ſorrow, endeavours in vain to prevent them, runs in deſpair imploring the ſeveral characters, as they are carrying off the flour; they deride him and ſtill proceed. *Enter Alderfelt* with a body of the Royal Allemande. *Pincemaille*, gives them all money, beſeaching him to oppoſe the plunder of his granary: they attack the people, recover great part of the flour and replace it in the houſe. Pincemaille with joy ſpirits them up. *Enter Dubois and Martin* heading a party of grenadiers with the national cockades. They engage the Royal Allemande with great vigour, oblige them to retire, the people rally, headed by Acorn, again ſeize the corn and bear it off with acclamations. *Enter Henriette*, joyful to find Dubois ſafe, they embrace. *Re-enter Acorn*, ſhakes Dubois heartily by the hand and applauds his valour. *Enter Madame Clementine and Auſtin*, ſhe addreſſes Dubois with great affection and praiſe for his laſt action. *Enter* ſeveral old people meagre and wretched, they return thanks to Dubois. Madame Clementine comments on their miſery to Pincemaille, upbraids him as the cauſe; then looking on the granary with the doors broke open, turns and ſmiles on Pincemaille with contempt and exultation at this piece of juſtice for his trampling on the national cockade, and his oppreſſion of the poor; gives Henriette's hand to Dubois. *Enter Martin* and

ſome

ſome reſpectable citizens. They give Pincemaille a written paper and a bag of money, gold, ſilver, and copper, the produce of his flour, which they had ſold at the halle at a moderate price to the poor: Pincemaille with rage flings it on the ground. Dubois takes it up and gives it to the poor people. Pincemaille endeavours to take it from them, but is prevented by Acorn, who puts them off. Pincemaille with frantic rage pointing to the granary threatens revenge upon 'em all. This at laſt irritates the ſoldiers; they ruſh on, ſeize him, and Martin makes a ſtroke of his ſword as to behead him, but his life is ſpared by the interceſſion of Henriette and Madame Clementine, who are led off by Dubois. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Le Palais Royal. Sieur Curtius's cabinet of wax-work conſpicuous.

Enter citizens and people of all ranks expreſſing ſilent ſorrow. Some go to Sieur Curtius's cabinet he enters from it. They demand the wax buſts of the Duc D'Orleans and M. Necker, he brings them out, the people cover part of them with black crape, carry them high over their heads, they all take off their hats and huzza. *Enter Martin* and his party of French grenadiers. They join with the people in doing honours to the two buſts. *Exeunt ſhouting.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Street.—Savetier diſcover'd in his ſtall, working, ſinging and drinking.

Sav. I have juſt finiſh'd my work—(*takes up a bottle.—Goes to fill out a glaſs*)—Yes I have finiſh'd (*Turns the bottle up*). Some man they ſay, roll'd a ſtone up a hill, and no ſooner up than it roll'd down: ſo there was all that lads work to do over again—now when I empty the bottle it ſtays empty—tho' I have no objection to do all that work over again. I'd take a nap if I thought nobody would attack my property.—(*Yawns and falls aſleep.*)

Enter MADELAINE *with a Baſket of Flowers.*

Mad. Achetez ma belle Roſe, mon beaux. Jaſmin D'eſpagne, ma belle Giroflee blanche me beaux oieletts deux.

AIR.—*Madelaine.*

Mad. Mes beaux oieletts doux---come my pretty pinks buy,
How brilliant the ſeaſon, how ſweet is the cry,
The Lady, the Biſhop, the Count and Marquis;
The Pinks of gay Paris, their pinks buy of me;
They always pay double, yet ſmile on me too,
When they hear the ſweet cry of my beaux oieletts doux.

II.

To the gard'ner I offer my money to pay,
For the pinks I buy of him; my dear he ſays nay;
Since I ſaw your lov'd foot when you ſtepp'd o'er yon ſtyle;
I'd give my whole garden to you for a ſmile.
At his word I then took him, with dear Sir, adieu,
Yet I paid him his ſmile---and then beaux oiletts doux.

III

A very fine Lord; but a vile naughty man,
Would purchaſe my pinks---but my perſon trepan;
He took out his ſnuff-box, and cried with an air,
"Ah ma chere mon ange; you are deviliſh fair."
He fain would have kiſs'd me.---I cried taiſez vous,
Yet his Louis I took, and then beaux oillets doux.

Ay, if my drunken huſband was as induſtrious as I am, we ſhould live as happy as any couple in the Fauxbuorg St. Antoine—Lord if he is'nt fallen aſleep—(*looking at him.*) Why you lazy devil.—Here's a dainty huſband for ſuch a pretty girl as me!—I've heard of one Miſs Venus that us'd to ſell myrtles, ſhe married a Mr. Vulcan, a blackſmith.—I'm ſure I've made a mere Venus of myſelf to marry a cobler; why Savetier! Savetier! here's a bit of ſweet briar for you my dear, the patriotic colour—My Hero, and a nettle for you my darling---(*puts him with the flowers.*)

Sav. (*Starting out of his ſleep.*) My property. Heels, ſoals, ſhoes, pumps, ſtraps, lapſtone, ends and pegging-awls!

Mad. Ha, ha, ha!

Sav. Oh, wife is it you. (*Yawns, gets out of his ſtall.*)—Oh you awoke me from the ſweeteſt dream.———

Mad. Ay, but are your children to get bread by your dreaming?

Sav. My dear, I thought:—Kiſs me Madelaine.

Mad. You're not ſo fond of kiſſing in the houſe that you ſhou'd get to it in the open ſtreets.

Sav. Such a dream! I thought that I was Arch Biſhop of Paris, that I was preaching a ſermon at Notre Dame, and that as I was explicatifying on the text, flouriſhing my arms over my head like

like a mad kettle drummer, and beating the unfortunate cuſhion with as little mercy as if t'was my own poor ſapſtone.—Out flys from one of my ſleeves a ſlipper of the Queens, it ſkims round the church; the piqued toe hits the king in the eye, whizzing down, knock'd the ſceptre out of his left hand into his right; rebounding up at the breaſt of the Governor of the Baſtile ſlaps off his upper button, and ſtriking the elbow of an Engliſh baker, with an oak ſtick in his fiſt, it fell on the toupee of Dubois the grenadier, and it inſtantly ſprouted into green leaves round his forehead; and my dear Madelaine, as you were offering me one of your ſweet roſes, I thought at that moment in ſtepped the devil.—(*Enter Pere Anthony*) He!' he! he! wife, did you ever ſee any thing ſo apropos.

Ant. Save you.

Sav. Ay ſave us from thee.—If I had mention'd the black gentleman ſooner, I ſhould have been cut off in the middle of my dream—he! he! he!—talk of the—he! he! he!—and—he! he! he! (*looks at father Anthony ſignificantly.*)

Mad. Throw out ſuch inunendes upon his reverence. Oh! upon my reputation my dear—you are a reprobate.

Ant. Madelaine you have confeſſed but twelve times ſince Eaſter.

Mad. Oh holy father, my huſband here is the worſt man.—

Sav. You jade confeſs your own wickedneſs and never mind mine.

Ant. Come with me child and let his ſins fall upon his own head.

Sav. If ſhe goes with you I am afraid her ſins will fall upon my head.

Mad. Why huſband do you know what a Friar is? Dont you know he can puniſh you—bring you into the church.

Sav. Ay and let him bring my ſtall into his church and then I'll be a Prebend.

Mad. Do you hear him Father? he's the moſt curſedeſt—do you know—

AIR—*Savetier.*

Gay friends we'll have a jovial bout,
Our wine and care diſpatching,
And he that's ſad, why, turn him out,
For grief they ſay is catching.

Then ſhake your heel and ſhake your toe,
Since freedom there's rare news of,
We'll now kick high, and now kick low,
And kick our wooden ſhoes off.

And where they'll drop, may puzzle all,
The doctors of the Sorbonne,
The globe turns round and let them fall
Upon a Turkiſh turban.

The ſelfiſh patriot may prate
Of King and people vapour,
Let nothing trouble now your pate
But how to cut a caper.
Then ſhake your heel, &c.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.

La Place Louis XV. *the Garden and Palace of the Thuleries with the Pont Tournant in view.*

Enter Guards and people with the buſts. A ſtate ſedan

ſedan chair, brought on preceded by footmen in green laced liveries, the people ſurround the chair, draw the curtains, finding it open, they break it to pieces, and ſeize the footmen, one of whom looking at the people's green cockade ſnearingly remarks, that with all their patriotiſm they wear the livery of the Count, they look at his coat and then tear out their cockades, fling them away; ſome ruſh into the milliners ſhops and return inſtantly with red and blue cockades, which they put in their hats.

[*Exit in tumult.*

Enter SAVETIER MADELAINE *and* PERE ANTHONY.

Savetier ſeems ſeized with ardour—diſcontented with his dreſs—Madelaine weeps—Pere Anthony comforts, and in condolence takes her off.

Enter a concourſe of people with wheelbarrows, pick-axes, ſhovels, &c. &c. ſhouts of "Au champs de Mars."

AIR.—*Savetier.*

Come men and boys, widows and maids,
For fiddles quit muſket and trigger,
Since Sire is now King of Spades,
Each noble ſhould turn turf digger.
The altar we'll raiſe in the field,
The heavens our pæns ſhall greet,
For power got tipſey and reel'd
And tumbled at liberty's feet.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Le Rue Richleau.

Enter People carrying the Buſt in triumph.

Enter SAVETIER, *dreſſed in Regimentals, a label on his back,* " *Un Capitaine a Louer.*"

AIR—*Savetier.*

Tho ſome me a cobler will call,
I was a neat ſtitcher of pumps,
At laſt I left hammer and awl,
And now I'm a dealer in thumps.
I've taken ſuch courage of late,
Nor Gentles nor Nobles I dreads;
I've leather'd the feet of the great,
And now Sir, I'll leather their heads.
Hah! Faralibobette,
Faralibobo,
Savatt Form Selette,
Sabre tire Marteau,
Faralibobette.
Faralibobo.

II.

With lapſtone I'll bang the Baſtile,
Then Inſtep the Maſter to vamp,
His ſoul-caſe I'll tap on the heel,
And I'll make him kick out at the lamp.
My buſineſs of late ſo decay'd;
No caſh could I raiſe for the booze;
But I'll ſoon have a flouriſhing trade,
Since no more we ſhall wear wooden ſhoes.
Hah! Fara. &c.

III.

My wax end I'll give to the Pope,
To the German I'll give a few knocks,
An Iriſhman taught me to tope,
And an Engliſh Jew learn'd me to box.

For

For liberty now I will fight,
When I can't I'll perhaps run away,
I'm Criſpin Swiſs, Hector ſo tight,
Cobler, captain for all that will pay.
Hah! Fara. &c.

Enter ALDERFELT, and the Royal Alemande, ſome of them throw out gibes at the buſts, are reproved by Robert, he's puſh'd down, one of the Germans makes a ſtroke with his ſword at one of the buſts, it's broken, the people incenſed, attack the Soldiers, with ſtones, clubs, &c.---Muſquetry is heard without---Alarm bell rings and a general cry "Aux Armes."---German Guards are driving off the people.---Enter Dubois and Martin heading a party of grenadiers, with national cockades, (blue and red,) they engage the Royal Allemande with vigour---oblige them to retire.---*Enter Henriette, Madame Clementine and Auſtin.* Proceſſion of men and women, as to the marriage of Dubois and Henriette.

AIR *and* CHORUS.

Gentle Venus for a while
Calm the tumult with a ſmile,
Let no care diſturb the rite,
Bleſs with joy the wedding night.
Women. So brave is the youth!
Men. And ſo handſome the maid.
Women. 'Tis valour.
Men. 'Tis beauty.
All. Now call for thy aid.
Chorus. Yet if the ſtorm needs muſt blow,
And dangers fierce impending;
Women. He courage has to ſtrike the foe,
Men. She beauty worth defending.
Chorus. Yet if the ſtorm, &c. [*Exeunt.*

The proceſſion led by Auſtin, as to the marriage of Henriette and Dubois.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART II.

SCENE I.

The Boulevards, with a View of the Depôt des Gardes Francoiſe's.

THOMAS, Jaques, and the other children of the ſchool armed and in uniforms, drawn up before it. Ambroiſe ſtanding before them ſhouldering a large ſtick.

AIR—*Ambroiſe.*

Come, Come to your arms my boys,
Your firelocks poize,
Shoulder,
Bolder,
With your quick manœuvre charm each beholder,
Ground! Fort Bien! recover!
A petit paté! when exercile is over,
Alons,
Charge---preſent---Fire---Bon!

(The Children Exerciſe.)

Enter

Enter MADAME CLEMENTINE, DUBOIS, HENRIETTE, *&c.*

Dubois takes Jaques and Thomas by the hand and introduces them to Madame Clementine and Henriette as his brothers.—The Ladies preſent Ambroiſe and all the Children with National Cockades, they put them in their hats and huzza! Dubois and the Ladies deſire the Children to retire into the ſchool out of the way of danger, they aſſent, break their ranks, play and walk about promiſcuouſly—Dubois and the Ladies take a tender leave of Thomas and Jaques; aſk Ambroiſe to go with them, he ſays he'll ſtay ſome time longer with the boys.

[*Exeunt Dubois, Mad. Clementine, Henriette, &c.*

Ambroiſe takes papers of cakes out of his pocket, and diſtributes them among the children, they eat, laugh, play and are without any regularity going into the ſchool. A volley of ſhot at a diſtance. The Children inſtantly return; form themſelves in order of battle, charge their pieces with exact military diſcipline—Ambroiſe ſtands looking at them with ſurpriſe and admiration.

Enter Acorn, Savetier, and People, flying with precipitation. Acorn with ſpirit, endeavours to rally them—Another volley—Cries of diſtreſs.

Enter Alderfeldt and the Royal Alemande purſuing them—the people prepare to fly—The Royal Allemande to follow—The Children interpoſe, form themſelves into regular lines before them, diſcharge a volley of ſmall ſhot; thus repulſed, the Royal Allemande make a ſtand.—Alderfelt commands them to fire on the Children, they refuſe, Acorn ruſhes forward and knocks

Alderfeldt down, but is himſelf ſurrounded and taken by ſome of the Royal Allemande and borne off. The Children again charge, the Royal Allemande aſhamed to attack them, yet many wounded and ſome fallen, they are obliged to retreat. The People take courage, and purſue them; the Women very active in this—Some of the loweſt of the rabble attempt to riſle thoſe of the Royal Allemande that had fallen; the Children preſent their pieces at them, and they run off in confuſion ſeveral ways.—The Children and Ambroiſe expreſs pity for the wounded, and with a ſhew of compaſſion call out the Servants of the ſchool, and Surgeons who have them brought in.

AIR—*Ambroiſe.*

A Soldier I was and I buſtled in wars,
On my old ſhining pate I can ſhew many ſcars,
The Army I left when I found the wars ceaſe,
For little is thought of a Soldier in peace.

I ſit me down quiet upon a ſmall farm,
In the ſunſhine of comfort how happy I ſing,
And all my rent paid and the tax to the king,
I ſtill had a bottle to keep my noſe warm.

The ſnow of December tho' ſhook on my head,
The full roſe of June o'er my jolly cheeks ſpread,
In the dance on the green, when my legs chanced to fail,
I had breath enough left for a merry old tale.

But tho' I ſowed, my wheat would ne'er come to flour,
Three things ere I reap'd, would my crop all devour,
The Partridge picks the grain up, the blade the Rabbit gobbles,
And all my corn that grew to ears, was threſh'd out by the Nobles.

So

So my flail I fling away and up with my Cockade,
And hoof along the furrows away for the Parade,
Then rouſe ye valiant Tiers Etat, ſucceſs and triumph wait us,
My Ploughſhare leads you on my boys, Huzza! Old Cincinatus.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

Then rouſe ye valiant Tiers Etat, ſucceſs and triumph wait us,
His Ploughſhare leads the way my boys, Huzza! Old Cincinatus.

The Children, headed by Ambroiſe, march round, and go into the ſchool huzzaing.

SCENE II.

Fauxbourgh St. Laurent—The Convent of St. Lazarre in view.

Shouting without on every ſide.

Enter from the Convent many of the Prieſts in terror and amazement, with their effects, furniture, plate, Wines, &c.

Enter People at the ſides, run into a Blackſmith's ſhop, and bring out various implements as weapons, they go to the gates of St. Lazarre—the Prieſts endeavour by perſuaſion to ſtop them.

Enter at the ſide a body of reputable Citizens well armed. they try to quell the tumult, but in vain; the people ruſh into the Convent—The Citizens deliberate—the People return from the Convent with their plunder of Wines, Proviſions, Sacks of Corn, Plate, &c.

Enter from the Convent Pere Anthony, walking before a coffin, borne by four prieſts as to burial. The people give way with reverence; but Savetier more buſy than the reſt, getting cloſe, perceives a piece of drapery hanging out of the coffin; calls the people aſide, points and laughs; they by force take and ſet the coffin an end, Savetier opens the lid, and Madelaine walks out of it.

DUET.

Savetier and Madelaine.

Sav. A Miracle this!
The dead come to life!
It isn't——
Mad. It is
Sav. By the Lord it's my wife!
Mad. I died the day, that very day
That you unkind forſook me;
And from the Grave,
My Soul to ſave,
The holy Father took me.
Sav. You ſhould have died at home ſweet ſpouſe,
Oh, what a funeral feaſt;
Of all the cold meat in the houſe,
A dead wife is the beſt:
But tell me Father Anthony,
Did you make my Tantony,
Piggin,
Riggin,
Squeak a few?
Tell me this, and tell me true?
Mad. Never mind him reverend Sir,
He's a whelp they call a cur,
That in Manger takes much box,
Not Eat himſelf, nor let the Ox.
Sav. Little ſubſy there you lie,
The Prieſt's the Dog, the Ox am I.
Mad. That your manners! (*ſtrikes him*) how d'ye like it?

Sav.

Sav. By my Captain's ſword and pike, it
Is againſt the Salique Law,
That ſceptre wags in female Paw.
Mad. Captain ſtrut without a tizzy.
Sav. Ma'am be Babyloniſh Miſſy.
Mad. March and lead tag-rag to battle.
Sav. Giggle, ogle, leer and gig it.
Mad. Powder, frizzle, and be wig it.
Sav. Liſp and ſimper, ſneer and tattle.
Both. Captain ſtrutt, &c.
Ma'am be, &c.

Ambroiſe and a great number of the opulent citizens and of the moſt reſpectable of the Tiers Etat ſtill endeavour to quiet the people, and diſarm the moſt deſperate; then form themſelves into order, and propoſe to repair to the Hotel de Ville to deliberate.

AIR.—*Ambroiſe.*

Each Champion for his Nation,
All danger now defies;
Our wrongs in acclamation,
In thunder, ſhall ariſe.

And tho' we draw the ſword,
'Tis not to lead a faction;
Our Country! that's the word,
To dignify the Action.

Night coming on, many of the people have lighted torches. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Inſide of the Baſtille.—A dark paſſage.

The double doors are unlock'd, and grate upon the hinges.——

Enter

Enter the Governor, Lieutenant de Roi, Exempts, Guards, Gaolers with bunches of keys, and Arnold with a bundle.—The Governor tells that by the help of this, (taking a friar's dreſs out of the bundle) he hopes to have Henriette in his power, and revenge himſelf on her family. He aſſiſts Arnold to put on the dreſs, pauſes, ſays that he'll make her father Count Clementin (now a priſoner in the Baſtille,) the inſtrument to draw her into the ſnare. [*Exit with Arnold.*

SCENE IV.

Inſide of the Baſtille, an octagonal Chamber of one of the Towers, marked with every circumſtance of horror agreeable to deſcription; double barr'd windows very high from the floor, double Iron door in the back flat; the perſpective ſo contrived as to ſhew the thickneſs of the Wall, by the ſpace between the two Doors.—In one corner a large Iron Cage.—A gloomy Lamp hanging in the centre of the room.—A dreadful clanking of chains, grating of bolts, bars and hinges of Iron Gates.

Enter Count Clementin, his head encloſed in an iron maſk, his dreſs tatter'd and wretchedly neglected, he ſeems in the deepeſt deſpair.

AIR.—*Count Clementin.*

Author of good, a Sun thou'ſt giv'n,
To all beneath the cope of Heav'n;
Oh glorious orb! oh joy ſupreme!
For ever loſt thy chearing beam;
Ah what's to him Celeſtial Light,
Impriſon'd here in endleſs night.

CHO-

CHORUS OF PRISONERS.
(*Supposed from their respective Dungeons*).

Ah what's to us celestial light,
Imprison'd here in endless night.

A ferocious Turnkey (after much noise of locking and unlocking of doors, and grating of hinges, &c.) enters with food, which the Count seems to loath.

[*Exit Turnkey with the food.*

The Count appears in extreme agitation of distress.—Takes a silver plate and fork, looks round with caution and conceals them.

AIR.—*Count Clementin.*

From my lov'd wife, my babe just born,
A husband, a fond father torn,
My anguish can I bear!
This breast with Loyalty tho' fraught,
A Traitor to my Prince I'm thought;
No comfort but despair.

Chor. of Prisoners. No comfort but despair.

My food is loathsome, bed is hard,
And chilling cold my stony ward;
Ungentle valets tend.
Drop scalding tears corrode my face,
Still fatal casque my head embrace,
My life and sorrows end.

Chor. of Prisoners. Our grief with life must end.

The flower may wither in its bloom,
The lamp can waste within the tomb,
And fountains are exhal'd.
My Senses to my Griefs awake,
Why stubborn heart refuse to break,
When even Hope has fail'd?

Chor. of Prisoners. Why stubborn heart refuse to break,
When even Hope has fail'd?

Du-

During the air re-enter Turnkey, at the back appears to be taking down the words.

Enter the Governor, Guards, &c.—The Governor places himſelf between the door and Count Clementin. The centinels at it are doubled. The Governor unlocks the Count's maſk, they ſit and enter into converſation. A commiſſaire unſeen by the Count takes down his anſwers, then puts the book in his pocket. The Governor ſees a ring on the Count's finger, requeſts it with a mixture of politeneſs and ſervility; the Count appears to ſet the higheſt value on it, and cannot be prevailed on to part with it. The Governor changes his manner, orders the Iron Cage forward, and commands two of the Guards to hold him; then forces off the Ring, and claps the Maſk on, which he locks. The Count daſhes himſelf on the ground as overwhelm'd with anguiſh.

Enter Arnold in the friars dreſs.—The Governor with great joy gives Arnold the Ring tells him to take it to Madame Clementine, who by that pledge will know her huſband lives, and will obey inſtructions. [*Scene cloſes.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Madame Clementine's Houſe.

Madame Clementine, Dubois, Henriette, Martin, Ambroiſe, Jaques, Thomas, and company diſcovered, ſupper over.—Dubois and Henriette as bride and bridegroom.

GLEE.

GLEE.

I have been drinking, drinking I have been;
I ſee by your arch blinking,
You do the ſame,
Then can you blame,
My eyes fly rogue for winking;
While wine is good,
Youthful our blood,
Gay friends be blithe and bonny;
While time is now in merry mood,
Let's baniſh care if he intrude.
With hey nony nony.

II.

I'm giving to loving, love is my delight;
I ſee by your arch blinking,
Love's ſweet to you;
Elſe why archly woo
My eyes fond rogue in winking;
From your bright lip,
Sweets let me ſip,
As bees from flowers take honey:
We'll laugh and kiſs, and drink and fill,
And let the pleaſing burthen ſtill,
Be hey nony nony.

Madame Clementine looks at Henriette with tenderneſs and concern, then at a whole length portrait of a man, weeps, and ſeems to invoke it for a bleſſing on Henriette and Dubois. They look on it with reverence and affection, Dubois compares the face with Henriette's; and Madam Clementine expreſſes, by pointing to her widow's weeds, that 'tis her deceaſed Huſband. Henriette appears to comfort her.

AIR.—*Ambroiſe.*

Now ſhall the honeſt man be priz'd,
His blood with Tinkers blended;
And let the villain be deſpis'd,
From Clovis tho' deſcended.
That fools ſhou'd rev'rence claim from blood,
Fly hence the vile deluſion,
He's truly noble who is good,
And this is Conſtitution.

Hard knocks abroad, when I was young,
I got upon this hard head,
With little croſs on button hung,
I was at home rewarded.
But to make up for tides of blood,
A patriot effuſion,
I drink my own and country's good,
And this is Conſtitution.

Henriette propoſes a family dance—the ſeveral domeſtics men and maids are call'd in—

A BALLET.

The Dance over, *Enter Alice*, (abruptly) announcing a perſon to Madame Clementine, this raiſes the company's curioſity. [*Exit Alice.*

She re-enters introducing *Arnold* in his friar's dreſs; with actions ſuiting his aſſumed character, he delivers Madame Clementine the Ring; at the firſt ſight of it ſhe's ſeized with aſhoniſhment; ſucceeded by joy, communicates the reaſon of it to the company—their ſuprize and pleaſure.—Henriette takes the ring, looks up at the portrait, preſſes the Ring to her lips, and puts it on her finger. Arnold looks at the picture, points alternately at that and the ring with ſeeming emotions of pleaſure.—Madame Clementine prepares with Henriette to accompany him, as to meet the Count according to his directions; the reſt of

of the company attempt to go with them—oppos'd by Arnold's advice who takes off Madame Clementine and Henriette by the hand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Night, before Madame Clementine's Houſe.

A Coach at a litttle diſtance, the Governor ſhews himſelf at the windows of it, the four Guards and Exempts endeavour to hide themſelves ſtanding up cloſe to the wall; Madame Clementine's door opens. Enter from it Alice with a light, Arnold, Madame Clementine and Henriette. Arnold as by accident knocks the Candle out of Alice's hand, then with many apologies and ſeeming complaiſance, leads the Ladies to the Coach door. Henriette ſteps into the Coach, Madame Clementine following her—Arnold ſuddenly plucks her back.

Enter Savetier, obſerves ſlyly what is going forward, makes ſigns that he'll call the people to their reſcue.—Two of the guards ſeize him, and thruſt him into the Coach, ſhut the door, and ſtep up behind; the Guards ſurround it, and it drives rapidly off.——Madame Clementine ſwoons, Alice ſhrieks.—Enter from the houſe Dubois, Auſtin, Ambroiſe and company—Alice in confuſion and fright tells the circumſtance—Madame Clementine and all, much diſtreſs'd, Dubois enraged.— [*Shouting without*

Enter Martin, Grenadiers, Citizens armed, and a concourſe of people as to the demoliſhion of the Baſtille. Dubois hears this with joy, encou-

rages them with ſpirit, examines their arms, finds them inſufficient for the enterpriſe; expreſſes want of cannon.—Robert advances, and propoſes to go to the Hotel des Invalids.

AIR.—*Dubois.*

Dear Paris, native city beſt belov'd,
Forgive thy ſons by hard oppreſſion mov'd;
Though tumults baniſh thy internal peace,
Our Rights eſtabliſhed, then fierce clamours ceaſe.
March on! we do not draw the ſword,
To ſheath it in our Country's breaſt;
But till her freedom is reſtor'd,
Oh never ſhall this arm have reſt.

While Nature with a bounteous hand,
Has ſhower'd her bleſſings o'er our land,
How ſmall alas! the poor man's ſhare;
The Galling Yoke no longer bear.
To keep us ſlaves the Great combine;
And ſhake the laſh if we repine.
Come on brave youths, let's ſtrike the blow,
Our wrongs in acclamation,
Shall let our haughty Tyrants know,
The People are the Nation.

[*Exeunt led by Dubois.*

END OF THE SECOND PART.

PART III.

SCENE I.

Inſide of the Baſtille.

ENTER Savetier groping his way.

RECITATIVE.

Sav. What the devil! who's that?
Bleſs me!
It certainly muſt be——
Nobody
Very odd! I
Two pair of feet hear
A Cat?
A Rat?
Toad or Lizard---
What's the matter?
Tho' nought before my eyes is
My teeth chatter
My hair upriſes
And together knock my knees hard.

AIR.

AIR.

I've got into a dungeon, but how to get out
Becauſe I don't know is a matter of doubt,
Should the Governor find me, it runs in my head
If my life he ſhould take, then its odds but I'm dead
My two pretty ears he'll cut off ſo clean,
But may be he'd leave my head ſticking between
For the good of my country myſelf I expoſe,
And glory to follow---I'll follow---my noſe.

II

And if I ſhould chance to get into the air
Of my fine dainty body he'll kindly take care,
Leſt by a great fall I my little toe break,
I think that he'll tie me up faſt by the neck
Before the vile gibbet deprives me of life
Like Brutus, or Cato I'll fall on my knife
I'll let out my heart's blood here on this cold ſtone,
And I'll let out---I'll let---and I'll let it alone.

A ſmall door opens, Enter from it the Governor with a dark lantern leading in Henriette: Savetier retires; the Governor forceably puts Henriettte in at another door, Savetier getting out of his way falls; the Governor liſtens; Savetier ſneaks round the place crouching, ſtooping, creeping, and many ludicrous poſitions to conceal himſelf, mews like a cat, ſqueaks like a rat; the Governor ſtill liſtening and looking about; Savetier to conceal himſelf gets behind him, and ſtill as the Governor walks about with the light Savetier keeps behind, at length falling on his hands and knees the Governor ſuddenly ſtarting back ſtumbles over him, at firſt alarmed but riſes, puts the light to Savetiers face, who kneels beſeeching mercy; the Governor pauſes, looks at the door where he had ſecreted Henriette and concluding that ſhe muſt have been ſeen by Savetier, determines to deſtroy him,

him, goes ſome paces back and with actions of kindneſs and encouragement deſires Savetier to approach; Savetier walking towards him, a trap-door ſuddenly opens under him, and he diſappears, the Governor expreſſes joy in ſelf-ſecurity. Going towards the room where he had placed Henriette, a noiſe without, he makes to the door he came in at, blows out his light, and *exit, haſtily.*

SCENE II.

Dawn.—Before the Hotel des Invalids. Two old Invalids on guard at the Gates.

Enter Dubois, Martin, French Guards, Ambroiſe, Citizens, People.—They demand entrance are obſtinately refuſed by the two Centinels who preſent their bayonets: The Soldiers, &c. attempt to kill them, but are prevented by Dubois.

Enter at the ſide *Robert* haſtily, he tells his comrades (the Centinels) how ill he had been uſed by the Royal Allemande—gives them national cockades, they put them in their hats, huzza, and admit Dubois, Soldiers, People, &c. into the Hotel. A party of Soldiers wait without to cover the entrance: Re-enter thoſe who went in, bringing out cannon, muſkets, and all kind of warlike ſtores: The ardour of the old drummers, trumpeters and fifers whimſically characteriſtic.

Shouts of "*A bas la Baſtille.*"

AIR—*Martin.*

Too long we've to oppreſſion ſtoop'd
Or let be free or ceaſe to live;

Sweet

Sweet lily that ſo long hath droop'd
In glorious ſun-ſhine now revive:
Behold the lurking ſpider watch
He ſpreads his cruel fangs,
The thoughtleſs fly in web to catch
The inſect dies in pangs.

Amb. Let's drag the ſpider from his den
The Baſtille is the web of men,
The wretch that built yon manſion drear,
Within it languiſh'd many a year:
When Phalaris the tyrant curſt
Of Brazen-bull much boaſted,
The artful maker was the firſt
Within his fine bull roaſted.

Dub. Now fell the tree whoſe lofty pride
Hath hid its beauties in the ſhade,
Fame to the patriot brow decide
The laurel that can never fade:
The noble theme with joy repeat
Our cauſe ſhall with ſucceſs be crown'd
To rattling drums our hearts ſhall beat
Our voices to the trumpet round:

Chc. Down with bolts bars and iron door,
The guiltleſs priſoner ſhall be free
Our cannon with tremendous roar,
Shall join the cry of Liberty.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the front Gates of the Baſtille: The two Draw-bridges and Moats: On the one ſide a few Houſes of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, on the other the Governor's houſe.

Enter down the Street Citizens headed by Auſtin armed—they demand entrance; refuſed, they ſet fire to the Governor's houſe, this ſoon extinguiſh'd, the draw bridge is let down; Lieutenant Du-Roy comes

comes over it bearing a white flag; Drum within beats a parley; he invites the people in with courteous action; Auſtin and many others croſs the Foſſé; the bridge is inſtantly raiſed and an exploſion of cannon is heard within ſucceeded by cries and groans; the People without are enraged to deſperation at the Governors treachery. A cannon is fir'd among them from the Baſtille, they run in diſorder to the other ſide; Robert points out danger in ſome brambles that appear on the Boulevard, cloſe by where they ſtand; They quit their ſtation, and a cannon ſhot is fired from the thicket; The people then retire into the adjacent houſes with precipitation and are ſeen at the windows, and on the tops, from whence they fire at the Invalids placed on the battlements, ramparts, and at the Embraſſures of the Baſtille.

Enter down the Street St. Antoine, Dubois, Martin, Ambroiſe, Thomas, Jacques, Guards, Citizens, Women, Children, &c. with the cannon of the Hôtel dés Invalids, a white flag is ſeen hoiſted on a tower of the Baſtille, and at the inſtant a cannon is ſhot from it down the Street St. Antoine. Dubois directs the Soldiers and people to play their cannon againſt the gates of the Baſtille; they are batter'd down, they then point againſt the chains of the draw-bridge which falls and they paſs by it over the firſt foſſé. A handkerchief is ſeen to drop from a ſmall window of the Baſtille, and from a grated aperture a ſilver plate falls; Dubois knows the handkerchief to be Henriette's, and Martin ſhews him the name of Count Clementin inſcribed on the plate; they return over the drawbridge with the greateſt rapidity; Cannon continues playing, the Women and Children ſerve them with ball

[*Scene cloſes.*

SCENE IV.

Inſide of the Baſtille.

Enter the Governor, Pincemaille, Exempts, turnkeys, &c. much terrified: the Governor in great diſtraction giving confuſed orders to his officers. They run about in terror. The noiſe without increaſes. The Governor goes off with emotions of deſpair. [*Exeunt all.*

Enter from a chamber *Henriette,* frightened. The noiſe ſtill encreaſing—She ſeized with diſmay and terror falls on her knees and turns her eyes to heaven in fervent prayer.

Enter from another chamber in a ſlow and ſolemn pace, Count Clementin. His iron maſk on. He approaches Henriette. She turns ſuddenly, and at the ſight of him ſhrieks and ſwoons, he gently raiſes her. She revives, he takes off his maſk, ſhe ſhews the ring, they recognizing each other for father and daughter, are ſtruck with ſurpriſe and affection. She kneels to him, he tenderly embraces her. The noiſe without now approaching, he takes her by the hand, and haſtily leads her to an adjoining room.

Enter in wild tumult of fury Dubois, Martin, Ambroiſe, ſoldiers, citizens, people, &c. All hurry from place to place, killing the guards, forcing keys from the jailors, opening the chambers and dungeons, releaſing the priſoners, and bringing out and diſplaying the ſeveral inſtruments of torture.

Enter Madelaine, Pere Anthony, Prieſts, women, children, &c. &c. The old Count de Lorge brought from his cell much emaciated, his beard very long, filled with joy and wonder but can ſcarce

ſcarce bear the light. Many of the people recognize in the priſoners their former friends and relatives. Dubois runs precipitately from cell to cell in ſearch of Henriette. Opens a dungeon ſhaped like a cone reverſed, from whence Acorn aſcends, but unable to ſtand, falls: mutual joy: Acorn pointing to the place of his confinement ſhows the ſituation his feet were in. The ſight of the unhappy pris'ners and various implements of torture rouſe the indignation of the multitude high againſt the Governor, and many diſperſe ſeveral ways in ſearch of him with ſhouts of vengeance.

Dubois, Ambroiſe, Martin and their friends continuing their ſearch for Henriette, Dubois diſcovers Arnold in his friars dreſs, they drag him forth from his concealment, he falls on his knees, implores for mercy. Dubois drawing demands where Henriette's ſecreted. She enters haſtily, runs to Dubois, who quitting Arnold, claſps her in his arms.

Enter Madame Clementine, and from the room adjoining Count Clementin with his maſk in his hand. Madame Clementine ſeized with aſtoniſhment and joy at finding her huſband. Each character full of rapture and congratulation. Savetier's voice is heard at ſome diſtance underneath. All ſurprized liſten The voice ſeems nearer. The different characters liſten at ſeveral parts of the ground from whence they think the voice proceeds. It ſeems to come from under where Ambroiſe ſtands. He jumps aſide. Madelaine laughs, and the voice is heard near her, ſhe leaps aſide frightned. Dubois runs to the place. Liſtens. Searches, and pulls up a ſtone diſcovering the circular entrance of a ſubterraneous paſſ-

age. Savetier cries loud from below, they with difficulty help him out. He very much ſoil'd runs about in frantic joy embracing every body, particularly Madelaine. Shouts of triumph without.

Enter citizens, ſoldiers, &c. dragging on the governor. He proſtrates himſelf in an agony of grief and remorſe, weeps and beſeeches their compaſſion. They tear off his badges of honour, he throws himſelf into the arms of Dubois for protection, who touched with pity weeps, but recovering his fortitude firmly acquaints him that juſtice for his treaſon to the people demands his life, and all hurry him off for the place de Greve. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE LAST.

Place de Greve—View of the Hotel de Ville.

Pincemaille, The Governor, Arnold, and other unpopular Characters led to execution, the former with a halter of ſtraw round his neck, and a bunch of thiſtles hanging down his breaſt, the trophies conſiſt of large locks, keys bolts, bars, chains, the iron maſk, and other inſtruments of torture, ſuſpended on poles.

The Stage clear.—Grand Proceſſion.—in which Dubois, as having firſt mounted the Breach, at the Deſtruction of the Baſtille, is carried in Triumph.

AIR—*Ambroiſe, and* CHORUS.

Suſpended high above his reach,
Was hung this civic crown,
With glory fired he mounts the breach,
And plucks the trophy down.

Intre-

Intrepid youth, the well earned wreath,
Thy grateful country gives, *(Drops a wreath of Laurel on Dubois' head.)*
Who in her cauſe deſpiſing death,
In honour ever lives.

No intereſt in the land had he,
Our good was all he ſought,
And for our rights, for liberty,
Alone the Hero fought.

Cho. Suſpended high above his reach,
Was hung the civic crown,
With glory fired he mounts the breach,
And plucks the trophy down.

Enter Count Clementin, Madame Clementine, Henriette, Acorn, &c. Dubois deſcends, and embraces Henriette, the Count joins their hands.

FINALE.

Savetier.

To ſettle all our new diſputes,
Let's to the tavern gang man,
We'll drink and ſing, and burn our boots,
But firſt we'll hang the hangman.

RECITATIVE—*Ambroiſe.*

At Satans fell beheſt, uproſe thoſe hated walls,
Now at an Angels voice the curſed fabric falls.

Martin.

Juſtice in awful ſtate has claim'd her own,
Diſplaced the Fury, that uſurp'd her throne,
Deſpotic power ſhall wear a robe no more,
The iron hand her ſword muſt now reſtore.

Count

Count Clementin—RECITATIVE, *Accompanied.*

Nor at the great event, ſhall we alone rejoice,
Man, born free! ſo ſhould remain, 'tis natures gene-
ral voice.

Dubois.

Let every heart with rapture glow,
For a joyful moments near;
Tho' from the eye, that fount of woe,
The pallid cheek, drank up the tear:
That eye ſhall beam a living ray.
That cheek ſhall bloom the roſe of May.

CHORUS.

Every heart with rapture glow,
For a joyful moments near.

Ambroiſe.

(To thoſe Releaſed from the Baſtile.)

From the Dark Dungeon's hideous gloom,
Of the free ſoul the loathſome tomb,
From ſolitude and pain and ſtrife,
Immerge to all the joys of life.

DUET—*Dubois and Henriette.*

(To Count Clementine.)

Come view the beauties of the year,
The fragrance of the flowers inhale,
And while the lark floats on the gale,
His liquid notes ſhall charm thine ear.

Henriette.

To long loſt love and friendſhip ſweet,
Let meeting hearts with rapture beat,

And

And ſocial interchange of mind,
And ſmile benign, and converſe kind.

Dubois.

Launch into the world, new born,
And hail with ſong, this bleſſed morn!

CHORUS.

Reviſit the glad world, new born,
And hail with ſong, this bleſſed morn.

THE END.

TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,

IN 1776.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Jonquil,	Mr. LAMASH.
Tony Lumpkin,	Mr. PARSONS.
Doctor Minum,	Mr. R. PALMER.
Pulville,	Mr. BLISSET.
Tim Tickle,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Frank,	Mr. EGAN.
Diggory,	Mr. MASSEY.
Shoemaker,	Mr. KENNY.
Taylor,	Mr. PIERCE.
Painter,	Mr. DAVIS.
Footman,	Mr. PAINTER.
Mrs. Jonquil,	Mrs. HITCHCOCK.
Lavender,	Miss HALE.

SCENE, *London.*

TONY LUMPKIN IN TOWN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Hall.——Horn ſounds.

Enter DIGGORY, *meeting* FRANK. DIGGORY *carrying a diſh of cold beef, and a tankard. A footman following* FRANK *with a tea-board.*

FRANK.

MR. DIGGORY, your maſter's up; I hear his horn.

Dig. Aye, Maſter Frank, I've got his breakfaſt here.

Frank. Beef and porter! his ſtomach is delicate this morning.

Dig. Why, yes, he's always a little puny after a night's hard drinking. Aye, about a pound and half, or ſo, will make him eaſy 'till near two, and then---- (*bell rings.*)

Frank. Ha! I think my maſter's a little impatient too for his breakfaſt.

Foot. Shall I take up the things, Mr. Frank?

Frank. 'Sdeath! what do you wait here for? Fly! I imagined you had left 'em above this half hour.

Foot. Why I thought—

Frank. You thought! Ah! this thinking is the ruin of us. Now if you wou'd not think, but do as you are deſired, it would make—

Foot. I ſuppoſe a man may have leave.

Frank. No converſation, I beſeech you: (*bell rings.*) Have you any ears?

Foot. I have, and hands too, and that you ſhall find ſome time or other.—Takes more airs upon himſelf than the maſter! [*Half aſide, and exit with the tea things.*]

Frank. The impertinence and freedom of theſe ſcoundrels is abſolutely intolerable.

Dig. Who ſhould he make free with, if he can't with his fellow ſervants?

Frank. Fellow ſervants, Mr. Diggory! Do you make no difference between a ſervant in livery, and a gentleman's gentleman? In the country, I ſuppoſe, it's "hail fellow well met;" but here, ſir, we are delicate, nice, in our diſtinctions; for a valet moves in a ſphere, and lives in a ſtile as ſuperior to a footman, as a Pall-mall groom porter to the marker of a tennis-court.

Dig. For certain, ſir, we valet-de-ſhams are grand fellows; but you'll ſee more of that when I get on my new regimen—I mean my new liver; —pſha! my new clothes, I mean. Did you breakfaſt, ſir?

Frank. Yes, I've had my chocolate.

Dig. Do take one ſlice of beef.

Frank,

Frank. What a vulgar breakfaſt! beef! ſhocking!

Dig. I don't know as to that, Sir, but I have heard beef was Queen Elizabeth's breakfaſt; and, if that's the caſe, I think it's good enough for I.

Frank. But isn't that for your maſter?

Dig. O, I'll leave enough for he, I'll warrant. (*bell rings*)

Frank. That muſt be for me, Mr. Diggory. Serviteur! [*Exit.*

Dig. How genteel he looks in his maſter's old clothes!

Enter TIM TICKLE.

Tic. Ha, Diggory! the London air agrees with you, I find; keep working, lad; ſtrong beer is our ſtream of life, and in good beef lies the marrow of an Engliſh conſtitution—that's in the genteel way. (*horn ſounds*)

Dig. I muſt follow the ſound of the horn.

[*Exit with beef, ſinging.*

Re-enter FRANK.

Frank. Mr. Tickle, ſeveral perſons are waiting below for Mr. Lumpkin, and they aſk to ſee you.

Tic. Perſons!

Frank Yes, ſir; there are tailors, ſhoemakers, milliners, perfumers, dancing-maſters, muſic-maſters and boxing maſters.

Tic. I'll be with them in a pig's whiſper!

Frank. What a catiff for a gentleman's tutor! O! he's ſhocking!

[*Exit.*

Tic.

Tic. Aye! now how could he do without me? If he wants a coat cut in the kick, who can ſhew him? I—A taſty nab? Why Tim.—Handſome pumps? I know the go. If he'd have a tune from his muſic-maſter, a thruſt from his puſhing-maſter, a ſtep from his dancing-maſter, or a ſquare from his boxing-maſter, I'm the boy that can ſhew him life in the genteel way.

Enter DIGGORY.

Dig. Maſter Tickle, the ſquire wants you.

Tic. I ſtir.

Dig. I'll tell him ſo. [*Exit.*

Tic. They can do nothing without me. Tony Lumpkin's nobody without Tim Tickle. I'll go—no—I think I'll ſtep firſt and give my bear his breakfaſt; poor ſoul! many a good one he has got me; aye, and may again for aught I know. The ſquire's good at a promiſe, that's certain; but what's a promiſe? Pye-cruſt. I'd no more depend upon a gemman's promiſe, than I would upon a broken ſtaff, or a candidate for the county after he had gained his election. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber.

JONQUIL *diſcovered in a morning undreſs,* FRANK *attending with chocolate.*

Jon. Frank, has your lady quitted her apartment.

Frank.

Frank. Yes, ſir, I think I heard Mrs. Lavender ſay—Oh, ſir, here is my lady. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. JONQUIL *and* LAVENDER.

Jon. Good morning to you, madam.

Mrs. Jon. Thank you, Sir. Lavender, give thoſe cards to Pompey, and deſire him to deliver them agreeable to their addreſs. I have an immenſity of viſits, but muſt pay them this morning in paper; or, Shock, you dear polite toad, will you take the chair, and be my repreſentative to the ladies? (*to a lap-dog, which Lavender carries under her arm.*) [*Exit Lavender.* Oh, my head! ſuch a night! Mr. Jonquil, when did you break up at the maſquerade?

Jon. I fancy, my dear, 'twas five.

Mrs. Jon. I might as well have accompanied you there, for I counted the clock 'till four. A maſquerade to this houſe laſt night, was a Quaker's meeting. Such a noiſe and uproar!

Jon. Uproar!—What was the matter?

Mrs. Jon. Only your couſin Tony holding his nocturnal revels.

Jon. Tony! So, ſo, 'twas here he came, when he ſlipped from me at the Pantheon.

Mrs. Jon. Yes, here he came indeed; and ſuch a ball as he held with the bear and the ſervants, and the mob out of the ſtreet, I believe!

Enter LAVENDER.

Lav. Madam, I'm ſorry I'm obliged to complain of a ſervant, but don't blame me ma'm; but indeed there's no ſuch thing as living in the houſe.

Mrs.

Mrs. Jon. What is all this?

Lav. Why ma'am, Mr. Diggory, 'Squire Lumpkin's man, ran into your ladyſhip's dreſſing-room, and ſnatched your cold cream off the toilet.

Jon. Ha! ha! ha! what in the name of delicacy could Diggory want with the cold cream?

Lav. He ſaid it would do to oil his wig, Sir.

Jon. Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Jon. Nay, but Mr. Jonquil, this is beyond bearing. I'll aſſure you I'll—

Jon. Come, my dear, don't be diſcompoſed, 'twill ſoon be at an end. [*Exit. Lavender.* Let me ſee what time his mother propoſes to be in town, for I think ſhe ſays ſhe'll take a houſe for him. I have her letter here. I wiſh he was in a houſe of his own, from my ſoul, for in a fortnight I ſhould not know mine from a carrier's inn.

Mrs. Jon. What gives me moſt ſingular amazement is, that you chuſe to be ſeen in public with him.

Jon. I grant that he is not the moſt eligible companion for a man of faſhion: but at a maſquerade I was ſafe from cenſure, for every body imagined the uncouthneſs of his appearance, and ruſticity of his manners, merely the effect of his imitative genius. The company thought his behaviour all aſſumed, put on *pour l'occaſion*; for he threw off his domino, and I'll aſſure you, ſimple nature got him infinite reputation. He gaped at the maſks, roared moſt ſtentoriouſly diſcordant with the muſick; overſet the pyramids, pocketed the ſweetmeats, broke the glaſſes, made love to an Arcadian dairy maid, tripped up the heels of a harlequin, beat a hermit, who happened

happened to be a captain of the guards, and gave a biſhop a black eye.

Mrs. Jon. But his mother's epiſtle; I languiſh to hear it.

Jon. I aſk your pardon, here it is. (*takes out a letter and reads.*)

" Dear Couſin,

" In the bearer of this, I introduce to your " care and friendſhip my dear ſon Tony. I'll " aſſure you, couſin, Tony with your help will " make a bright man, as he's already humour- " ſome and comical. I ſhall be in town myſelf " in about a fortnight, or three weeks, and then " I intend taking a houſe for him, in ſome airy, " faſhionable part, ſomewhere near Duke's " Place, as I'd have him near the King's Palace. " No more at preſent from your loving couſin,

" DOROTHEA HARDCASTLE.

" P. S. Mr. Hardcaſtle's and my love to " couſin Emilia. I requeſt you'll take Tony to " Sadler's Wells, as I'm ſure he'll like operas."

(*A horn ſounds without.*

Mrs. Jon. Bleſs me, what's that?

Jon. Oh, that's Tony's ſummons for his man; he ſays he hates the ringing of bells, therefore has invented that polite ſubſtitute.

(*Tony calls without.*

Tony. Hollo, Diggory, hollo.

Jon. Oh, here he comes.

Tony. (*without.*) Hollo! ſlap up the bear.

Mrs. Jon. Heaven defend us, ſure he won't drive in a bear here.

Jon. No, no, my dear, don't be alarmed.

Tony. (*without.*) Come along, Bruin.

Enter TONY LUMPKIN.

Come in; I long to introduce Bruin to my relations. Couſin Milly, will you ſee the bear, ma'am, if you pleaſe?

Mrs. Jon. Bear, oh, heavens! [*Exit haſtily.*

Tony. Couſin Milly's very timberſome, ſure; Bruin is a mighty civil beaſt; why he's as gentle as the good-natured lion in the Tower, that let's the dog lie in his den with him.

Jon. I don't entertain a doubt of his politeneſs or good-nature; but you'll eternally oblige me by ſending him down.

Tony. Now would it oblige you in downright earneſt.

Jon. Beyond meaſure.

Tony. Tim, walk Bruin down again: bid him firſt make his honours at the door tho'. Come here—only, couſin, look,—only look at him. Servant, Sir; why he learned among the grown gentlemen at Hatton-garden. Ah do now let him in, and he, and I, and you, will dance the hay. He's muzzled! Tim, an't he muzzled?

Tim (*without.*) Yes, Sir.

Tony. Oh! then there's no danger; you ſee he cou'dn't bite you, if he had a mind; he can only ſcratch you a little.

Jon. Gads curſe, but I'm not diſpoſed to be ſcratched this morning.

Tony. Oh! very well; any other time. Only ſay the word, and Bruin's the boy for it. Slap him down lad.

Jon. I wiſh the devil had you and him together.

gether. Such a fellow!—Mr. Lumkin, have you a fancy for this houſe?

Tony. Anan?

Jon. I ſay, do you like this houſe?

Tony. Like it? for certain I do.

Jon. Then to you and the bear, I muſt abſolutely reſign it.

Tony. I thank you for your kind offer; but if you were to give me your houſe, and your pye-balds. and your viſee vie, I would not thank you; becauſe them that give all, give nothing at all. But indeed if you'd let me bring in a little queen with me ſome time or other, unknown to couſin Milly, you'd make me as happy as a king.

Jon. Oh, fie!

Tony. Oh, fie! Baw! ſhake hands! Why don't you get drunk ſometimes? It's mighty pleaſant! Ay, and very wholeſome once a week. Dr. What-d'ye-call-um ſays ſo, in the book that lies in my mama's window: what ſay you to a bout, couſin, ha?

Jon. Excuſe me; drinking is, in my opinion, the moſt ſavage and barbarous method, that ever brutality invented, to murder time and intellects.

Tony. by jingo, then mama is the firſt time-killer within ten miles of Quagmire Marſh: Oh! ſhe loves a ſup dearly.

Jon. For ſhame! Mr. Lumpkin.

Tony. Oh! take me, it's all in the genteel way, tho'; for my mama always ſipp'd her cordial out of a tea-pot; and then, before folks, it was only a drop of cold tea, you know.

Jon. Ha, ha, ha!

Tony. Ay, and Couſin Con, Miſs Nevill, that was

was courting me, uſed to drink like a glaſs-blower, all in the ſentimental way. Over a love-ſtory book, ſhe and my mama would read and ſip till it came out of their eyes. Sure Couſin Con was in love with me; Oh! how ſweetly ſhe'd kiſs me after a chapter of Mildmay, and a twiſt of the tea-pot.

Jon. Yes, yes, what I've always found; curſe me! if there's a woman in the world eaſier had, than the die-away romantic novelliſt.

Tony. How fine I tell lies! he ſwallows them like ſyllabub. (*aſide.*)

Jon. But you gave me the ſlip laſt night, at the Pantheon; why did not you wait for ſupper?

Tony. Why, I love my ſupper as well as any body, eſpecially after a day's hunting; becauſe then we have ſomething to talk of. But the ſnug way for my money; and we had our own gig here at home; I never ſaw the bear ſo airy.

Jon. But what think you of the ſplendor of the Pantheon? Is'n't it the temple of elegance? an Olympus Hall, worthy the Gods to revel in?

Tony. Gods do you call 'em? I took ſome of 'em for raſcals. A fool of a fellow would have it, that I was a lady; now I am ſure I have not a bit of the lady about me, except the ſoftneſs of my voice, but the monkey was a macaroni; and thoſe beaux, I fancy, make as much uſe of a woman, as they do of a ſword; they keep both merely for ſhew. Oh, now I talk of that by jingo, I ſaw a power of fine ſhews yeſterday, o'top of Ludgate-hill.

Jon. Shews?

Tony.

Tony. Ay, I believe I've ſeen all the fine ſhews now; aye, Gog and Magog, St. Paul's and the Tower, and the hight poſt near the Bridge, that's going to fall upon the neighbours heads; and I've ſeen a hanging, and a houſe on fire; and I paid a halfpenny to walk over the Thames at Blackfriars; and I eat calves-head turtle, oppoſite the Bank; and ſaw Lord Thingumme's fine coach, and the Lilliputian Patagonians, and the Stock-brokers on 'Change; the mad folks in Bedlam, and the actor-folks at the Play-houſes; one of the play men at What-d'ye-call-it play-houſe was very like you,——

Jon. But, Mr. Lumpkin, I imagine 'tis time for you to begin to dreſs; ſome of the Scavoir Vivre and Dilettante dine with me to-day, and you'll be a precious exhibition. (*aſide.*)

Tony. Ay, ay, I'll be as fine as the ſheriffs horſe, by-and-by.

Enter DIGGORY,

(*In a new livery; ſtruts awkwardly acroſs the Stage. Tony leads him by the arm back to the door.*)

Get out!

Dig. Why, ſure, 'Squire, you'll be proud enough yourſelf of your new cloaths when you get into them.

Tony. Yes, but there's ſome difference between the miller and his dog. Pray know your diſtance, and I deſire, Diggory, you'll never dare to be ſo ſuperſtitious with me, before company

Dig. Well, I won't.

Tony. You won't?—I think you might call me,

me, my honour, and not waſte much of your manners.

Dig. If that's the caſe, there's all kinds of tradesfolks, and ingenous learners, of all ſizes, waiting below for My Honour.

Tony. Your honour, it's my honour they want.

Dig. I'll tell them ſo, Sir; my—your honour, mean. [*Exit.*

Tony. Well, now, couſin, I'll go; and—

Jon. Sir, Mr. Lumpkin, I have a trifling requeſt to make.

Tony. What is it? I'll give you any thing you aſk.

Jon. That you will dreſs with all poſſible celerity; for I languiſh to ſee you one of us.

Tony. Hollo, for lace and powder. Hollo, Diggory; hey, for grandeur—yoics—hark forward, taylors, milliners, and glorious haberdaſhers! hollo, hollo! (*Exit.*

Jon. Makes more noiſe than a kennel of hounds. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Antichamber.

Several TRADESPEOPLE, *and* TIM TICKLE, *diſcovered.*

Tic. He will, I ſent his man to tell him.

Tay. Greatly obliged to you, Sir.

Tic. You are ſo, if you kew all; but, for my good word, 'Squire Jonquil wou'd have taken Mon-

Monſieur Frippery, the new faſhion French taylor.

Enter DIGGORY.

Dig. He's coming; pray ſit down, gentlemen, it's as cheap ſitting as ſtanding.

Tic. Diggory, keep your own ſtation. I do all in the gentleman-uſher way, d'ye ſee; becauſe why, I know the genteel thing; but take me neighbours, I don't want you to ſtand, d'ye mind me; only, Diggory, your encroaching upon my compartment, is juſt as tho'f, as how, as if my bear was to ſnath my hurdy-gurdy out of my hand, and pok'd me till I moved a hornpipe.

Dig. For certain, that would not be manners; but I was only——

Tic. Say no more! you're an ignorant man, and you don't know the genteel thing.

Enter TONY.

Tony. Hey, for grandeur, lace and powder! which of you is my taylor?

Tay I'm the man, Sir.

Tony. Have you my clothes, Mr. Taylor?

Tay. Here they are, Sir, and a more faſhionable ſuit never hung upon the ſhoulders of an Ambaſſador.

Tony. Tim, do they fit me?

Tic. Quite the kick.

Tay. But won't your honour try them on?

Tony. No, it's too much trouble. I make Tim try on all my new clothes for me.

Shoe. Your ſhoes, Sir.

Tony.

Tony: Black ſattin, beautiful! ah, Tim, if I had my ſilver Artois buckles here!

(*Dr. Minum ſings without.*

Tony. Hey! what merry fellow's this? Get along, boys, leave your goods, and ſend your bills to Tim. [*Exeunt tradeſmen.*

Here, Diggory, lay my clothes ready.

[*Exit Diggory with the clothes.*

Enter FRANK.

Frank. Doctor Minum, Sir. [*Exit Frank.*

Enter DOCTOR MINUM, *ſinging.*

Doct. (*ſings*) Tol de rol, loll. Gentlemen, I aſk ten thouſand pardons: I thought Mr, Jonquil had been here; but if I don't miſtake, Mr. Lumpkin, I preſume. (*to Tic.*)

Tic. You're wrong tight boy, that there's the 'Squire; I'm Tim Tickle his tutor.

Doct. Sir, I'm very glad to ſee you well.

Tony. That's a lie, if you're a right doctor, and know I've got fifteen hundred a year. (*aſide.*

Doct. If your auricular organs be happily humaniz'd to the celeſtial ſcience of harmony, from your affinity to a gentleman of Mr. Jonquil's taſte, you may command my aſſiſtance.

Tony. Oh, I'm not long enough in London to ſtand in need of a doctor.

Tic. No, d'ye ſee, lad, we want no doctors nor poticaries yet. I don't know how long we may remain ſo.

Doct. Your pardon, gentlemem—but, I fancy——

Tony.

Tic. Did you know Jack Slang, the horſe doctor?

Doct. Entirely unacquainted with any of the faculty; but under favour, there's a trifling miſtake in this overture to our acquaintance. Give me leave to inform you, gentlemen, I am not one of the preſcribing performers, who convey this human inſtrument, the body, to its mortal caſe, by pill, bolus, or draught; but I ſhift the ſoul above the ſtars, in ſounds ſeraphic, by minum, crochet, and quaver. And pleaſe to obſerve, that tho' I am a doctor, I've no more ſkill in the *materia medica* than an advertiſing quack; I am a profeſſor of muſic, and compoſer of original pieces, in that elegant and mellifluous ſcience; and, to oblige my friends, a ſelect ſett of the firſt rank and diſtinction, I inſtruct on the violin.

Tony. Then ten to one, but you know how to play the fiddle.

Doct. I'd venture to accompany you in that bett.

Tony. Zounds man, could not you ſay at once that you were a fidler, and not come round about us with ſuch a circumbendibus?

Doct. Fiddler, in the name of Orpheus! Eh! what! fiddler? allow me, Sir, a da capo to my own introduction?

Tic. A what?

Doct. Three bar reſts, if you pleaſe. Sir; I am ſurpriz'd you can be ſo much out of tune, gentlemen. I am one of the conoiſcenti—have had the honour to be balloted a member of three ſelect private concerts, compoſed of perſons of the firſt rank, aye the Alto Primo of taſte—had the refuſal of the band of Carliſle Houſe—led

for five ſeaſons at Vauxhall—had ſome thoughts of purchaſing the gardens myſelf—I have compoſed two oratorios, ten ſerenatas, three ſets of overtures, concertos for Signor Florentini's violoncello, ſongs for the Capricci of Palermo, and ſolos for Madam Sermont's violin, grand ballets for Signor Georgettini, Signora Caperini, Signora Baccini, Signora——

Tic. Damn your Signioras and your Signiors, your Inis and Winis; can you play, Water Parted, or Lango-lee?—that's the genteel thing.

Tony. Oh, mayhap they're too hard for him. Give me your hand; I love a fiddler, becauſe one may make him play till he's tir'd, give him a ſhilling, then kick him down ſtairs—Do, dine with me to-morrow.

Doct. I'll promiſe you any thing, to get from you to day. (*aſide.*) I ſhall poſitively do myſelf that honour, ſir,

Tony. That's a good fellow; but bring your fiddle under your coat, will you? you ſhall have as much liquor as you can carry.

Doct. You're ſuperlatively good, ſir.

Tony. The devil a better---You ſhall hear Tim Tickle touch up his hurdy-gurdy.

Doct. Oh, ſir!

Tony. You ſhall ſee the bear dance too.

Doct. That muſt be fine indeed!

Tic. Why, it's the genteel thing; 'Squire will have the dulcimer man.

Doct. Ah, Caro Divino! we ſhall have a delightful concert---I ſhall certainly attend you, gentlemen; but a moſt particular engagement obliges me to deprive myſelf of the felicity of your company at preſent.

Tony.

Tony. Hold, hold, doctor; you muſt give us a raſp before you go; Tim, fetch me the fiddle out of the next room; couſin Jonquil was playing on it juſt now.

Tic. I ſtir. [*Exit.*

Doct. Oh, heavens. (*aſide.*)

Tony. You will give us a ſcrape; ha, boy?

Doct. Oh, ſir! (*bows*) how ſhall I get out of this ſcrape? (*aſide.*)

Tony. (*capering before a glaſs*) Ay, do you find fiddling; I'll find dancing.

Doct. (*ſtealing towards the door*) Andante, Andantino, Piano, Pianiſſimo, Allegro, Preſto! (*Runs off.*

Re-enter TICKLE *with a Violin.*

Tic. Here's the coal box, Doctor; what! he has borrowed himſelf!

Tony. Gone!---yoics---hollo, fiddler, hollo! (*Running out is met by* FRANK) Where's this fiddler?

Frank. Fiddler, ſir! oh, Doctor Minum, I ſuppoſe, you mean; lord, ſir, he flies as if twenty Dutch concerts were in the wind.

Tony. The next time I catch the raſcal, I'll make him play for me, and kick him all the while

Frank. But, ſir, my maſter's compliments, and wiſhes you'd pleaſe to get dreſſed; it's now cloſe upon three. (*Looks at his watch and exit*)

Tic. The fellow has got a tattler, ſtrike him plump. (*aſide*)

Tony. Zounds! I wiſh I cou'd get a watch, that the figures of it were not in letters; I never can know what a clock it is, by the X's and the V's and

and the I's---I wiſh I could get a watch with the figures in figures upon it.

Tic. 'Squire, that's becauſe you know how to cypher.

Tony. I ſuppoſe ſo---Hollo, Diggory, my new clothes; and then for grandeur, lace and powder---Hollo, hollo. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Dreſſing Room.

Mrs. JONQUIL *at her Toilet, and* LAVENDER, *attending.*

MRS. JONQUIL.

Ha! ha! ha! Indeed, Lavender, I think ſo too but where is the ſavage now?

Lav. Ma'am, I fancy by this time he's almoſt transformed into a very fine gentleman. He's gone to dreſs.

Mrs. Jon. Dreſs! Ah! his native ruſticity is invincible to the powerful combination of art and elegance. His tutor a bear dancer, you tell me; ha! ha! with ſuch a pupil a bear-leader we muſt grant him.

Lav. Ma'am, he has brought this Mr. Tickle purpoſely to London with him, to ſhew him taſte and high life in the genteel way as he ſays.

Mrs.

Mrs. Jon. Yes, taſte and gentility at a Sunday tea-garden, and high life at the top of St. Pauls.

Enter TICKLE *and* PAINTER.

Tic. Come, maſter Painter, come along; this way, I believe, we can take a ſhort cut to the 'Squire's room.

Mrs. Jon. Who are theſe? what's the matter?

Tic. Only going to quarter the ground.

Lav. Fye, Mr. Tickle! what buſineſs have you here? and why would you bring fellows into my lady's apartment?

Tic. Fellows! why, ma'am, this is Jack Raddle, the ſign-painter. Why it was this here Jack that painted the Three Jolly Pigeons at Quagmire marſh, down in our parts.

Paint. Yes, and the Saracen's Head Tim.

Lav. Come, come, get you along out of this, with your jolly pigeons.

Tic Get out! Strike me plump! is that your manners, ma'am?

Lav. Go, man? pray take your Saracen's head out of this room.

Tic. Hark'ee, if you deny that you paint a head every morning, your tongue gives the lie to your cheeks.

Paint. Tim, that was a daſh with the pound bruſh!

Tic. Ay, ay; I'm the boy for it. Come along; Ha! ha! ha!

Paint. Ha! ha! ha! [*Exeunt Tickle and Painter.*

Lav. An impudent fellow! I paint indeed! A pretty diſcerning tutor for a young gentleman!

Mrs. Jon. Lavender, hand me the eau-de-luce. I die! oh heav'ns, throw up that ſaſh! I ſhall expire!

Lav. And no wonder, ma'am: I'm ſure the cham-

chamber ſmells of oil worſe than a floor-cloth warehouſe.

Enter DIGGORY, *ſearches round the room.*

Mrs. Jon. Heavens! what's this now? what do you want,?

Lav. Why is the deuce in the fellow? For ſhame Diggory! why do you come into my Lady's apartment this way?

Dig. This way! why would you have me come in at the window?

Mrs. Jon. For mercy's ſake, do, good man, withdraw.

Lav. What do you want?

Dig. I want my maſter's boots.

Lav. What the miſchief could bring his boots into my lady's dreſſing-room?

Dig. His legs, I believe; for I think 'twas here he took them off.

Mrs. J. Do, pray retire, I beſeech you, ſir.

Dig. I beg pardon, ma'am, I ſee the boots are not here; ſo I'll go look in the ſtable.

(*A tapping at the door.*)

Mrs. Jon. What monſter have we now?

Jon. (*without.*) Avec permiſſion!

Lav. My maſter! madam.

Mrs. Jon. Entrez, monſieur.

Enter JONQUIL.

Jon. This way, for wonder ſake, quick, quick. Ha! ha! ha! ſuch a ſight, tranſcending all Soho!

Mrs. Jon. I think it muſt be ſomething ſupernatural that can excite my wonder now. But allons for this miracle.

[*Exeunt* Mr. *and* Mrs. JONQUIL.

Lav. (*looks in the glaſs*) A Saracen's head? Yes, it muſt be my lady he meant. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Gallery hung with Pictures.

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. JONQUIL.

Jon. Now, ſettle your features.

Mrs. Jon. O, I ſet riſibility at defiance.

Mr. Jon. Mr. Lumpkin, are you apparell'd, quite completely a-la-mode ?

Enter TONY, *dreſsed.*

Tony. O yes, I think I'm the very colliflower of the mode. Tell me in downright earneſt, how do you like me, (*turns round*) Eh! Couſin Milly ? I believe, now I'm ſomething like a tanzy ; how do you like my hair, tho'?

Mrs. Jon. Charming!

Jon. The ſtyle moſt happily fancied.

Tony. So it is, couſin Milly ; you've a fine head of hair, if it's all your own---it's very like ſome of the heads I ſaw in the barbers windows.

Mrs. Jon. Now, that's ſo civil.

Tony. That's what every body ſays of me, that I'm ſo civil ; but do you know that my mama uſed to dreſs up my hair herſelf every Sunday, whether I would or no ? ſhe'd rub it up with ſoap, and put a paper in the top, juſt like the ſign of the unicorn.

Enter LAVENDER *whiſpers* Mrs. JONQUIL.

Mrs. Jon. Preſently ; Mr. Lumpkin, allow me the liberty to withdraw myſelf for a moment or two.

Tony.

Tony. Ma'am, I'll excuſe your going away with a great deal of pleaſure. How polite fine clothes make a body! (*aſide*)

[*Exeunt Mrs. Jonquil and Lavender.*

Enter TICKLE.

Tic. 'Squire, the Painter's ready. (*to Tony*)

Tony. Mum. (*apart to Tickle*)

Jon. Pardon my curioſity, Mr. —— excuſe me, Sir—you ſpoke of a painter; are you acquainted—I mean have you a penchant?

Tic. A what?

Jon. That is, do you admire the art?

Tony. Oh, yes, Sir; my tutor's very knowing in the picture way. Tim, ſhall I tell couſin you carried a ſhew-box' (*apart to Tickle*)

Tic. You need not mind it now. (*apart to Tony*)

Jon. There are ſome tolerable paintings here, Sir. (*loooking round*)

Tic. Yes; they are quite genteel.

Tony. I warrant, now, they ſtood you in a matter of fifteen or twenty pounds.

Jon. Above ten thouſand.

Tony. Pounds?

Jon. Poſitively.

Tony. What a ſtud and a kennel of hounds that would buy a man!

Tic. What a collection of wild beaſtiſſes!

Jon. Beſides the money I have expended in my Flemiſh and Italian acquiſitions, during my tour, I have, at this moment, a pecuniary underſtanding with moſt of the eminent picture-dealers and auctioneers in town; and, conſe-

quently, the refuſal of antiques, coins, china, lap-dogs and original pictures.

Tic. How do you order it?

Jon. Briefly thus: if an extraordinary engagement prevents me from a private peep, previous to the ſale, ſuppoſe me in the auction-room: a full ſale, good pictures, my favourite piece up, friend Mallet, in the heat of his oration, caſts me an eye ſignificant; I, unperceived by the company, return an affirmative ſignal; and one, two—down, the picture's mine for one third of the value.

Tic. What then becomes of his poundage?

Jon. That, Sir, I make good by an ample douceur.

Tony. Well, let them ſay what they will of flock paper, pretty pictures for my money; couſin, you muſt chooſe me ſome nice ones, when my mama takes a new houſe for me.

Tic. Ay, I dare ſay, 'Squire Jonquil knows all the painters in town, in the genteel way.

Jon. In town?—no—no—Mr.—Sir—if a modern ever intrudes upon a pannel of mine, taſte muſt give the preference to Flemiſh and Italian; if the contrary ſhould tranſpire, Sir, I'd be excluded the *ton*, as void of all virtu.

Tony. Virtue! It does not ſhew much virtue to encourage foreigners, and let your own countrymen want bread; damn me, if I do that; and damn them that do.

Tic. Well ſaid, tight boy; there's a fine fellow, and I'm his tutor.

Jon. I own, Sir, I'm of your opinion; but powerful faſhion!—

Tony.

Tony. Tim, there's a clever fellow, running after a pretty girl among the buſhes!

Jon. Apollo, purſuing Daphne, by Corregio; obſerve the modeſt grace in the flight of Daphne; and that figure of Apollo, what fine proportion in the outline! what an attitude!

Tic. Now, that there I call a tall woman.

Jon. A Vandyke!

Tony. Mrs. Vandyke?

Jon. No, no; it is the portrait of Beatrix Conſtantia Contacroyana, painted by that maſter. The Judgment of Paris, the ſleeping Venus, and that delightful picture of the Cardinal Virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity, are by Carraci; a moſt enchanting piece! obſerve how finely the Hope is relieved.

Tony. Relieved by Charity; poor ſoul!

Tic. That's a pretty woman that's looking up at the ſky.

Jon. A Cleopatra, by Guido.

Tony. See the little eel in her hand! that's a dark looking man in the black bonnet.

Jon. A Rembrandt, by himſelf.

Tony. Yes; he's all alone, there's a woman riding on a white cow.

Jon. Europa, an undoubted Raphael.

Tony. No!

Jon. As true as the cartoons.

Tic. Riding on a bull! ſtrike her plump; 'Squire the woman and the gooſe!

Jon. Jupiter and Leda; upon my honour I never ſaw a more capital picture!—but, dear Sir, the gooſe happens to be a ſwan.

Tony. Mayhap 'twas only a gooſe before you got it.—Tim, who is that like in the black wig.

Jon. That is the portrait of Charles the Second.

Tony. He's mighty like Matt Muggins the exciſeman.

Jon. It's a Sir Godfrey Kneller; but I fancy king Charles never ſat for it.

Tic. And ſo they've drawn him ſtanding. Who is the lad with the long hair?

Jon. Lad, Sir? that's a Magdalen, by Guido.

Tony. She's a plump Mag. Who is that thin ill-looking fellow?

Jon. It's a picture of Caſſius, that ſtabb'd Cæſar—It's a Rubens, very bold.

Tic. Yes, he was a bold fellow.

Jon. Good keeping!

Tic. Faſt enough; I remember they kept him in Newgate.

Jon. Charmingly brought out!

Tic. He was brought out in a white cap, tied with black ribbon.

Jon. What a glow of colouring!

Tic. I never ſaw a man look better upon the occaſion.

Jon. Greatly deſigned! forcibly executed!

Tic. Only the peace-officers at his execution, no calling in the military; we have had enough of that already.

Jon. What harmony of light and ſhade! What noble maſſes!

Tic. Maſſes! He a Papiſh! I'll bett half an ounce, that Tom Caſſius, that ſtabb'd 'Squire Cæſar, died a Preſbyterian.

Tony. How knowing my tutor is!

(*During the above ſpeeches of Tickle, Jonquil ſtands enraptur'd with the picture, not attending him.*)

Couſin,

Couſin, Couſin Jonquil, hollo!
(*Slaps him on the ſhoulder.*)

Jon. Sir!

Tony. I intend to have my picture taken off ſome evening or other.

Enter FRANK.

Frank. Sir, Lord Spindle has ſent to let you know, he waits for you at the Thatched-houſe.

Jon. The chariot at the door?

Frank. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Jon. Adieu, [*Exit.*

Tic. Abſolutely, 'Squire, this couſin of your's is a tip-top macaroni.

Tony. Yes, he's a famous mac.

Tony. But tho' he ſeems to love his pictures, as I do my horſes, he does not take half ſo great care of 'em. Think of old bonnets and black and brown heads! Coſt him ten thouſand pounds too. Why my little Robin, my Whipper-in, looks more decent than the beſt of them.

Tic. Aye! but when my friend Jack Raddle the painter comes bruſh upon 'em, they'll be quite another thing.

Tony. But what keeps him?

Tic. Here he is.

Enter PAINTER, *with a pot of paint and large bruſh.*

Are you there, Jack? Come, fall to.

Tony. Hold, you remember the bargain: Tickle, be witneſs. You're to paint fine large powder'd pretty wigs upon every head in this room,

room, at the rate of half-a-crown a nob all round.

Tic. That's the bargain.

Paint. And I ſcorn to go back, tho' it's a tight price, your honour.

Tony. How charmingly they'll look!

Tic. Yes, they'll be quite genteel. Hark'ee, Jack, d'ye ſee, I recommend you to this here 'ſquire; ſo do the job neatly. None of your little ſtarv'd caxons, with one buckle, and that no larger than a pipe-ſtopper; but let me ſee the browneſt face againſt this wall, wigg'd like an alderman.

Paint. Say no more.

Tony. But quick, quick, buſtle; you muſt have 'em done before couſin comes back.

Enter DIGGORY.

Dig. Sir, the gentleman's come.

Tony. What gentleman?

Tic. How ſhould he know? I'll go ſee myſelf. [*Exit.*

Tony. Come, come, fall to.

Paint. Don't fear, ſir; they ſhall ſoon be quite another thing.

Tony. Come along, we'll be with you ſoon again. Come; Lord! how delighted couſin Jonquil will be! [*Exeunt Tony and Diggory.*

(*The Painter, whiſtling, takes one of the pictures down, and as he ſits to it, the ſcene cloſes.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Antichamber.

Enter PULVILLE, *meeting* TONY, TICKLE, *and* DIGGORY.

Dig. Here's my maſter.

Pulv Sir. your humble ſervant.

Dig. Sir, this the——

Tic. Diggory, I tell you once for all, if you come the gentleman uſher, while I am by, you'll abſolutely knock your head again my fittes.

Dig. Why ſure I——

Tony. Go, go, you fool, and ſee that the painter flaps away briſkly. [*Exit Diggory.* Well, Sir, are you a barber?

Pulv. A barber! no, Sir; my name is Pulville.

Tony. But what are you?

Pulv. I am a perfumer, Sir.

Tony. Now. bang me, if I know what trade that is. (*aſide*) Tickle, do you talk to him.

Tic. A perfumer? I'm at home, tho' he's too fine for that: I ſuppoſe he moulted in Monmouth. (*aſide; ſtruts up to Pulville*) Maſter, how do ye take 'em.

Pulv. Sir?

Tic. Do you ſhoot 'em.

Tony. Aye, do you ſhoot 'em?—What, Tickle? (*apart to Tickle*)

Pulv. I ſhoot, Sir!

Tic. Aye, how do you order it?

Pulv. If you mean my buſineſs, Sir; by calcination,

cination, infuſion, mixtures, compoſitions, philters, and diſtillation.

Tic. What, then maphap you don't uſe the ferret?

Pulv. No, Sir, the only eſſential animal is the civet cat.

Tic. The cat will catch them, I allow; but then they mangle them ſo curſedly.

Pulv. Mangle who, good Sir?

Tic. Ever while you live, take rabbits with a ferret, that's the genteel thing. Mayhap, lad, you're in the hedge-hog way. Have a care, tho', for ſince ſome buſy fellow put it into the newspaper, that they were as good as a partridge——my bear to a lap-dog, if hedge-hogs don't ſoon be included in the game-act. You're the firſt rabbit catcher I ever knew that——

Pulv. I a rabbit catcher! I don't underſtand you, gentlemen. I'd have you to know, I keep one of the firſt perfumer's ſhops in St. James's pariſh; I can't imagine what you mean, by talking to me about rabbit-catchers and hedge-hogs.

Tony. I belive my tutor knows every thing.

Pulv. Sir, I thought every body knew Mr. Pulville. However, Sir, I have the honour to be very well known to the nobility, as my book-debts of ten years ſtanding can ſufficiently teſtify. Rabbit catcher! Sir! I'm original inventor of the genuine Circaſſian beautifying coſmetic lotion, cream of roſes, and powder of pearl. Step into my ſhop a crocus, and you walk out a narciſſus; my ſweet lip-ſalve can change a blubber to a pouting—a walnut to a cherry-lip. Then, Sir, my perfumed powders conquer nature; I can give a lady a pink head, a green head, or a blue head. Do you know, Sir, that

I make

I make the chymical Paphian waſh, for eradicating hair; ſo innocent it may be uſed by infants juſt born, and yet ſo powerful, that three ablutions give an Eſau the hand of a Jacob? And now, Sir, with me, and me alone, the elderly maiden ladies deal, for their ſweet-ſcented ſhaving powder.

Tony. I ſaid he was a barber.

Pul. Rabbit-catcher!—Why, Sir, my bear's greaſe—

Tic. Do you dance a bear, tight boy?

Pul. Sir, do I look like ſuch a ſcoundrel?

Tic. Scoundrel! Strike you plump, am I a ſcoundrel?

Pul. You, Sir! I——

Tic. Aye, poke you well—I dance the ſprightlieſt bear in all England, that's in the genteel way.

Pul. Hem!—Sir!—when you want any thing in my way, you'll ſee my name, P. Pulville, over the door, Rabbit catcher! [*Exit Pulville.*

Tic. A bear dancer, a ſcoundrel! you raſcal, I'll—he's gone—he was right; my name is Tim Tickle; and now you've told me your place of abode, call upon me when you will. (*calling off*)

Tony. Tim knows all the points of honour.

Enter DIGGORY.

Dig. Oh, Sir, the pictures are done; and 'Squire Jonquil is walking out of his carriage.

Tic. I told you, 'Squire, Jack Raddle cou'd touch them up in the genteel way, becauſe he's the boy for it; come, we'll take a ſquint at his handy work.

Tony. Come, I'm as glad as a guinea; how my couſin Jonquil will be delighted!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Diſcovers the Picture Gallery, moſt of the portraits with large white wigs; the Painter ſits daubing a wig upon a picture, which he has on a chair. DIGGORY *officiouſly attending.*

Dig. Do, let me give him another curl.

Paint. I can't ſtand it, man;—be ſtill, I ſay; let him be.

Enter JONQUIL.

Jon. What do I ſee! confuſion! what is all this? (*Stands amazed*)

Dig. I knew he'd be delighted.

Jon. Stop your ſacrilegious hands, you profane villain.

Paint. Bleſs your heart, maſter, I don't grudge you a curl or two more. (*whiſtles and paints*)

Jon. My Rembrandt! from the Florentine gallery! You aſſaſſin, why did you murder me? (*Seizes the painter*)

Paint. Sir!

Jon. Anſwer me, you miſcreant; who brought you here? what mortal enemy to the arts, what Gothick fiend, whiſper'd you to perpetrate ſuch infernal action?

Paint. If this moment was my laſt, Sir, it was white lead of eightpence a pound.

Jon. White lead, you caitiff!

Paint.

Paint. How cou'd a poor fellow, like me, afford flake-white for the price?

Jon. What price? you barbarian; explain, ſirrah: confeſs, or I'll have you flay'd like Marſyas.

Paint. Sir, 'Squire Lumpkin, the little, round, fine gentleman, employ'd me to paint white wigs, upon all the pictures, at half-a-crown a head.

Dig. Indeed Sir, I'm ſure my maſter would not grudge twice the money, to make them look decent, as they belong to your honour.

Jon. I'm undone!

Enter TONY *and* TICKLE.

Tony. Eh, Tim! (*looks exultingly at the pictures*) I believe they are the thing.

Tic. Bang me, but they are quite genteel!

Jon. Mr. Lumpkin, I thank you, Sir.

Tony. You're mightily welcome.

Jon. I am infinitely oblig'd to you, Sir.

Tony. I gueſs'd you wou'd.

Jon. I am eternally your debtor.

Tony. I'll never charge you a penny for it. I believe now they look like gentlemen. How pleas'd I am that I thought of it!

Dig. I thought of it firſt.

Tony. You lie.

Tic. You do, Diggory! 'twas I adviſ'd the 'Squire to it, becauſe I knew the genteel thing.

Jon. Oh, pray, no contention for the brilliancy of the thought; for I'd give three or five thouſand pounds to undo what you have done.

Tony. What!

Jon. You have ruin'd me.

Tony. Anan!

Jon. You've undone me, Sir!

Tony. Who, I! as how?

Jon. You've ſpoil'd my pictures.

Tony. Tim!

Tic. I ſaid, at firſt, it was a damn'd ſtupid thing of you.

Dig. And you know, 'Squire, I told you, that none but an aſs could think of ſuch nonſenſe.

Tony. Can you unwig 'em again?

Paint. What will I get by that?

Jon. I'll give you fifty guineas.

Paint. Lay it here.

Jon. There's the money; (*takes out his pocket-book and gives a note*) charm my longing eyes, once more, with the ſight of my Rembrandt's dear, dear, black bonnet.

Paint Then, Sir, they're only done in water colour; ſo a wet towel and a little ſoap ſettles their wigs in five minutes.

Jon. Give me your hand; I was dreadfully alarmed; but now I can laugh at it. Ha! ha! ha! what a whimſical thought! but, you ſtupid rogue, why would you put wigs upon the ladies?

Paint. Sure it's the faſhion now for all ladies to wear wigs. How charming they look! Poor fellows, ye muſt ſoon loſe your grandeur!

Enter FRANK.

Frank Sir, the company are come.

Jon. Very well.

[*Frank looks at the pictures, laughs and exit.*

Dig. Pleaſe your honour, may I laugh at them a little?

Tony. Tutor, kick Diggory out of the room, if you pleaſe.

Tic.

Tic. To oblige you, 'Squire.

Dig. I'll ſave you the trouble. [*Exit.*

Jon. All is now very well; but I have one requeſt to make you.

Tony. What is it, pray?

Jon. Only to diſmiſs one of your retinue,

Tic. That's Diggory. (*aſide*)

Tony. Who?

Jon. The bear?

Tony. What! the bear?

Jon. That's the gentleman.

Tony. Why, Tim, d'ye hear my couſin? Will you?

Tic. Look'ee, 'Squire; this here harmleſs ſoul, this bear of mine, has maintained me ſome years, when I could not do for myſelf; and though, thanks to my good breeding, I'm grown polite enough to be a gentleman's tutor, yet I'll never be ſo much in the faſhion as to forſake an old benefactor. [*Exit Tic.*

Tony. I wiſh I could get any regular family to board the bear: enquire among your acquaintance Sir.

Jon. Sir, I'll do myſelf that honour.

Tony. Bruin's a lad of few words, but he's as civil a fellow as ever ſtood upon two legs. But, couſin Jonquil, I won't offer you the fifty guineas you gave the painter.

Tony. Say no more; you meant well, and that palliates the conſequence But, for Rubens' ſake forego your pretenſions in future to a taſte in pictures.

Tony. Well, I know the points of a horſe, and that's made by a better workman.

Jon. Therefore, to the knowledge of horſes and dogs, like a true 'Squire, from this moment confine

confine your claim; for if a man will, in oppoſition to nature, meddle with matters of which he is ſo extremely ignorant, he muſt inevitably render himſelf the object of ridicule and laughter.

Tony. Laughter! and what's pleaſanter than a laugh? By jingo, a laugh is all I wanted.

If I've rais'd ſome ſweet ſmiles on thoſe lovely fair faces,
I am glad I put wigs on their ſiſters, the Graces:
I would not offend you for more than I'll mention;
To pleaſe all my friends, was my only intention.

THE END.

THE

POOR SOLDIER,

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1782.

THE MUSICK BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Fitzroy,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Father Luke,	Mr. WILSON.
Patrick,	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Dermott,	Mr. JOHNSTON.
Darby,	Mr. EDWIN.
Bagatelle,	Mr. WEWITZER.
Boy,	Maſter SIMMONDS.
Norah,	Mrs. BANNISTER.
Kathlane,	Mrs. MARTYR.

SCENE, *Carton, near the Seat of the Duke of Leinſter in Ireland.*

THE

POOR SOLDIER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Country—Sun riſe—a large Manſion at ſome diſtance—near the front, on one ſide, a ſmall Houſe; on the other a Cottage.

DARBY, (*without.*)

NOW what harm, Dermot?

Der. (*without.*) Why 'tis harm; ſo ſtay where you are.

Enter DERMOT *and* DARBY.

Dar. Upon my faith I won't ſay a word.

Der. Go away I tell you.

Dar. Lord, I never ſaw ſuch a man as you: ſure I'll only ſtand by.

Der. But I tell you it's not proper for any one to be by when one's along with one's ſweetheart.

Dar. Well, I always like to be by when I'm along with my ſweetheart—She's aſleep—I'll call her up, halloo! Kathlane!

Der. Will you be quiet, Darby. Can't you go make a noiſe there, under Father Luke's window?

Dar. Ecod if I do, he'll put me in the Biſhop's Court.

Der. If I wasn't ſo fond of Kathlane, I ſhou'd think Norah, his Neice there, a very handſome girl.

Dar. Why ſo ſhe is, but ſince her own ſweetheart, Patrick, run away from her and liſted for a Soldier, ſhe dont care a pin for the prettieſt of us; by the lord ſhe even flouts me.

Der. Well, well, you'll ſee how it will be; ſomebody I know——

Dar. Ay, you mean the foreign ſerving man, to the ſtrange Officer that's above at the Duke's. Eh, why faith Dermot, it would indeed be a ſhame, to let a black muzzled Mounſeer carry off a pretty girl, from a parcel of tight Iriſh boys like us.

Der. So, 'twou'd Darby; but my ſweet Kathlane is faſt aſleep, and never dreams that her poor Dermot is here under her window.

Dar. Ay, never dreams poor Darby's under her window—but I'll have her up—Kathlane—Kath——

Der. Huſh!

AIR—*Dermot.*

Sleep on, ſleep on, my Kathlane dear,
May peace poſſeſs thy breaſt,
Yet doſt thou dream thy true love's here,
Depriv'd of peace and reſt.

The

The birds ſing ſweet, the morning breaks,
Theſe joys are none to me,
Tho' ſleep is fled, poor Dermot wakes,
To none but love and thee.

[*Exit.*

Dar. What a dull dog that is! Ah, poor Dermot! ha, ha, why ſuch a ſong cou'dn't wake an Owl out of his ſleep, let alone a pretty girl that's dreaming of me. Kathlane!—upon my conſcience I'll,—yes, I'll rouſe her.

AIR—*Darby.*

Dear Kathlane you no doubt,
Find ſleep how very ſweet 'tis,
Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out,
You never dream how late 'tis,
This morning gay,
I poſt away,
To have with you a bit of play,
On two legs rid,
Along to bid,
Good morrow to your night cap.

II.

Laſt night a little bowſy,
With Whiſkey, Ale, and Cyder,
I aſk'd young Betty Blowſy,
To let me ſit beſide her,
Her anger roſe,
And four as ſloes,
The little gypſey cock'd her noſe,
Yet here I've rid,
Along to bid,
Good morrow to your night cap.

III.

Beneath the Honey-ſuckle,
The Daiſy, and the Vi'let,
Compoſe ſo ſweet a truckle,
They'll tempt you ſure to ſpoil it,

Young Sall and Bell,
I've pleaſed ſo well,
But hold, I musn't kiſs and tell,
So here I've rid,
Along to bid,
Good morrow to your night cap.

(*Kathlane opens the Cottage window.*

Dar. Ay there ſhe is, oh I'm the boy for it.

Kath. Is that Dermot?

Dar. (*hiding under the penthouſe*) O dear, ſhe takes me for Dermot, he, he, he!

Kath. Who's there?

Dar. Sure it's only I.

Kath. What Dermot?

Dar. Yes—I am—Darby. (*aſide*)

Kath. I'm coming down. (*Retires.*)

Dar. I thought I'd bring her down: I'm a ſure markſman.

Enter KATHLANE *from the Cottage.*

Kath. Where are you, my dear Dermot?

Dar. (*Comes forward.*) "Good morrow to your nightcap." (*ſings.*)

Kath. (*Starting.*) Darby! Now hang you for an impudent fellow.

Dar. Then hang me about your neck, my ſweet Kathlane.

Kath. It's a fine thing that people can't take their reſt of a morning, but you muſt come roaring under their windows.

Dar. Now what need you be ſo croſs with a body—when you know I love you.

Kath. Love!—ha,—I like you for that.

Dar. I'm oblig'd to you.

Kath. You love, ha, ha, ha!

Dar.

Dar. I do, upon my conſcience.

Kath. Well, let me alone, Darby: once for all I will not have you.

Dar. No!

Kath. No, as I hope for man, I won't.

Dar. Ha, ha, ha! hope for man, and yet won't have me.

Kath. Yes, but I'll tell you what ſort of a man; then look into the river, and ſee if you're he.

Dar. And if not—I'll pop in head foremoſt.

Kath. Do Darby; and then you may whiſtle for me.

AIR.—*Kathlane.*

Since love is the plan
I'll love if I can,
But firſt let me tell you what ſort of a man.
In addreſs how complete
And in dreſs ſpruce and neat,
No matter how tall, ſo he's over five feet:
Nor dull, nor too witty
His eyes I'll think pretty
If ſparkling with pleaſure whenever we meet.

II.

Tho' gentle he be,
His man he ſhould ſee
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me.
In a ſong bear a bob
In a glaſs a hob nob
Yet drink of his reaſon his noddle ne'er rob.
This is my fancy
If ſuch a man can ſee,
I'm his, if he's mine, until then I am free.

Dar. So then you won't have me.

Kath. No, that I won't.

Dar. Now you might if you pleas'd.

Kath.

Kath. I might if you pleas'd.

Dar. Well ſure I do pleaſe.

Kath. Ay, but you don't pleaſe me.

Dar. Why I'm a better match for you than Dermot.

Kath. No.

Dar. No? Havn't I every thing comfortable about me? cows, ſheep, geeſe and turkies for you to look after in the week days, and a pretty pad for you to ride to chapel on a Sunday: a little cabin for you to live in, and a neat bit of a potatoe garden for you to walk in; and for a huſband I'm as pretty a lad as you'd meet with of a long ſummer's day.

Kath. Get along: don't talk to me of your geeſe and your turkies, man, with your conceit and your nonſenſe.

Dar. My nonſenſe! Oh very well: you ſay that to me, do you?

Kath. To be ſure I do.

Dar. Then marry hang me if I don't.—

Kath. What—what'ill you do?

Dar. Do, why I'll—tell the Prieſt of you.

Kath. Ah do——do your worſt, you ninney hammer!

Dar. I'm a ninney hammer, oh very well—I tell you what Kathlane——I'll ſay no more.

DUET.

Kath. Out of my ſight or I'll box your ears.
Dar. I'll fit you ſoon for your jibes and jeers.
Kath. I'll ſet my cap at a ſmart young man,
Dar. Another I'll wed this day if I can.
Kath. In courtſhip funny.
Dar. Once ſweet as honey,
Kath. You drone.
Dar. No Kate, I'm your humble Bee.

Kath.

Kath. Go dance your dogs with your fiddle de dee
For a ſprightly lad is the tune for me.

II.

Kath. Like ſweet milk turn'd now to me ſeems love.
Dar. The fragrant Roſe does a Nettle prove.
Kath. Sour Curds I taſte, tho' ſweet Cream I choſe.
Dar. And with a flower I ſting my noſe.
Kath. In courtſhip funny, &c.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Ay, here's Father Luke's houſe: I doubt if his charming niece is up yet. *(Looks at his watch)* I ſhall be back before the family are ſtirring, and even if not, drawn hither by the devout hopes of paying my adoration to this Sylvan Deity, the beauty and freſhneſs of the morning exhilirates and delights.

AIR.—*Fitzroy.*

The Twins of Latona, ſo kind to my boon,
Ariſe to partake of the chaſe,
And Sol lends a ray to chaſte Dian's fair Moon,
And a ſmile to the ſmiles of her face.
For the ſport I delight in, the bright Queen of Love
With myrtles my brow ſhall adorn,
While Pan breaks his Chaunter, and ſkulks in the Grove,
Excell'd by the ſound of the horn.

The dogs are uncoupled, and ſweet is their cry,
Yet ſweeter the notes of ſweet Echo's reply.
Hark forward, my Honies! The game is in view
But love is the game that I wiſh to purſue.

The

II.

The Stag from his Chamber of Woodbine peeps out,
His ſentence he hears in the gale,
Yet flies, till entangled in fear and in doubt,
His courage and conſtancy fail.
Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the 'fray,
Deſpair taking place of his fear,
With Antlers erected awhile ſtands at bay,
Then ſurrenders his life with a tear.
The dogs, &c.

Oh here comes the Prieſt her uncle, and now for his final anſwer, which muſt determine my happineſs. (*Enter Father Luke*) Good morning to you, Sir.

F. Luke. And a good morrow, and a hundred and a thouſand good morrows to you worthy Sir.

Fitz. As many thanks to you my reverend Sir.

F. Luke. True, Sir, I am reverend, becauſe I'm the Prieſt of the Pariſh. Bleſs you, Sir, but you're an early riſer.

Fitz. Why you muſt imagine that the pillow has no great charms for one whoſe heart can take little reſt 'till lull'd to peace by your friendly benediction.—Oh! Father Luke your charming Niece.—

F. Luke. My Niece—you told me of that, but you never told me your fortune, ſo it's gone quite out of my memory.

Fitz. Why Father, if you muſt peep into my rent-roll, I fancy you'll find it ſomething above 2000l. a year

F. Luke. Two thouſand!—You ſhall have my niece: but there's two things which perhaps you have not conſider'd on.

Fitz. What are thoſe?

F. Luke. Her religion and her country.

Fitz.

Fitz. My dear Sir, be aſſured I am incapable of an illiberal prejudice againſt any one, for not having firſt breath'd the ſame air with me, or for worſhiping the ſame Deity in another manner. We are common children of one parent, and the honeſt man who thinks with moral rectitude, and acts according to his thoughts, is my countryman let him be born where he will.

F. Luke. Juſt my thoughts, Sir, I don't mind a man's country ſo he has—You've 2000l. a year? *(Fitz. bows)* Your hand, you ſhall marry my niece.

Fitz. My dear good man you're the beſt of Prieſts; but there's one thing that I'd wiſh to be certain of—Are you ſure your niece's heart is totally diſengag'd?

F. Luke. Why Sir ſhe did give her heart away but I made her take it back again, ſhe had a ſort of a Lover that I think ſhe was a little fond of.

Fitz. How?

F. Luke. Don't be alarm'd, Sir, for lord knows what's become of poor Patrick ſince he was ſent off for America: upon my refuſing Norah to him, he took on ſo, that one day, full of ale and vexation, the fool went and liſted for a ſoldier.

Fitz. Ah, I cou'd wiſh that———

F. Luke. You can wiſh for no more than you ſhall have: ſhe's your's: I ſay the word; and I'm her uncle, her Guardian, and her Clergy. Here, Norah, child, *(calls at the window)* I fancy ſhe's not awake yet. *(Going in.)*

Fitz. Hold Sir, I wouldn't have her diſturb'd for the world.

F. Luke. Well faith, you're good natur'd enough conſidering you've been fighting in America.

Fitz. My dear Father Luke, you know I'm down here at the Duke's upon a viſit, and you have ſenſe enough to know likewiſe, that notwithſtanding your niece's beauty and merit, and the reverence due to your character, ſuch is the ridiculous pride, and aſſum'd privilege of birth and fortune, that I ſhould be moſt egregiouſly rallied, and perhaps obſtacles thrown in the way of my happineſs, ſhou'd this affair be talked of there.

F. Luke. Not a word, my lips are ſeal'd.

Fitz. That's right, my dear friend, the ceremony once over, with pride I ſhall publiſh my felicity to the world. I have already ſent up to Dublin, for ſome trifling ornaments for my ſweet Norah; I expect them every hour, this night you ſhall join our hands, and then I'll introduce my lovely bride as ſuch, to my friends at Carton Houſe.

Enter DARBY.

Dar. Father Luke, I want to ſpeak a word with you if you pleaſe, Sir. (*Fitzroy walks up the Stage.*)

F. Luke. What do you mean you free fellow? Don't you ſee I'm in company, and in company with a gentleman too? Eh, you wicked boy?

Dar. I'm not wicked.

F. Luke. Eh, how child, what, an't I your Prieſt, and don't I know what wickedneſs is.

Dar. Well Sir, to be ſure I have been a young rake, as a body may ſay, but now I'm going to take a wife to myſelf.

F Luke. (*to Darby*) Get away.——I beg your worſhip's pardon. (*to Fitzroy.*)

Fitz. Oh no apology, Sir. The Shepherd muſt look to his flock.

F. Luke.

F. Luke. Ah! I'm ſhepherd to a bleſſed flock of goats: Now would you think it, Sir? that Darby, that fellow that looks ſo ſheepiſh, is the moſt notorious reprobate in the whole pariſh.

Dar. (*to Fitzroy*) Sir, I'll tell you why Father Luke's always at me. He, he, he! when one plays or ſo, among the girls, you know one muſt give them a kiſs or two, to keep them in good humour; and then the long winter nights before a fine fire, I'm ſo frolickſome among 'em, that when we play at forfeits, it may come to twenty or thirty kiſſes a piece: theſe they muſt all confeſs to him, and ecod, of a cold morning they keep Father Luke, 'till his fingers are numb'd, and his noſe is blue, he, he, he! you know, Sir, you know that's the reaſon you don't like poor Darby.

F. Luke. Get along you profligate.

Dar. Well, Sir, I'll go.

F. Luke. Come back here: Where are you going now? I warrant you're poſting away to the alehouſe; but I'll follow you; I'll meet you there, and if I catch you guzzling, if you dare call for a quart of ale before me.——

Dar. You'll drink half of it.

F. Luke. Go along, go. (*puſhes him off*) Oh! dear me! I'm only a poor pariſh prieſt here; and I profeſs I have more to do than a biſhop.

Fitz. I wiſh father you were a biſhop.

F. Luke. I wiſh to Heaven I was

Fitz. Well, well—who knows—all in good time—We ſhall have his Grace's intereſt—Such a thing may be done.

F. Luke. Oh, that nothing may hinder it!

AIR

AIR.—*Father Luke.*

An humble curate here am I,
The boys and girls director;
Yet ſomething whiſpers by and by,
I may be made a Rector:
Then I'll preach
And teach,
My ſheep and rams.
So well I'll mind my duty;
And Oh, my pretty ewes and lambs!
Your paſtor ſhall be true t'ye.

For tho' a ſimple fiſherman,
A dean'ry if I fiſh up,
So good I'll do the beſt I can,
And pray---to be a Biſhop.
To my preaching,
Teaching,
Then farewell.
No more with duty hamper'd,
But plump and ſleek,
My Rev'rend cheek;
Oh, how my lordſhip's pamper'd.

But, Sir, you're ſure of my niece Norah; and now I muſt attend ſome duties of my function among my pariſhioners. [*Exit.*

Fitz. Love for a young man! this is not ſo well: The firſt impreſſion of love upon the heart of an innocent young woman, is not eaſily, if ever eras'd; yet, the coldneſs of her carriage to me, rather checks my hopes than abates the ardor of my affections. (*F. Luke's door opens*) 'Tis ſhe; I fear to ſpeak to her, leſt I ſhou'd be obſerv'd by ſome of the villagers. (*retires*)

Enter

Enter NORAH, *from the Houſe.*

AIR.—*Norah.*

The meadows look chearful, the birds ſweetly ſing,
So gaily they carrol the praiſes of ſpring;
Tho' nature rejoices, poor Norah ſhall mourn,
Until her dear Patrick again ſhall return.

II.

Ye laſſes of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms!
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms;
Tho' ſattins and ribbons and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with ſuch feelings as mine.

What a beautiful morning! The primroſes and violets ſeem to have ſprung up ſince the ſun went down: If the graſs is not too wet, perhaps Kathlane will take a walk with me—but, ſhe's gone to walk with her ſweetheart Dermot: Well, if Patrick had'nt forſook me, I ſhou'dn't now want a companion.—Oh dear! here's the gentleman that my uncle is always teazing me about.

Fitz. A fine morning, Madam; but your preſence gives an additional luſtre to the beauties of this charming ſcene.

Nor. Sir. (*curtſies*)

Fitz. Beautiful Norah, has your uncle appriz'd you of the felicity I hope to derive from your compliance with his will, and my ardent wiſhes?

Nor. I don't know, Sir; he talk'd to me a great deal, but——

Fitz. (*taking her hand*) Nay, do not avert thoſe lovely eyes—look kindly on me.

AIR.

AIR.—*Fitzroy.*

For you deareſt maiden the pride of the village,
The town and it's pleaſures I freely reſign.
Delight ſprings from labor, and ſcience from tillage,
Where love, peace and innocence ſweetly combine.
Soft tender affection, what bliſs in poſſeſſing,
How bleſt when 'tis love that inſures us the bleſſing.
Careſs'd, Oh what rapture in mutual careſſing,
What joy can I wiſh for, was Norah but mine.

II.

The feaſts of gay faſhion with ſplendour invite us,
Where luxury, pride and her follies attend;
The banquet of reaſon alone ſhould delight us,
How ſweet the enjoyment when ſhar'd with a friend.
Be thou that dear friend then, my comfort, my pleaſure,
A look is my ſunſhine, a ſmile is my treaſure,
Thy lips if conſenting, give joy beyond meaſure,
A rapture ſo perfect, what joy can tranſcend!

Nor. Do, Sir, permit me to withdraw; our village is very cenſorious; and a gentleman being ſeen with me, will neither add to your honor or my reputation. [*Exit into houſe.*

Enter BAGATELLE. (*haſtily*)

Bag. Ah, Monſieur!

Fitz. Well, what's the matter?

Bag. Ah, Monſieur! I'm come—I'm come—to tell you—that—I'm out of breath.

Fitz. What's the matter?

Bag. It is all blown——

Fitz. I ſuppoſe my love affair here is diſcover'd. (*half aſide*)

Bag. Oui Monſieur, I have diſcover.——

Fitz.

Fitz. How, you?

Bag. All blown.

Fitz. The devil!

Bag. We muſt go to town.

Fitz. Diſcover'd—all blown—and we muſt go to town—

Bag. Oui Monſieur. I have diſcover dat all your Mareſchal poudre is blown out of devindre, and I muſt go to town for more.

Fitz. And is this the diſcovery that has made you run about the roads after me?

Bag. Non Monſieur; but I am come on de affaire of grande importance.

Fitz. Quick, what is it?

Bag. To know Monſieur, if you will dreſs to-day en queue or de twiſted club.

Fit. Is this your affair of grand importance?

Bag. Oui, I muſt make de preparation; oh, I did like to forget to tell you, dat his Grace, and all de fine Ladies wait for your honor's compa-ny in de breakfaſt parlour.

Fitz. Damn your impertinence, ſirrah; why didn't you tell me this at firſt? I ſhall have fifty ſcouts after me; follow and be in the way, as I ſhall want to dreſs.

[*Exit.*

Bag. Ah!—ah, ah, begar dis is de Prieſt's houſe, and I did meet him in de village. Fort bien, ah, 'tis bon opportunité to make de love to his neice; I vil finiſh de affaire with coup d'eclat—Somebody come—Now for Mademoi-ſelle Norah. [*Exit into Father Luke's houſe.*

Enter

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Well, here I am, after all the dangers of war return'd to my native village, two years older than I went; not much wiſer, up to the heart in love, and not a ſixpence in my pocket. (*Darby ſings without*) Isn't that Darby? 'tis indeed, and as fooliſh as ever.

Enter DARBY, *ſinging, ſtops ſhort, looks with ſurprize at* PATRICK.

Dar. Is it——Pat? (*runs to him*) My dear boy you're welcome, you're welcome my dear boy.

Pat. Thank you Darby: how are all friends ſince I left them.

Dar. Finely; except a cow of mine that died laſt Michaelmas.

Pat. But how is my dear Norah?

Dar. As pretty as ever. I muſtn't tell him of the Mounſeer that's about her houſe. (*aſide*) 'Twas a ſhame for you to turn ſoldier, and run away from her.

Pat. Cou'd I help it, when her ill-natur'd uncle refus'd me his conſent, and ſhe wou'dn't marry me without it.

Dar. Why Father Luke's very croſs indeed to us young lovers.—Eh, Pat, but let's look at you. Egad you make a tight little ſoldier enough; you'll have Norah: oh, if I thought I cou'd get Kathlane by turning ſoldier, I'd liſt tomorrow.

Pat. Well, I'll introduce you to the Serjeant.

Dar. Ay, do, if you pleaſe. I think I'd look very

pretty in a red coat, ha, ha, ha! *(ſeems delighted with Patrick's dreſs)* Let's ſee how the hat and feather becomes me? *(takes off Patrick's hat, and diſcovers a large ſcar on his forehead)* What's that?

Pat. Only a wound I got in battle.

Dar. Hem, take your hat; I don't think regimentals wou'd become me at all.

Pat. How! ha, ha, ha! what terrified at a ſcar, eh, Darby?

Dar. Me terrified! not I, I don't mind twenty ſcars, only it looks ſo conceited for a man to have a black patch upon his face; but how did you get that beauty ſpot?

Pat. In my attempt to ſave the life of an officer, I fell, and the bayonet of an American grenadier left me for dead, bleeding on the field.

Dar. Left for dead!

Pat. There was glory for you.

Dar. Hem! and ſo they found you bleeding in your glory?

Pat. Come now, I'll introduce you to the Serjeant.

Dar. *(looks out)* Hem! yes, I'm coming, Sir. *(ſeems as if anſwering ſomebody without)*

Pat. Oh, yonder is the Serjeant. *(looking out)* Where are you going?

Dar. To meet him. *(going the contrary way)* I'll be with you preſently, Sir. *(looks at Patrick)* Hem —glory—row de dow. [*Exit.*

Pat. Ha, ha, ha! the ſight of a wound is enough for poor Darby—but now to ſee my ſweet Norah, and then for a pitcher of friendſhip with my old companions.

AIR.—*Patrick.*

The wealthy fool with gold in ſtore,
Will ſtill deſire to grow richer;
Give me but health, I aſk no more,
My little girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend ſo rare,
My girl ſo fair,
With ſuch what mortal can be richer;
Poſſeſs'd of theſe, a fig for care,
My little girl, my friend and pitcher.

II.

From morning ſun, I'd never grieve,
To toil, a Hedger, or a Ditcher;
If that when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.

My friend, &c.

III.

Tho' fortune ever ſhuns my door,
(I know not what can thus bewitch her;)
With all my heart; can I be poor,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

My friend, &c.

[*Exit into houſe.*

SCENE II.

Inſide of FATHER LUKE'S *Houſe.*

BAGATELLE *diſcover'd, ſpeaking at a chamber door.*

Bag. I wou'd only ſpeak von vord vit you. Ouvrez la porte, ma chere; do open de door, Mademoiſelle Norah.

Nor.

Nor. (*within*) I requeſt, Sir, you'll go away.

Bag. Firſt give me de von little kiſs.

Nor. (*within*) Upon my word this is exceeding rude behaviour, and if my uncle finds you there, ſee what he'll ſay to you.

Bag. (*aſide*) Oh de Father Luke; begar he may be enragé—vel, I am going; Mademoiſelle Norah, I am going.

Pat. (*without*) Where is my charming Norah?

Bag. Ah, mal peſte! begar, I am all take. I vill hide. (*goes into a cloſet*)

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Eh! all the doors open, and nobody at home. (*knocks at the chamber door*) Who's here?

Nor. (*within*) You're a very rude man, and I deſire you'll leave the houſe.

Pat. Leave the houſe! a kind reception after two year's abſence.

Nor. Sure I know that voice.

Enter NORAH.

My Patrick!

Pat. My dear, dear Norah!

Nor. If I was dear to you, ah Patrick, how cou'd you leave me?

Pat. And were you ſorry for my going?

Nor. Judge of my ſorrow at your abſence, by theſe tears of joy for your return.

Pat. My ſweet girl! this precious moment makes amends for all the dangers and fatigues I've ſuffer'd ſince our parting.

Bag. Ah, pauvre Bagatelle! (*aſide*)

Pat. I heard a noiſe!

Nor. Oh heav'ns, if it ſhou'd be my uncle, —what ſhall I do? he's more averſe to our union than ever.—Hold, I'll run to the door.

Pat. And if you hear Father Luke coming up ſtairs, I'll ſtep in here. (*opens door, and diſcovers Bagatelle*) Is this your ſorrow for my abſence, and tears for my return?

Bag. Begar Monſieur, I am ſorry for your return.

Nor. How unlucky!

Bag. Monſieur, votre ſerviteur.

Pat. Shut up here with a raſcally Hair-dreſſer!

Bag. Hair-dreſſer! Monſieur, you ſhall give me de ſatisfaction; I vill challenge you, and I vill meet you vid——

Pat. With your Curling Irons.

Bag. Curling Irons! Ah, ſacre Dieu!

Pat. Hold your tongue, except you like to walk out of a window.

Bag. Monſieur, to oblige you, I vill valk out of de vindre, but I vou'd rather valk down ſtairs: I'm not particular in dat point.

Pat. March Sirrah! or I'll cudgel you while I can hold a ſplinter of Shelelah.

Bag. Cudgel! Monſieur, vill you take a pinch of ſnuff?—non! oh den I put up my box, and bid you bon jour, ſerviteur Mademoiſelle Norah. [*Exit.*

Pat. Ah, Norah! cou'd I have believed this of you?

Nor. Cou'd I have believ'd Patrick wou'd have harbour'd a thought to my diſadvantage? —And can you think me falſe?

Pat.

Pat. If I do Norah, my heart is the only ſufferer.

DUET.

Pat. A Roſe tree full in bearing,
Had ſweet flowers fair to ſee;
One Roſe beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me.
Tho' eager once to win it,
Lovely, blooming, freſh, and gay;
I find a Canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

Nor. How fine this morning early,
All ſun-ſhiny, clear and bright;
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Tho' loſt now each fond delight.
The clouds ſeem big with ſhowers,
Sunny beams no more are ſeen;
Farewell ye happy hours,
Your falſehood has chang'd the ſcene.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Country.

Enter PATRICK.

PATRICK.

AY, I'm but a common rank and file; it is not of this Frenchman I ſhou'd be jealous: my Norah I find has given her heart to an officer—no matter.

AIR.—*Patrick.*

Why breathe ſo rude, thou northern wind
Be gentle unto me;
I lov'd a maiden moſt unkind,
No fairer ſhall you ſee:
Her vows were ſoft as weſtern gale,
Whilſt flocks are penn'd in fold;
I thought ſhe liſten'd to my tale,
She left me, ah! for Gold.

Full featly ſexton with thy ſpade,
Oh make my bed a boon;
Yet tho' to reſt is Patrick laid,
Thy bells ring out this tune.

Beneath

Beneath this bank of tufted graſs,
Ye faithful ſwains be told,
Is laid the youth that lov'd the laſs,
Who left him, ah! for Gold.

[*Exit.*

Enter DARBY.

Dar. Ho Pat! Paddy! Ay there he goes ſinging about the roads like a diſcarded fowl; ſo am I, but why ſhou'd Kathleen like Dermot better nor I? Well, well, I'm ſure I'm as—ſhew me a compleater fellow—I can wreſtle—I'm a good hurler—I can cudgel—I can play upon the pipes, and I can dance—(*dances*) and I can—ſhew me a compleater fellow, that's all—(*Kathlane ſings without*) Oh, here ſhe comes.

Enter KATHLANE.

Kath. What are you there, fooliſh Darby?

Dar. Now am I puzzled whether to take a friendly glaſs of punch with Patrick yonder, or ſtay here and kiſs you.

Kath. So betwixt my lips and a glaſs of punch, you're the aſs between two bundles of——

Dar. Now I'm an aſs—you're a bundle of ſweet—ſince nobody's by I'll make hay while the ſun ſhines—kiſs me Kathlane and then I'll be in clover.

Kath. No, I'll not take ſuch a rake as you when I go a hay-making, I aſſure you.

Dar. See there now!

Kath. Ay, and ſee there again now, you know Darby I'am an heireſs, and ſo take your anſwer; you're no match for me.

Dar.

Dar. An heireſs! Why tho' your father, old Jorum that kept the Harp and Crown, left you well enough in the world, as a body may ſay, yet—

Kath. Well enough, you diſparaging fellow! Did'nt my poor father leave me a fortune of eleven pounds—a barrel of ale upon draught—the dappled mare, beſides the furniture of the whole houſe, which 'prais'd to the matter of thirty eight ſhillings! Well enough indeed!

Dar. (*ſoothing.*) Nay, but Kathlane—

Kath. (*Paſſionate.*) Well enough! And did'nt he leave me the bald filley, you puppy?

Dar. Oh, now ſhe's got upon the bald filley—the devil ca'n't take her down—

Kath. A pretty thing to ſay to a girl of my fortune.

AIR.—*Kathlane.*

Dermot's welcome as the May,
Chearful, handſome, and good natur'd;
Fooliſh Darby, get away,
Aukward, clumſy, and ill-featur'd:
Dermot prattles pretty chat;
Darby gapes like any oven:
Dermot's neat from ſhoe to hat;
Darby's but a dirty ſloven.
Lout looby,
Silly booby,
Come no more to me courting:
Was my deareſt Dermot here,
All is joy and gay ſporting.

II.

Dermot's teeth are white as egg,
Breath as ſweet as ſugar-candy:
Then he's ſuch a handſome leg;
Darby's knocky-kneed and bandy:

Dermot

Dermot walks a comely pace;
Darby like an Aſs goes ſtumping:
Dermot dances with ſuch grace:
Darby's dance is only jumping.
Lout looby,
Silly booby, &c.

[*Exit.*

Dar. So I muſt fall in love, I wiſh I'd firſt fell in the river; Oh dear! (*ſighs*)

Bag. (*without*) Oh, Monſieur Darby!

Dar. Lord this is Mr. Bag and tail the Monſieur.

Enter BAGATELLE.

Bag. Ah, ha! Monſieur Darby, begar I did look all about and I could no find you.

Dar. That's becauſe I'm ſo wrap'd in love.

Bag. Monſieur Pat ſhall fight a me.

Dar. Oh, you're going to fight Pat.

Bag. Oui, and dis is the deadly challenge, de lettee de mort.

Dar. Oh, what you'll leather him more.

Bag. Dis ſoldier Patrick did affront me before Mademoiſelle Norah, and I vil have de ſatisfaction—Begar I vill kill ſoldier Pat, and you ſall be my friend.

Dar. Can't you as well kill Dermot, and then you'll be my friend—but why kill Pat?

Bag. Ce Monſieur Pat, quel Barbare!

Dar. Oh, becauſe you're a barber.

Bag. Voud you affront me?

Dar. Not I.

Bag. You vil be my friend, if you vil give dis challenge to Monſieur Patrick.

Dar. Give it me—by the Lord Harry, man, he ſhall have it.

Bag. I vill not truſt dat Lord Harry's man—Give it yourſelf.

Dar. Well, I will.

Bag. Dere it is—Le Duc's coachman did write it for me as he is Englis.

Dar. Let's ſee. (*Opens it and reads.*) "Sir, "this comes hopping," "Hopping! I'll run all the way if that will do—"that you're in good "health, as I am at this preſent writing—I tell "you what friend, tho' you think yourſelf a "great officer, you don't make me walk out "of a window, and this comes to let you know "I'll have Norah in ſpite of you, I'll be damn'd "if I don't, and moreover than that, meet me "in the Elm Grove, at Seven in the Evening, "when you muſt give me ſatisfaction, but not "with curling irons, till then I'm yours, as in "duty bound."

Bag. Oui, dat is de etiquette of the challenge, I put no name for fear of de law.

Dar. It is not directed, but Pat ſhall have it.

Bag. Fort bien.

Dar. I know Pat is Norah's ſweetheart—but how did he affront you?

Bag. Affront, begar he did take off his hat and make me a low bow.

Dar. That was an affront indeed.

Bag. And den ſays he, Monſieur, I ſhould be much oblige to you if you vil do me the honour to valk out of the window.

Dar. Well you could not do leſs, he was ſo civil.

Bag. Ah ha, Monſieur, ſays I, begar I vil make you walk down ſtairs, vid dat I did lift my leg and give him one blow dat did kick him from de top to de bottom.

Dar.

Dar. You kickt him down ſtairs! and for that he muſt give you ſatisfaction,

Bag. Dat is it,—Monſieur Darby, I voud not truſt de upper domeſtiques at the Dukes, nor employ de lower ſervants upon dis affair of honour—You muſt come to de fight vid me—I have de piſtols.

Dar. Piſtols!

Bag. Oui, you ſall be my ſeconde.

Dar. Piſtols! Second—Eh, coud'nt I be third or fourth?

Bag. Ah, Monſieur, you are wrong, toute autre choſe.

Dar. Oh, I muſt get two other ſhoes.

(*looking at his feet.*

Bag. Non—Vel, Monſieur Darby, now I have ſent my challenge, I am ready in de duel to decide de point of honour, and ſo I vil go—bruſh my Maſter's coat. [*Exit.*

Dar. Piſtols! I don't much like giving this challenge to Pat—he's a devil of a fellow ſince he turned Soldier; the boy at the alehouſe ſhall give it him, for as Pat bid Monſieur walk out of a window, he may deſire me to walk up the chimney. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter NORAH.

Nor. No where can I find him, and I fear my uncle will miſs me from home.—My letter muſt have convinc'd him how he wrong'd me by his ſuſpicions.

AIR.—*Norah.*

Deareſt youth why thus delay,
And leave me here a mourning;
Ceaſeleſs tears while thou'rt away,
Muſt flow for thy returning.
Winding brooks if by your ſide,
My careleſs love is ſtraying;
Gently murmur, ſoftly chide,
And ſay for him I'm ſtaying.

II.

Meads and Groves I've wander'd o'er,
In vain dear youth to find thee;
Come, ah come and part no more,
Nor leave thy love behind thee.
On yon green hill I'll ſit till night,
My careful watch ſtill keeping;
But if he then not bleſs my ſight,
I'll lay me down a weeping.

He comes—My Patrick!

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. My dear Norah, excuſe my delay; but ſo many old acquaintances in the village.

Nor. You had my letter?

Pat. Yes, and I'm aſham'd of my folly, to be jealous of ſuch a Baboon too.

Nor. Aye, he'd be ſoon diſcharg'd if his maſter Capt. Fitzroy knew of his preſumption.

Pat. Ah, Norah, I feel more terror at that one Captain's name, than I did at the ſight of a whole army of enemies, drawn up in battle array againſt me.

Nor. My deareſt Patrick only be conſtant, love me as I think you do, and mine is fixt on ſuch

ſuch a baſis of permanent affection, as never to be ſhaken.

Pat. And can you prefer a poor foot ſoldier to a Captain, my ſweet Norah?

Nor. Ah, my Patrick, you may be only a private in the army, but you're a Field-Officer here. (*lays her hand to her heart*)

Pat. Charming, generous girl!

AIR.—*Patrick.*

Tho' Leixſlip is proud of it's cloſe ſhady bowers,
It's clear falling waters and murmuring caſcades,
Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of ſweet flowers,
Its lads ſo well dreſs'd and its neat pretty maids.
As each his own village muſt ſtill make the moſt of,
In praiſe of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong;
Dear Carton containing what kingdoms may boaſt of,
'Tis Norah, dear Norah the theme of my ſong.

II.

Be gentlemen fine with their ſpurs and nice boots on,
Their horſes to ſtart on the Currah Kildare,
Or dance at a ball with their ſunday new ſuits on,
Lac'd waiſtcoat, white gloves and their neat powder'd hair.
Poor Pat while ſo bleſt in his mean humble ſtation,
For gold or for acres he never ſhall long;
One ſweet ſmile can give him the wealth of a nation,
From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my ſong.

Enter FITZROY *behind in a plain ſcarlet frock and round hat.*

Fit. (*aſide*) My little country wife in company with a common ſoldier!

Nor. Don't fail to come to our houſe as you promis'd, for at that time my uncle will be down at Dermot's.—I've a notion 'twill be a match

match between him and Kathleen, my uncle's her guardian—Adieu my Patrick. You'll come early. (*parting tenderly*) [*Exit Norah.*

Pat. Happy Dermot! his Kathleen had not charms to attract the attention of this gentleman, but becauſe Norah is moſt beautiful, Patrick is moſt unhappy.

Fitz. (*aſide*) This is a timely and fortunate diſcovery—If I had married her, I ſhould have been in a hopeful way—I'll endeavour to conceal my emotions and ſpeak to this fellow. (*advancing*) A pretty girl you've got there, brother ſoldier.

Pat. She's handſome, Sir.

Fitz. You ſeem to be well with her—eh?

Pat. (*ſighs*) But without her.—

Fitz. Oh, then you think you ſhall be without her?

Pat. Yes, Sir.

Fitz. What parts you?

Pat. My poverty.

Fitz. Why, ſhe don't ſeem to be rich.

Pat. No, Sir, but my rival is.

Fitz. Oh, you've a rival?

Pat. I have, Sir.

Fitz. Now for a character of myſelf. (*aſide*) Some rich raſcal, I ſuppoſe.

Pat. Sir, I envy his riches only, becauſe they give him a ſuperior claim to my Norah; and for your other epithet, I'm ſure he don't deſerve it.

Fitz. How ſo?

Pat. Becauſe he's an officer, and therefore a man of honor.

Fitz. It's a pity, my friend, that you're not an officer, you ſeem to know ſo well what an officer ſhould be—pray, have you been in any action?

Pat.

Pat. I have ſeen ſome ſervice in America, Sir.

Fitz. Carolina?

Pat. Yes, Sir; I was at the croſſing of Beattie's Ford.

Fitz. (*with emotion*) Indeed!

Pat. I'd an humble ſhare too, in our victory of the 15th March at Guilford, under our brave officers, Webſter, Leſlie, and Tarleton.

Fitz Were you in the action at Beattie's Ford?

Pat. Here's my witneſs, Sir. (*takes off his hat*) I receiv'd this wound in the reſcue of an officer who, having fall'n, muſt have periſh'd by a determin'd bayonet.

Fitz. By heav'n! the very ſoldier that ſav'd my life. (*aſide*) then I ſuppoſe he rewarded you handſomely?

Pat. I look't for no reward, Sir.—I fought—'twas my duty as a ſoldier; to protect a fall'n man was but an office of humanity.—Good morning to your honor.—

Fitz. Where are you going now my friend?

Pat. To abandon my country for ever.

Fitz. (*aſide*) Poor fellow!—But, my lad, I think you'd beſt keep the field, for if the girl likes you, ſhe'll certainly prefer you to your wealthy rival.

Pat. And for that reaſon I'll reſign her to him. As I love her, I'll leave her to the good fortune ſhe merits; 'twould be only love to myſelf ſhould I involve her in my indigence.

Fitz. You'll take your leave of her tho'?

Pat. No, Sir—I told her I'd meet her at her uncle's, but I think it better even to break a promiſe, than expoſe her to the pangs of a ſeparation, which, without ſelf-flattery, I know muſt grieve her tender heart.

Fitz.

Fitz. Well, but my lad, take my advice and ſee the girl once again before you go.

Pat. Sir, I'm oblig'd to you—you muſt be a good natur'd gentleman, and I'll take your advice.—Then I will venture to ſee my Norah once more, for if even Father Luke turns me out of his houſe, I ſhan't be much diſappointed.

AIR.—*Patrick.*

Farewell my dear Norah, adieu to ſweet peace,
Ah, ſay cruel fate, when my ſorrow ſhall ceaſe;
I fear'd neither muſket nor cannon nor ſword,
Farewell is my terror, for death's in that word!
Yet farewell to Norah, adieu to ſweet peace,
Ah, ſay, cruel fate when my ſorrow ſhall ceaſe.

[*Exit Patrick.*

Fitz. What a noble ſpirit—there let the embroider'd epaulet take a cheap leſſon of bravery, honor and generoſity from ſixpence a day and worſted lace.

Enter Boy *with a letter.*

Boy. Pray, Sir, are you the man in the red coat?

Fitz Ha, ha, ha! Why, yes, my little hero, I think I am the man in the red coat.

Boy. Then Darby deſir'd me to give you that.

[*Exit unperceived.*

Fitz. (*opening the letter*) Darby! a new correſpondent—(*reads*) "This comes hopping,——duty bound."—A curious challenge, and pray my little friend, where is this Mr. Darby. (*looks round*) Eh! why the herald is off—my Norah ſeems to have plenty of lovers here—but how has my attachment tranſpir'd? Seven o'clock in the

the Elmgrove—Well, we ſhall ſee what ſort of Hero Mr. Darby is.—This charming girl! A pretty ſnare maſter Cupid has led me into. How unlucky, to erect ſo fair a manſion on another man's foundation!

AIR.—*Fitzroy.*

Thou little cheat, return my heart,
For if you've loſt your own,
'Tis but at beſt a roguiſh art,
To coax poor me with mine to part
And yours for ever gone.

Hence ye graces, ſmiles, and loves.
Tender ſigh and falling tear,
Venus harneſs all thy doves,
Cupid quit thy manſion here.

Heal my wound and ſooth my pain,
Roſy Bacchus chear my ſoul;
If the urchin comes again,
Drown him in thy flowing bowl.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Outſide of DERMOT'S *Cottage.*

Enter FATHER LUKE *and* DERMOT.

F. Luke. Well now Dermot, I've come to your houſe with you—what is this buſineſs?

Der. Oh, Sir, I'll tell you.

F. Luke. Unburthen your conſcience to me, child—ſpeak freely—you know I'm your ſpiritual confeſſor, ſo I muſt examine into the ſtate of your ſoul—tell me—have you tapp'd the barrel of ale yet?

Der. That I have, Sir, and you ſhall taſte it.

[*Exit.*

F. Luke. Aye, he wants to come round me for my ward Kathlane.

Re-enter DERMOT *with Ale.*

My dear child, what's that?

Der. Only your favorite brown jug, Sir.—

F. Luke. (*taking it*) Now, child, why will you do theſe things? (*drinks*)

Der. I'll prime him well before I mention Kathlane.—Its a hard heart that a ſup can't ſoften. (*aſide*)

F. Luke. Boy, what ſignifies your jug, you know I don't think of it without a tender ſong—you're a country lad and a ſhepherd, and a lover.

Der. All that I ſurely am, Sir.

AIR.—DERMOT.

My ſheep feaſt on flowers, and fine is their wool,
My dog he is faithful my bottle is full:
And green is the paſture, and blue is the ſky,
And Aura ſoft whiſpers in amorous ſigh.
A note from my pipe is the joy of the plain,
That couples in dancing the nymph and the ſwain.
Tho' ſmiles of bright ſummer encircle my year,
Alas! all is nothing---Kathlena's not here!

Gay Shelah preſents me a bowl of ſweet cream,
Fond Oonah requeſts I'd interpret her dream;
For ſaving two lambs that fell into the brook,
Each wove me a chaplet to hang on my crook.
All mine are the meadows that round I behold,
And mine are the flocks that at ſun-ſet I fold,
My neighbours are cheerful, their friendſhip ſincere,
Alas! all is nothing---Kathlena's not here;

[*Exit into the Houſe.*

Enter

Enter DARBY.

Dar. How do you do, Father Luke?

F. Luke. Go away Darby, you're a rogue.

Dar. Father Luke, conſent that I ſhall marry Kathlane.

F. Luke. You marry Kathlane, you reprobate!

Dar. Give her to me, and I'll give your rev'rence a ſheep.

F. Luke. Oh, well, I always thought you were a boy that woud come to good—a ſheep!—You ſhall have Kathlane—You've been very wicked.

Dar. Not I, Sir.

F. Luke. What! an't I your prieſt, and know what wickedneſs is—but repent it and marry.

Dar. Yes, Sir, I'll marry and repent it.

AIR.—*F. Luke.*

You know I'm your Prieſt and your conſcience is mine,
But if you grow wicked it's not a good ſign;
So leave off your raking and marry a Wife
And then my dear Darby you're ſettled for life.
Sing Ballynomona Oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

II

The banns being publiſh'd to Chapel we go,
The Bride and the Bride-groom in coats white as ſnow,
So modeſt her air and ſo ſheepiſh your look,
You out with your ring and I pull out my book.
Sing, Ballynomona Oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb

III.

I thumb out the place and I then read away,
She bluſhes at love, and ſhe whiſpers obey,
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I ſhut up my Book and I pocket your gold.
Sing Ballynomona Oro,
The ſnug little Guinea for me.

IV.

The neighbours wiſh joy to the Bridegroom and Bride,
The piper before us, you march ſide by ſide,
A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face,
The piper plays up, myſelf I ſay grace.
Sing Ballynomona Oro,
A good wedding dinner for me.

You ſhall have Kathlane and here ſhe comes.
Dar. (*Bowing.*) Thank you, Sir. [*Both retire.*

Enter KATHLANE, *with a bird in a Cage.*

AIR.—*Kathlane.*

Sweet bird I caught thee in thy neſt
And fondling plac'd thee in my breaſt,
When thou wert helpleſs, weak and young,
Unfledg'd thou couds't not wing the air,
I cheriſh'd thee with tender care,
Be grateful pay me with a ſong.

Ah what to thee are groves and fields,
The tempting gifts gay Flora yields,
Why pant and flutter to be free?
Ten thouſand dangers are abroad,
Then in thy ſmall, but ſafe abode,
Content and cheerful ſing for me.

Thou

Thou thinks't not of the various ills
The wintry blaſt that often kills,
I'd fain thy little life prolong,
The ruffian Hawk preſcribes it's date,
The levell'd gun is charg'd with fate,
Here brave them in thy warbling ſong.

Oh, Father, is Dermot within, Sir?

F. Luke. Kathlane, don't think of Dermot.—To her man, put your beſt leg foremoſt.

Dar. I don't know which is my beſt leg.

F. Luke. Go—(*makes ſigns to Darby.*)

Dar. Oh, I muſt go and give her a kiſs. (*kiſſes her.*) He, he, he!—what ſweet lips! he, he, he!—Speak for me, Sir.

F. Luke. Hem!—Child Kathlane—Is the ſheep fat?

Dar. As bacon!

F. Luke. Child, this boy will make you a good huſband, won't you Darby?

Dar. Yes, Sir.

Kath. Indeed Father Luke, I'll have nobody but Dermot.

F. Luke. I tell you child, Dermot's an ugly man and a bad chriſtian.

Enter DERMOT.

Dar. Yes Dermot's a bad man and an ugly chriſtian.

F. Luke. Come here Dermot, take your mug, you empty fellow, (*throws it away*) I am going to marry Kathlane here, and you muſt give her away.

Der. Give her away! I muſt have her firſt, and it was to aſk your conſent that I—

F. Luke. Eh, what! you marry her! no ſuch thing—put it out of your head.

Der.

Der. If that's the caſe, Father Luke, the two ſheep that I intended as a preſent for you, I'll drive to the fair to-morrow and get drunk with the money. [*Going.*

F. Luke. (*pauſes.*) Hey, two ſheep! (*aſide.*) Come back here; it's a ſin to get drunk.—Darby if you've nothing to do, get about your buſineſs.

Dar. Sir!

F. Luke. Dermot, Child! Is'nt it this evening I am to marry you to Kathlane?

Dar. Him! why lord Sir, it's me that you're to marry to her.

F. Luke. You, you ordinary fellow!

Dar. Yes Sir, you know I'm to give you—

F. Luke. (*Apart to Dermot.*) Two ſheep? (*loud to Darby.*) You don't marry Kathlane.

Dar. No!

F. Luke. No, 'tis two to one againſt you. So get away Darby.

Kath. and Der. Aye, get away Darby.

F. Luke. (*To Kath. and Der.*) Children, I expect Capt. Fitzroy at my houſe for my niece Norah and I'll couple you all as ſoon as I clap my thumb upon matrimony.

QUARTETTE.—*F. Luke, Dermot, Darby and Kathlane.*

Kath. to Der. You the point may carry
If a while you tarry.
To Dar. But for you
I tell you true,
No, you I'll never marry.
Cho. You the point, &c.

Der. Care our ſouls diſowning,
Punch our ſorrows drowning,
Laugh and love,
And ever prove
Joys, joys our wiſhes crowning.
Cho. Care our, &c.

Dar.

Dar. To the church I'll hand her,
(*Offers to take her hand, ſhe refuſes.*)
Then thro' the world I'll wander,
I'll ſob and ſigh
Until I die,
A poor forſaken Gander.

Cho. To the church, &c.

F. Luke. Each pious Prieſt ſince Moſes,
One mighty truth diſcloſes,
You're never vext,
If this the text
Go fuddle all your noſes.

Cho. Each pious, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Grove.

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Who can this challenger be? Some hay-maker perhaps meet me with a reaping hook, ha, ha, ha!

Bag. (*without.*) Venez ici.

Fitz. (*Looking out.*) Eh, my man Bagatelle.—Ah, the officious puppy I ſuppoſe has heard of the affair, and is come to prevent miſchief.

Bag. (*Without.*) Come along Monſieur Darby.

Fitz. Darby! the name the boy mentioned—Let's ſee. [*Retires.*

Enter

Enter DARBY, *with a Piſtol, and* BAGATELLE, *with a Sword.*

Dar. Mr. Bag and Tail.

Bag. Well?

Dar. When I fall, as to be ſure I ſhall—that is, if Pat's ſecond is as wicked as I am, bring my corpſe to Dermot and Kathlane's wedding.

Bag. I vil Monſieur Darby.

Dar. But do you think I may be kill'd?

Bag. Very like.

Dar. Hem!—He's not here—we'll go home.

Bag. Ah, ha! firſt I vill fight him vid de piſtol and den I vil fight him vid de ſword.

Dar. I'd rather you'd fight him with the ſword firſt.

Bag. Pourquoi—why ſo?

Dar. Becauſe I long to ſee a little ſword play, and if you ſhould be killed with the piſtols, then I'm diſappointed.

Fitz. (*aſide.*) Can Bagatelle be the challenger?

Dar. When Pat ſhoots I get behind you.---- (*ſtands at his back*) You're curſed thin, one might as well ſtand behind a pitch fork; I wiſh you were fatter.

Bag. Ah, Diable! wou'd you have me Dutchman?

Dar. Indeed I wou'd upon this occaſion---I'd rather fight behind a Dutch Weaver than a French Churchwarden.

Bag. Soldier Pat did bid me valk out of de vinder.---Ah, ha, begar I vil make him valk out of de vorld.

Fitz. (*Advances.*) Servant Gentlemen.

Bag. Mon Maitre!

Fitz.

Fitz. So you ſend challenges, you raſcal. (*ſhews letter to Darby*)

Dar. Me, Sir! Not I, Sir—Oh! yes, Sir, I—No, Sir, I got it from Monſieur Bag and Tail. (*frightened*)

Bag. (*aſide*) Ah diantre!

Fitz. (*to Bagatelle*) Had you the impudence to write ſuch a letter as this?

Bag. Non, Monſieur—the Duke's coachman.

Fitz. Coachman, ſirrah!

Bag. Oui, Monſieur—I vil tell your Honor all touchant cet affaire. Sir, I was—

Dar. Hold your jabbering—I'll tell the whole ſtory in three words. Sir, you muſt know, Pat, the ſoldier—No—Monſieur Bag and Tail—was—Father Luke's houſe—come up ſtairs—no—Norah bid him—ſays Pat, ſays he—(*to Bagatelle*) What did he ſay? Oh, ſhe ſhut the door—out of the window: and before Pat could—no—after—how was it? (*to Bagatelle*)

Bag. Oui, dat vas de whole affair.

Dar. Yes, Sir, that was the whole affair.

Fitz. Upon my word, very clearly explain'd.

Dar. Yes, I didn't go to ſchool for nothing.

Fitz. I find my little Norah is the object of univerſal gallantry. (*aſide*)

Bag. Ah, Monſieur.

Fitz. Begone, ſirrah; and if ever I find y u concern'd in letters of this kind again, you ge a lettre de catchet.

Bag. Ah malheureux! [*Exit.*

Dar. (*calling after him*) Yes, Monſieur, you'd better ſtick to the curling irons.

Fitz. Yes, my friend, and you had better ſtick to your flail and ſpade than meddle with ſword and piſtol. None but gentlemen ſhou'd

have privilege to murder one another in an honorable way; but, when duelling thus deſcends, let them be aſham'd of a practice, the fatal conſequences of which precludes him from hope of mercy who dies in the commiſſion of a premeditated crime, and delivers the ſurvivor to the ſharpeſt pains of remorſe. (*going*)

Dar. One word, Sir, if you pleaſe.

Fitz. (*returning*) Well, my honeſt friend!

Dar. Now, Sir, Kathlane's quite loſt, there's one thing troubles me; and I'll leave it to you which of the two, Dermot or I, is the prettieſt boy for it?

Fitz. Ha, ha, ha! Stupid ſcoundrel! [*Exit.*

Dar. Stupid ſcoundrel! You a captain! Halloo, corporal! (*calls after Fitzroy*)

Re-enter FITZROY.

Fitz. (*threat'ning*) How!

Dar. (*turning and calling to the other ſide*) I ſay you, corporal. [*Exit Fitzroy.*

Dar. Such a ſwaggerer! Aye, I muſt go to town, and learn to talk to theſe people.

AIR.—*Darby.*

Since Kathlane has prov'd ſo untrue,
Poor Darby, ah! what can you do?
No longer I'll ſtay here a clown,
But ſell off, and gallop to town:
I'll dreſs, and I'll ſtrut with an air,
The barber ſhall frizzle my hair.

II.

In Dublin I'll cut a great daſh;
But how for to compaſs the caſh?

At

At gaming, perhaps. I may win,
With cards I can take the flats in:
Or trundle falſe dice, and they're nick'd;
If found out, I ſhall only be kick'd.

III.

But, firſt, for to get a great name
A duel eſtabliſh my fame;
To my man then a challenge I'll write,
But, firſt, I'll take care he won't fight:
We'll ſwear not to part 'till we fall,
Then ſhoot with our powder, and---the devil a ball.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V; *and laſt.*

Inſide of FATHER LUKE'S *Houſe.*

F. Luke. (*within*) Aye, I'll teach you to run after ſoldiers.

Nor. (*within*) Dear, Sir!

Enter FATHER LUKE *and* NORAH.

F. Luke. Come along. If you won't have Captain Fitzroy you go to Boulogne. Pat, the ſoldier, indeed! I'll ſend you to a convent—I will by my function.

Nor. Sir, I am contented.

F. Luke. Contented! Very fine. So you put me into a paſſion, and now you're contented. Go—get in there, Mrs. Knapſack, (*puts her in, and locks the door*) (*taps at the door with the key*) conſent to marry Captain Fitzroy, or there you ſtay 'till I ſhip you for France.

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Eh, Father Luke! Who's going to France?

F. Luke. Only a young lady here within, Sir, that's a little refractory. She won't marry you, Sir.

Fitz. Refuſe my hand! Well, that I did not expect. But do you reſign her to me, Sir?

F. Luke. There, with that key, I deliver up my authority. (*gives key*) And now, if I can find Mr Patrick, her ſoldier, he goes to the county gaol for a vagabond. A jade! to loſe the opportunity of making herſelf a lady, and me a biſhop. [*Exit.*

Fitz. Oh! here is her ſoldier. Now, "I muſt ſeem cruel only to be kind."

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Well, Sir, by your advice I have ventur'd here, like a ſpy, into the enemy's camp.

Fitz (*ſternly*) Pray, my friend, were you ever brought to the halberts?

Pat. Sir!

Fitz. How came you abſent from your regiment? have you a furlough?

Pat. (*confus'd*) Not about me, Sir.

Fitz. I have the honor to bear the King's commiſſion, and am oblig'd to take you up for a deſerter.

Pat. Sir, it was a reliance on your honor and good nature that trapann'd me here; therefore, I hope you won't exert an authority which I had no ſuſpicion, at that time, you had a right to.

Fitz.

Fitz. No talk, Sir; it was for the good of the ſervice I trapann'd you hither, as you call it. I've a proper perſon prepar'd here, into whoſe cuſtody I ſhall deliver you. (*unlocks the door*)

Pat. What a cruel piece of treachery! (*aſide*)

Fitz. (*preſenting Norah*) Since you reject me, madam, here's one that will know how to deal with you.

Nor. My Patrick!

Pat. Oh, Norah! if this is real, let's kneel and thank our benefactor.

Fitz. No, Patrick, you were my deliverer; I am that very officer whoſe life you ſav'd at Beatti's Ford, and the identical Captain Fitzroy who wou'd have depriv'd you of a treaſure I now deliver to you with joy, as the reward of your generoſity, valour, and conſtancy.

F. Luke. (*without*) No, I can't find the runaway-raſcal.

Pat. Your uncle!

Nor. Oh, heavens!

Fitz. Don't be alarm'd.

Enter FATHER LUKE, DERMOT, DARBY, *and* KATHLANE.

F. Luke. What's here! Patrick! Dermot and Darby, lay hold of him.

Der. Not I.

Dar. I'm no conſtable.

F. Luke. I ſay take him. The ſerjeant ſhall lay hold of him.

Dar. Why, Sir, the white ſerjeant has laid hold of him.

Fitz. Dear Sir, don't be ſo violent againſt a young man that you'll preſently marry to your niece.

F. Luke.

F. Luke. Me!

Fitz. Don't you wiſh to be a biſhop?

F. Luke. A fine road to bring a foot ſoldier into my family; then a halbert muſt be my croſier, and my mitre a grenadiers cap, a common ſoldier indeed!

Fitz. He's no longer ſo, I have a commiſſion to diſpoſe of, and I cannot ſet a higher value on it, than by beſtowing it on one ſo worthy.

F. Luke. An officer! Oh, that's another thing.

Dar. Pat an officer! I'll liſt to-morrow in ſpite of the black patch.

Pat. Sir, tho' it's a vain attempt, my ſweet Norah and I ſhall endeavour to deſerve your patronage and goodneſs.

Kath. (to Norah.) My dear Norah, I wiſh you joy.

Dar. (apart to Kathlane) How dare you make ſo free with an officer's lady?

F. Luke. But Captain, why do you give up my Niece?

Fitz. Sir, the Captain thought himſelf unworthy of her, when he found ſuperior merit in the poor Soldier.

FINALE.

Fitz. More true felicity I ſhall find
When thoſe are join'd, (*to Pat. and Nor.*)
By fortune kind;
How pleaſing to me,
So happy to ſee,
Such merit and virtue united.

Nor. No future ſorrows can grieve us,
If you will pleaſe to forgive us;
To each kind friend
We lowly bend, (*curtſies*)
Your pardon---with joy we're delighted.

Pat.

Pat. With my commiſſion, yet deareſt life,
My charming wife,
When drum and fife
Shall beat up to arms,
The plunder your charms,
In love your poor ſoldier you'll find me.

Kath. Love my petition has granted,
I get the dear lad that I wanted,
Leſs pleas'd with a duke,
When good Father Luke
To my own little Dermot has join'd me.

Dar. You impudent huſſey, a pretty rate
Of love you prate,
But hark ye, Kate,
Your dear little lad
Will find that his pad
Has got a nice---kick in her gallop.

F. Luke. Now, Darby, upon my ſalvation,
You merit excommunication,
In love but agree,
And ſhortly you'll ſee
In marriage I'll ſoon tie you all up.

Der. The devil a bit o'me cares a bean,
For neat and clean
We'll both be ſeen,
Myſelf and my laſs
Next Sunday at maſs,
And there we'll be coupled for ever.

Pat. The laurel I've won in the field, Sirs,
Yet now in a garden I yield, Sirs,
Nor think it a ſhame
Your mercy to claim,
Your mercy's my ſword and my ſhield, Sirs.

THE END.

MODERN ANTIQUES;

OR,

THE MERRY MOURNERS.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1789.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cockletop,	Mr. QUICK.
Frank,	Mr. MUNDEN.
Hearty,	Mr. WILSON.
Joey,	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Napkin,	Mr. CUBITT.
Thomas,	Mr. THOMPSON.
John,	Mr. BLURTON.
Mrs. Cockletop,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Mrs. Camomile,	Miſs. CHAPMAN.
Belinda,	Mrs. HARLOWE.
Flounce,	Mrs. ROCK.
Nan,	Mrs. WELLS.
Betty,	

SCENE, *London.*

MODERN ANTIQUES;

OR,

THE MERRY MOURNERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

MRS. CAMOMILE's *Houſe.*

Enter MRS. CAMOMILE *and* BETTY.

MRS. CAMOMILE.

BETTY, any body here, ſince?

Bet. No, Madam, but here's a ſtrange Servant.

Mrs. Cam. True, Mrs. Cockletop deſired me as I paſſed along Charing-Croſs, to enquire for one for her at the Regiſter-office.—Ha, ha, ha! She's too fine a lady to look after theſe things herſelf.

Bet. Walk up, young man. [*Exit Betty.*

Enter JOEY.

Joey. Sarvant. (*nods*)

Mrs. Cam. Quite a ruſtic! How long have you been in Town?

Joey Our Town?

Mrs. Cam. London.

Joey. I thought as how you meant our Town. I com'd from Yerkſop, in the county of Norfolk, to get a place.

Mrs. Cam. Your name?

Joey. What of it?

Mrs. Cam. What is it?

Joey. Oh, my name is Joey; but volks call'd me Mr. Joey all the way up, thof I com'd upon the Coach roof; for as it's near Chriſtmas time, all the inſide paſſengers were Turkeys. I quitted our village in a huff with one Nan Holliday, my ſweetheart; cauſe why, ſhe got jealous and ſaucy given.

Mrs. Cam. The wages that this Lady gives to her footboy, are eight Guineas a year.

Joey. Guineas! that wo'n't do I muſt have eight Pounds.

Mrs. Cam. Well, if you inſiſt upon pounds, ha, ha, ha!

Joey. Oh, I'm hired. (*lays his hat and ſtick on the table*)

Mrs. Cam. You can give and take a meſſage?

Joey. Yes, ſure.

(*A loud Knocking without.*)

Mrs. Cam. Then let's ſee? Run.

Joey. Where?

Mrs. Cam. To the door, you blockhead.

Joey. (*goes to the room door and ſtands*) Well, I be's at the door—What now?

Mrs.

Mrs. Cam. Open the Street door.

Joey. Oh! (*going*) Here comes a Lady.

Mrs. Cam. Come up when you hear the bell.

Joey. Theſe gentlefolks don't moind what trouble they give a poor zarvant man. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Cam. Belinda!

Enter BELINDA.

Bel. My dear friend! I've quitted Southampton Boarding-ſchool, without leave tho'.

Mrs. Cam. My ſweet girl, I'm very glad to ſee you; but is this a prudent ſtep?

Bel. To be ſure, when I was kept there ſo long againſt my will, by my aunt.

Mrs. Cam. Ah Belinda, confeſs the truth: wasn't it to ſee your uncle's nephew Frank, that you have ſcamper'd up to town?

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! 'Pon my honor, you're a witch: but ſuppoſe ſo, why not? you and I were ſchoolfellows t'other day, yet, here you're married: but, apropos, how is your huſband?

Mrs. Cam. The Doctor is well.

Bel. You're already happy with the man you love, while I'm kept at a boarding-ſchool; when I am able, even to teach my dancing-maſter.

Mrs. Cam. Why, my dear Belinda, ſince your laſt letter, I've been planning ſchemes, how to make you happy with the man you love.

Bel. My good creature, do tell me?

Mrs. Cam. You know if your uncle Mr. Cockletop's tooth but aches, he fancies he'll die directly, if he hasn't my huſband Dr. Camomile's advice; he's the grand oracle of his health, the Barometer and Thermometer of his animal ſyſtem. Now, as the Doctor is at Wincheſter on a vint

a viſit to ſome of his College chums, and w'on't leave his good orthodox bottle of Old Port to viſit him here in London; he ſhall viſit the Doctor at Wincheſter, if we can but get your Uncle to leave town, on that hangs my grand ſcheme for the eſtabliſhment of you and Frank.—Your Aunt's maid Mrs. Flounce, and Mr. Napkin the butler, are my confederates.

Bel. Oh, charming! but I muſt know it tho'.

Enter JOEY, *(ſtands ſome time).*

Joey. Well?

Bel. And well.

Joey. I'm com'd up as you bid me.

Mrs. Cam. But you ſhou'dn't have come 'till you heard the bell.

Joey, And, wounds! it's wringing yonder enough to pull the Church-ſteeple down.

Mrs. Cam. and Bel. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Cam. Joey, carry thoſe to your new maſter's. (*to Belinda*) Plants and ſimples, cull'd for him by the Doctor, your uncle will now be a Botaniſt, as well as an Antiquarian. (*Joey takes up the ſack*)

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! But my toniſh aunt's new fangled rage for private Theatricals are to the full, as unaccountably ridiculous as my crazy uncle's paſſion for muſty antiquities.

Mrs. Cam. Well Belinda, I'm going there directly on your affairs.

Bel. My kind friend!

Mrs. Cam. Call a coach. (*Joey takes his ſtick, and puts on Belinda's hat*) Ha, ha, ha! why, you've put on the Lady's hat.

Joey.

Joey. (*Takes it off, then compares them.*) One wou'd think the Lady had put on mine.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Camomile and Belinda.*

Your London Ladies are ſo manified with their ſwich rantans, and their coats, and their waiſt-coats, and watch-chain bobbities, and their tip-top hats, and their cauliflow'r cravats, that, ecod, no mark of their being women, but the Petticoat. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

MRS. COCKLETOP'*s Dreſſing Room.*

MRS. COCKLETOP *diſcovered at her Toilet,* FLOUNCE *attending.*

Mrs. Coc. What a ſtrange incident, my marrying this old Mr. Cockletop! Pon my honor, were I ſingle, I'd have the moſt beautiful Theatre in my houſe, and his nephew Frank ſhould be the manager—of late he looks at me in a very particular manner; I can ſcarce think it poſſible for thoſe features to ſtrike him with admiration. (*looking in the glaſs*)

Flounce. Ma'm thoſe features muſt ſtrike every body with admiration. (*looking at herſelf in the glaſs over Mrs. Cockletop's ſhoulder*)

Mrs. Coc. You flatter them.

Flounce. Not in the leaſt, Ma'am; but what ſignifies your beauty, or my ſkill in ſetting it off, my maſter, ſince he's turn'd his brain—

Mrs.

Mrs. Coc. Ay, ſince my huſband has commenced antiquarian, with his curioſities.

Flounce. Foreign cockle-ſhells, mouldy farthings, and all his old faſhion'd trumperies. I dare ſay he'd ſell you for the wing of a butterfly.

Mrs. Coc. Flounce, I'll take you to ſee Lear to-morrow night at Lord Rantum's private Theatre.

Flounce. Thankye Ma'am. But Miſs Topits maid told me, all of them except your Ladyſhip, made a ſtrange piece of bungling work of their play there laſt Wedneſday.

Mrs. Coc. Work! Oh heavens! If Shakeſpeare could have taken a peep at them, ha, ha, ha!—Romeo and Juliet the play—a hot diſpute aroſe on the text—Mrs. Melpomene inſiſting an error o'the preſs in, "Juliet is the ſun," for, ſays ſhe, (*mimicking*) "Isn't Juliet a woman's name!" Certainly replies Sir Colly Comment. (*mimicking*) "And is'nt Romeo talking to this very young lady in the balcony?"—Moſt certain, mem, "Oh, oh, then, certainly (ſays ſhe) the poet meant "Inſtead of Juliet is the ſon, that Romeo ſhould ſay, it is the Eaſt, and Juliet is the daughter"—Ha, ha, ha! then the Romeo and Paris were real rivals for the love of——I was the Juliet—you know Flounce, how I look'd when I left my toilet here.

Flounce. Charming! I don't wonder if they fit about you.

Mrs. Coc. Flounce, you're near it—for in the tomb ſcene, Romeo, inſtead of a foil, (uſual in thoſe caſes) whips out a ſword on the noble County Paris, who ſuppoſing malice prepence, prudently before a lunge cou'd be made at him, lays

lays himſelf down, kicks up his heels, and—Oh! dies very decently.—Romeo full of remorſe, looking over the breathleſs body, and going on with his ſpeech in the author's words, ſays—"Who have we here? The noble County Paris! "one writ with me in ſour misfortune's book, "give me thy hand." (*mimicking*) The good natur'd Count, eager to make up all animoſity on the very word, from the dead, up went the hand, meeting Romeo's with a cordial ſhake. In the confuſion of laugh, occaſioned by this kind conduct, the hero, on breaking open the tomb, totally forgot what he had to ſay next, in vain the prompter whiſpers the word; poor Juliet might have lain in Capulet's monument 'till Doomſday—At length impatient, (for't got monſtrous cold) I ſoftly bid him: "Speak, why don't you ſpeak? Ha, ha, ha! He taking it for what he ſhou'd ſay, with all the furor of diſtracted love, burſts out. "Speak, ſpeak, Oh! why don't you ſpeak," ha, ha, ha! (*looks in the glaſs*) Flounce, can I in complexion compare with my niece Belinda.

Flounce. Can a daſh of cold water compare to almond paſte, and milk of roſes.

Enter JOEY *with the ſack, throws it on the Toilet.*

Joey. My firſt piece of ſarvice in my new place. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Coc. Ah! (*ſcreams*)

Enter COCKLETOP *with a ſmall ſcroll of Parchment.*

(*angrily*) Aſtoniſhing, Mr. Cockletop, you won't even let me have my dreſſing-room to myſelf.

Coc. Oh, Mrs. Cockletop what a prize! I have bought one of the long-loſt books of Livy, a manuſcript ſo capitally illegible, that no man on the globe can diſtinguiſh or read a letter of it.—Let's ſee what change he has given me. (*reckoning money*)

Flounce. Full of ſnails. (*ſlinging the plants off the table, knocks the money out of Cockletop's hand.*) [*Exit.*

Coc. The botanical plants from Doctor Camomile! carefully pick them up, every leaf has the virtue.——

Enter FRANK *in a riding dreſs.*

Frank. Will they heal my wounded pocket? (*picks up the money*)

Coc. Eh! what, you lizard! (*taking the money from him*) The valuable ſimples—

Mrs. Coc. Do, my dear, let poor Frank have a little money.

Coc. From which I'd have diſtill'd aqua mirabilis. (*gathers the leaves*)

Frank. Your generoſity would be—

Coc. So rare!—

Mrs. Coc. Conſider, your nephew making an appearance equal to other young gentlemen is a credit to you, as you're known to be—

Coc. A curioſity!

Mrs. Coc. Give him a few guineas.

Coc. Penny-royal—I'll give him——a colt's foot. (*picking up the leaves*)

Mrs. Coc. Beſides often antiques may fall in his way. (*winks at Frank*)

Frank. Ay, if I want to buy curious medals, camios or intaglios for you—

Coc.

Coc. What, would you buy antiques for me, my good antelope?

Frank. I was offer'd a fine old moth eaten Hemings and Condel folio of Shakeſpeare t'other day for fourteen and nine pence.

Coc. What? no, matter, could you have it for nine pence? Buy it, here's a ſhilling, and keep the change.

Frank. Ay, Sir, a few guineas could never come in better time, as I'm juſt whip and ſpur you ſee, hey! ſpank to Southampton.

Mrs. Coc. (*alarm'd*) Pray, Frank, what buſineſs have you there?

Frank. What, but to ſee my lovely couſin.

Coc. Eh! (*puts up the money*)

Mrs. Coc. Oh! is that your buſineſs?

Coc. May be, you like—

Mrs. Coc. Ay, do you admire my niece?

Frank. Admire? I love her to diſtraction.

Coc. The ſweet girl I doat on myſelf. (*aſide*) Get out of my houſe you locuſt.

Mrs. Coc. Love her, after all my fond hints to him! (*aſide*) Oh, Sir, I remember rehearſing Imogen with you t'other night, when I was to have fainted in your arms.——

Coc. Ay, you villain, you ſtept aſide, and let my poor wife tumble down, and knock her fine head againſt the braſs fender——Take a double hop out of your two boots, you jackdaw, how dare you ſtand before your aunt, with a horſewhip in your hand? Do you want to bring her grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave?

Mrs. Coc. Grey hairs.

Enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. Ma'am! Mrs. Cammomile.

Mrs. Coc. Sir, command your nephew to think no more of my niece.—Love another—You an amateur!—Stand from the entrance.

[*Exit in a paſſion, and Flounce.*

Frank. Why, my dear uncle, you are really a good natur'd old lad; but for this nonſenſical paſſion for antiquities, in which you've no more judgment than my boot.—

Coc. What's that?

Frank. Did'nt you t'other day, give ten pounds for a model of Trajan's pillar, which turn'd out to be a braſs candleſtick?

Coc. No.

Frank. Had'nt you a ſervant maid dragg'd before a juſtice for ſecreting three hundred and fifty ſilver ſpoons, which you ſwore were ſhut up in a cherry ſtone.

Coc. No.

Frank. You woud'nt let my aunt go to a poor living actor's benefit, yet gave half a guinea for Roſcius's eye laſh, which proved to be taken from the corps of a cobler in Cripplegate.—

Coc. 'Tis no ſuch thing.

Frank. Didn't you give twenty pounds for the firſt plate ever Hogarth engraved, tho' it was only a pint porter pot from the Barley Mow?

Coc. No.

Frank. Did'nt you throw a lobſter in the fire, ſwearing it was a Salamander?

Coc. No.

Frank. When my aunt broke her tortoiſeſhell comb, you carefully pick'd up every tooth, ſhewing them about for the quills of a porcupine.

Coc. I did not ſirrah.

Frank. Hearing me whiſtle "the larks ſhrill notes" from the next room, you attempted to perſuade the company, 'twas a humming bird.

Coc.

Coc. Ay, but that was all when I was ſick.—In bodily health my mind is bright and poliſh'd; but you moſt audacious dromedary! traduce my ſkill in antiques!—Hark'y, when you can prove to me that it's poſſible I can be impoſed upon in antiquities, that is, if I am in health, I conſent to give you Belinda; here's my hand on it.—Begone, your face is as odious to me as a new copper penny. [*Exit.*

Enter HEARTY, *calling after* COCKLETOP.

Hearty. Sir, Here's the receipt—

Frank. Ay, Hearty, you're my uncle's Steward, receiver of his caſh, and yet——do, give me a few guineas, cheat him a littte my honeſt fellow.

Hearty. Muſn't.

Frank. Plague of the money, I want it.—Yeſterday met a parcel of lads in the Park—a party, propoſed for a baſon of turtle at the Spring Garden—I was oblig'd to—"good bye"—aiked to dinner at Mr. Nabob's, Harley Street, ſo, as I dreaded cards in the evening, ſneak'd off without my hat, 'cauſe I hadn't half a crown to releaſe it from the butler.—Then my friend, Jack Frolick, the player, franck'd me into Covent Garden; ſat down in the upper boxes between Miſs Frump, and Mrs. Rollabout, when the curſt orange woman thruſts her baſket, with "ſweet gentleman, treat the ladies."—I was obliged to clap my hand upon my pocket, with my purſe gone! 'Pon honor, no entring a public place for theſe light finger'd gentry.'—Coming home yeſterday, caught in a ſoaking ſhower.—"Your honor,

honor, coach unhir'd.' In I jumps, not recollecting his diſmal honor had'nt a ſhilling to pay for it, ſo, as the fellow clapt to one door; out I pops at t'other; but then I got mob'd by the waterman, and broke my ſhins over a poſt running away from the link-boy.

Hearty. Why, Frank, I'll lend you my own money with all my heart.——

Frank. No, before I ſtrip you of what you may yet want to cheriſh your old age, I'll periſh.—Yet, this is my Belinda's birth day—By heaven I will wiſh, ay, and give her joy, tho' I foot it every mile to Southampton, and dine on water creſſes by a ditch ſide. [*Exit.*

Hearty. Spirited lad! But I hope by means of my letter, I ſhall be able to aſſiſt him—tho' I thought his uncle too abſurd to tell him, yet its ſtrange what a paſſion I've got myſelf, for fiſhing up thoſe odd ſort of rarities. I'll ſell my old maſter the ſmall collection I've made; but as his knowing them to be mine may leſſen their value in his opinion; this letter rouſes his deſire to buy them, and then if I can but make him believe I'm ſome traveller that has brought them from Italy, or——

Enter JOEY *in a Livery.*

You're the new footman?

Joey. Yes, I be's. I've put'n on my livery.

Hearty. Here's a letter was left for your maſter. You'll give it to him directly.

[*gives letter and Exit.*

Joey. So, I muſt give this letter too!—They're reſolv'd in London, to keep no cats that wont catch mice.

Enter

Enter NAN *with a broom, ſinging.*

Nan. (*begins to ſweep*) " A ſarvice in London is no ſuch diſgrace."

Joey. Isn't that——

Nan. Why, Joey! (*ſurpriz'd*)

Joey. Nan, lord, lord, how glad I be's to ſee thee. (*they embrace*)

Nan. But what brings you here; and in this fine lac'd coat.

Joey. Why, I be fix'd here for a ſarvant man.

Nan. Zurn! Lord, how comacle! and I hired here to-day as maid.

Joey. Hills and mountains will meet—Oh dear! Oh dear!

Nan. I'm now ſent in here by Mrs. Flounce to do up Lady's dreſſing-room, that it ſeems ſome clumſy booby has thrown leaves aboutn.

Joey. I'm not a booby, Nan, I find you're as ſaucy tongu'd as ever.

Nan. Oh law, was it you, Joey? I aſk pardon.

Joey. 'Twas all along of your croſſneſs I com'd up to London.

Nan. And 'twas your falſe heartedneſs that drove me to ſeek my bread here.

Joey. Well, ſince good luck has brought us into one houſe, we'll never quarrel, nor be unkind no more.

Nan. Nor I never more will be jealous—Oh, Oh! you've had this letter from Poll Primroſe—Ah! you deceitful—(*ſnatches Hearty's letter from Joey's waiſtcoat pocket, breaks it open, and reads*) " Sir, encourag'd"——

Joey. The devil, do you ſee what you've done

done, this letter was for Meaſter—If I havn't a mind——

Nan. Why, Joey, dont be angry—The firſt letter I get for my Lady, you ſhall open for me, that you ſhall—"And better my fortune as other girls do." [*Exit ſinging.*

Joey. Egad! you've ſpoil'd my fortune! What will become of me! Before I've time to ſit down in my new place, I ſhall get kick'd out on't.

Enter FRANK.

Frank. Eh! where's Hearty?

(*Joey drops the letter, Frank picks it up and looks at the ſuperſcription.*)

For my uncle?

Joey. (*confuſed*) Yes, Sir; I got it to give him.

Frank. But how came it open'd?

Joey. It's open'd.

Frank. I ſee it is.—Do you know, that opening another man's letter is tranſportation.

Joey. Is it? then I'll take the blame upon myſelf rather than Nan be puniſhed. (*aſide*) 'Twas I broke it open, Sir—but I meant only to—to—break it open—all accident——(*trembling*)

Frank. This promiſes ſomething. (*peruſing*) Well, keep your own ſecret, and I'll bring you out of this ſcrape.

Joey. Do, Sir, do.

Frank. Any paper here. (*ſits down, writes, as copying the opened letter; reads*) "Sir, Encouraged by your character, I ſhall in perſon, to-morrow, offer to you for ſale ſome antique rarities."—My old conceited uncle has engaged to give me Belinda, when I can prove that it's poſſible to impoſe on him in antiquities—This may do it, and bring

bring me a convenient ſum beſides—for with all the ridiculous enthuſiaſm of a Virtuoſo, my Uncle has ſmall reading, no taſte, but a plentiful ſtock of credulity. (*writes*)

Coc. (*without*) Joey!

Joey. Waunds! that's Maſter.

Frank. (*Haſtily ſeals and ſuperſcribes the letter he had written.*) There, ſtand to it ſtoutly, that's the very one you receiv'd. (*Gives it.*)

Joey. A thouſand thanks, kind ſir.

Frank. Oh, but I ſhall want a diſguiſe (*aſide.*) You put on your livery ſince you came, where are your own cloaths?

Joey. In the Butler's pantry.

Frank. Quick, go give that letter, (*Puts him off*) Ha, ha, ha! Yes uncle, if you've caſh to buy antiquities, I'm a ſtupid fellow indeed if I can't find ſome to ſell you, and if I ſucceed, hey, for Southampton with the triumphant news to Belinda.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Cockletop's Study.

Enter COCKLETOP, *peruſing the letter, and* JOEY.

Joey. Yes, ſir, I was deſired to give it you---if he ſhould find out that Nan broke open t'other ---Indeed, ſir, that's the very letter it was never opened.

Coc. The things this learned man mentions here, are really very curious.

Joey. Sir, here be Mr. Napkin the Butler coming.

Enter NAPKIN.

Nap. Sir, a man wants you there below.

Coc. Then ſir, do you ſend him up here above. (*Peruſes.*)

Nap. Eh! what are you idling here? Come, come, I'll ſhew you the buſineſs of a Footman---you muſt toaſt the muffins for mine and Mrs. Flounce's breakfaſt.

Joey. I woll, ſir, and broil a beef-ſteak for my own. [*Exit Napkin and Joey.*

Coc. Only that my brain is for ever running on my wife's charming Niece Belinda, (Oh, I love her! I like every thing old except Girls and Guineas)---I ſhou'd certainly be a ſecond Sir Han's Sloane.--I'd be a Solander and a Monmouth Geoffery! Now, who's this?

Enter FRANK *in Joey's firſt Cloaths, with a ſmall Hamper.*

Frank. (*aſide*) If my Uncle knows me now, he muſt have good ſpectacles. Meaſter told me, as he told you in letter, he'd call on you to morrow with ſome rarities ſir. (*In broad country dialect*)

Coc. Oh, then, you belong to the gentleman who ſent me this letter? Where does your maſter live?

Frank. At Brentford; but I be's from Taunton Dean, and as I was coming to town, to day, he thought I might as well drop them here if you'll buy them. Theſe be they. (*ſhewing hamper*)

Coc. Oh, what, he's ſent you with the things that are mentioned here. (*To the letter.*)

Frank. I warrant them all woundy rich, he gave me ſuch a ſtrict charge about 'em.

Coc.

Coc. Rich! ah, theſe ſordid ſouls can't conceive that the moſt extream delight to the eye of an Antiquarian, is beautiful brown ruſt, and heavenly verdigreaſe! Let's ſee, (*reads.*) "The firſt is a Neptune's Trident from the Barbarini Gallery."

Frank. That's it. (*ſhews a toaſting-fork.*)

Coc. (*Reads.*) "One of Niobes tears preſerv'd in ſpirits."

Frank. That. (*Produces a ſmall phial.*)

Coc. Curious. (*aſide.*) "A piece of Houſehold Furniture from the ruins of Herculanium, compriſing the genuine ſection of the Eſcurial." Precious indeed. (*aſide.*) Section of the Eſcurial! Ay, then it muſt be in the ſhape of—(*Frank ſhews a gridiron.*) Wonderful! (*Reads.*) "The cap of William Tell, the celebrated Swiſs Patriot, worn when he ſhot the apple off his ſon's head."

Frank. I've forgot to bring any thing even like that.—What ſhall I do? (*aſide.*) I warrant it be's here, ſir.

Coc. I hope it is; for I will not buy one without all.

Frank. Then all you ſhall have (*aſide.*) *Pretends to look in the Hamper. Picks up Cockletop's hat and with a penknife cuts off the brim.*) That's it, mayhap. (*Gives the crown*)

Coc. Great! This is indeed the Cap of Liberty. (*Puts it on his head and reads.*) "Half a yard of "cloth from Otaheite, being a part of the mantle "of Queen Oberea, preſented by her to Captain "Coo."

Frank. Zounds, I was in ſuch a hurry to get to work, that Iv'e forgot half my tools. (*aſide*)

Coc. Where's the cloth from Otaheite?

Frank. I dare ſay it's here (*Feels the coat he has on.*) No, muſn't hurt poor Joey. Eh! (*Cuts a large piece off the Skirt of Cockletop's coat while*

he is admiring the things.) Belike that's it.
[*Gives it.*

Coc. Indeed! What wonderful ſoft texture! We've no ſuch cloth in England.—This muſt have been the Fleece of a very fine ſheep.

Frank. Ay, taken from the back of an old ſtupid ram.

Coc. Speak of what you underſtand, you clown, much talk may betray little knowledge.—Cut your coat according to your cloth.

Frank. Yes, ſir, I cut your coat according to your cloth.—I muſt fix him in his opinion now, with a little fineſſe (*aſide.*) Maſter to expect fifty pounds for this balderdaſh.

Coc. Here's the Money.

Frank. No, no; if he even thought you ſuch a fool to give it, he muſt be a rogue to take it, but he ſha'n't make me a party, I'll let him know I'm an honeſt man.—Dom me if I don't throw them in the kennel and quit his ſarvice. (*Going to take them.*)

Coc. (*Haſtily*) Leave them there, and take the money to your maſter, or I'll make him ſend you to the devil, you thickſkull'd Buffalo. (*Taking out a pocket book*)

Frank. Not a penny of it will I touch.

Enter NAPKIN.

Nap. Sir, here's the Gentleman that ſent you a letter about calling on you to morrow.

Coc. This muſt be your maſter. (*to Frank*)

Frank. Now I'm in a fine way.

Coc. I'll tell him of your raſcality. Shew the gentleman up. [*Exit Napkin.*

Frank. Don't tell him—don't get a poor man turn'd

turn'd out of bread—Quick, give me the money, and I'll take it to him myſelf.

Coc. No, no, I'll give it to him.

Frank. Plague of my fineſſe, that I coud'n't take the money when I might.

Enter HEARTLY, (*diſguiſed*) *with a ſhagreen caſe.*

Hearty. Eh! my old maſter ſeems diſguiſed as well as I—The ſooner I get the money the better for poor Frank's ſake. (*aſide*)

Coc. Sir! (*Bows*)

Hearty. Sir! (*Bowing*)

Coc. You've been in Italy, ſir?

Hearty. I have (*In an aſſumed voice*)

Frank. I wiſh you'd ſtaid there. (*aſide*)

Hearty. Not to intrude upon your time, we'll proceed to buſineſs.

Coc. Oh, he's in a hurry for his money. (*aſide*) No delay on my ſide, ſir, for I offered the caſh half a dozen times.

Hearty. Sir, it was time enough for you to offer me payment when you received the articles.

Coc. I don't ſay I offer'd it to you yourſelf,

Hearty. To who then, ſir?

Coc. To Taunton Dean.

Hearty. I underſtand you ſaid;—but I aſk pardon—you'll pleaſe to look at, and if you approve of them.—

Coc. Oh, yes, I approve, tho' certain people that eat your bread, ſeem to think that you're a rogue, and I'm a fool.

Frank. Then ſir, you will ruin me! (*apart*)

Coc. Yes, I will ſir. (*apart*)

Hearty I'm a rogue! ſure he don't know me? (*aſide.*)

Hevrty.

Hearty. I flatter myſelf ſir, when you ſee the articles—

Coc. I have ſeen them.

Hearty. Pardon me, ſir, but I think not, where how?

Coc. Why, with my eyes; how the devil elſe ſhou'd I ſee them.

Frank. I've a mind to knock both their wiſe heads together and ſnatch the money. (*aſide*)

Coc. Will you diſpoſe of theſe or not? (*pointing to Franks articles*)

Hearty. Sir!

Coc. And, Sir! the devil didn't you come here to ſell me rarities? (*in a great paſſion*)

Hearty. Yes, ſir, and will if you will buy them.

Coc. I tell you I do, and have bought them.

Hearty. Have!

Coc. Oh, he repents offering them ſo cheap; but I'll clench the bargain.—Here's the fifty pounds, tell your maſter you took it before he came in. (*apart to Frank, giving him a note*)

Frank. Yes. (*goes towards door*)

Coc. Hey! ſtop, wo'n't you give it to your maſter?

Frank. I'm going to give it him directly, Sir. (*going*)

Coc. But, zounds! What's all this? You'll give it him directly! Yet, you ſtalk by him as if he was only an old wig-block.

Frank. Stalk by—Who's a wig-block, Sir?

Coc. Your maſter here.

Frank. That my maſter—no.

Coc. Eh! Isn't this your ſervant?

Hearty. No, Sir.

Coc. Didn't you write me this letter?

(*ſhewing it*)

Hearty

Hearty. No, Sir.

Coc. What, not about the Antiquities?

Hearty. About the Antiquities? Oh, Yes, Sir.

Coc. Yes, Sir; no, Sir; carry your prevaricating pate down ſtairs, Sir.

Frank. This muſt be an Impoſtor. (*apart to Cockletop*) You're too late for after-graſs, for my maſter has already hum'd this old fool.

Coc. Old fool! Get you out of my houſe you ſcoundrel, or——(*takes down a blunderbuſs*)

[*Exit Frank.*

Offer to open your juggling-box here, and I'll blow you to Brentford, you dog, I will. (*preſents*) [*Exit Hearty.*

Enter MRS. CAMOMILE, *and* MRS. COCKLETOP, *they both ſcream.*

Mrs. Cam. Heavens, Mr. Cockletop, will you kill us?

Mrs. Coc. Lord, what's on your head?

Coc. The Cap of Liberty—Oh, the ſuper-beautiful purchaſe I have juſt made! Such a charming addition to my little curious collection! Mrs. Camomile you've taſte, I'll give you a treat—I'll ſhew her all. (*aſide*)

Mrs. Coc. (*ſeeing the things that Frank had left*) Heavens! who has done this?

Enter FLOUNCE.

Here, take theſe, and fling them——

Coc. Lay your fingers on them, and I'll—Strabo, Campden, and Biſhop Pocock—Madam, you ſhould, (*to Mrs. Camomile*) that is, do you know you're a Dilitante—I ſay you're a celebrated Dille—and—Now what a fine diſcourſe Sir Joſeph Banks wou'd make upon theſe—Madam, I ſay—

Mrs. Coc.

Mrs. Coc. Bleſs me! who has trimm'd you this way?

Coc. Sir Aſhton Lever!—I wiſh your huſband Doctor Camomile was in town—I've ſuch a feaſt for the venerable Bede.

Mrs. Cam. I wiſh we cou'd get you out of town. (*aſide*)—Ay, but Mr. Cockletop, a man with money and judgment like you, ſhou'd travel himſelf to collect rarities.

Coc. I've no occaſion to give myſelf the fatigue and perils of travel, to hazard my neck, dragg'd over Alpine precipices, or get my throat cut in dirty Italian inns, or ſuffocated by peſtilential ſteams from the infernal mouth of Veſuvius; I need not like Pliny the elder, be drown'd in a ſhower of cinders. No, no, here I ſit at home, quiet, in my eaſy chair, while travellers come, and lay at my feet the wonderful fruits of their wiſe reſearches.—Awake, prepare your underſtanding, here's a tear—the devil, I forgot who cried this tear. (*aſide*) Hem! It's a precious drop preſerv'd in ſpirits.

Flounce. Ha, ha, ha!

Coc. Get along, you moſt ſcandalous tongued —I deſire, Mrs. Cockletop, you'll order your ſlip-ſlop out of the muſeum.—Then here is a moſt valuable—(*holds up the Gridiron*)

Enter JOEY, *at the back.*

Joey. I'm ſet to broil beef-ſteaks, and toaſt muffins.—The cook ſaid Mr. Frank took 'em, and brought 'em out of the kitchen—

Coc. There! all coſt me only fifty pounds.—This is a Neptune's Trident, (*holds up the toaſting fork*

fork) and this piece of furniture from Herculanium, the model of the Eſcurial, built in honor of St. Lawrence, who was broil'd on——

Joey. Thankye, Sir, I was looking for the Toaſting-fork and the Gridiron. (*takes them*)

[*Exit.*

Flounce. Ha, ha, ha!

Coc. What's that?

Mrs. Coc. Why, Mr. Cockletop, what have you been about here?

Mrs. Cam. Only look——

Coc. I believe I'm bit:—Taunton Dean! He was a rogue. (*looks at his coat and hat*) Is my face genuine?

Mrs. Coc. Why, 'tis an Antique—But indeed, my dear, you don't look well.

Coc. Don't I?

Mrs. Cam. This may help my ſcheme. (*aſide*) My dear Sir, I wou'dn't ſhock you, but you look——

Coc. Do I?

Mrs. Cam. My huſband the doctor, often told me, that your bodily illneſs always had an effect upon your mind.

Coc. No man living underſtands my conſtitution but Doctor Camomile—I muſt be.—(*feeling his pulſe*)

Mrs. Cam. When a gentleman of your knowledge is ſo groſsly duped, it's a certain ſign—

Coc. It is, that I'm ill, or I never could have been taken in.

Mrs. Coc. Lud! I wiſh your huſband the doctor was in Town.

Mrs Cam. I'd adviſe Mr. Cockletop to go to him at Wincheſter, directly.

Mrs. Coc. Here, Napkin!

Enter NAPKIN.

Order the horſes to—your poor maſter—the doctor—at Wincheſter.

Nap. (*looks with concern at Cockletop*) Oh, he is—yes Ma'am—here, John, deſire Thomas to make Joey put a pair of horſes to the chaiſe.

Mrs. Cam. You'd beſt let Mr. Napkin attend you.

Mrs. Coc. He's a careful man.

Coc. In this journey, I can view the famous antient abbey of Netley; I have a choice biſter drawing of it—I'll climb and bring from the ſummit of the mould'ring wall——

Mrs. Coc. Yes, you're in a ſtate for climbing! Wou'd you break your neck, my dear love, and your poor wife's heart?

Coc. Kind ſpouſe!—I'll call at Southampton, and ſee my Belinda, tho' I die at her feet. (*aſide*)

Mrs. Coc. When he's out of town, I ſhall have the uninterrupted company of my dear Frank—(*aſide*) Keep up your ſpirits, my love.

Coc. I live only for you, my deareſt.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Cockletop.*

Mrs. Cam. Napkin, ha, ha, ha! Here's an opportunity for our plan.—You know as we've all without ſucceſs, repeatedly endeavour'd to perſuade the old couple to ſettle ſome proviſion on their neice and nephew, Frank and Belinda—

Nap. Aye, ma'am we muſt try ſtratagem.

Mrs. Cam. The excuſe your miſtreſs gives, is the chance of her having children of her own, whom ſhe can't wrong, by laviſhing their patrimony on others.

Nap.

Nap. Ha, ha, ha! then to put her out of all hopes of that, as you have ſettled, we'll make her believe my maſter's dead, and as I'm now going into the country with him, leave that to me ma'am.

Mrs. Cam. I fancy it will be eaſy, as ſhe already thinks him ill.

Nap. And feeble,—She heard him threaten to climb up the mould'ring walls of Netley Abbey, in ſearch of a ſprig of ivy, or an owl's neſt; and if I can't invent a ſtory to bring the old gentleman tumbling down——

Mrs. Cam. Ha, ha, ha! And make your miſtreſs, (the mourning widow) eſtabliſh the dear, amiable young couple well and happy, it will be an excellent joke to laugh at over their wedding ſupper.

Nap. But I muſt prepare for the journey.

Mrs. Cam. And I, home, to comfort poor Belinda. Only you act your part moſt dolefully natural, and we muſt proſper. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

MRS. CAMOMILE's *Houſe.*

Enter FRANK, *in his diſguiſe.*

FRANK.

HOLLO! Mrs. Camomile! here's a nick! ha, ha, ha!

Enter HEARTY *in his own cloaths, greatly agitated.*

Hearty. Ay, here's the raſcal. (*lays hold on Frank*) Villain! Tell me this inſtant.——

Enter JOEY, *running.*

Joey. Yes, this is my Coat; I'll make a Davy of it. (*lays holds of Frank on the other ſide*)

Frank. Hey! Be quiet my good friends!

Hearty. (*enraged*) Where's the money you obtain'd under falſe pretences, raſcal?

Joey.

Joey. Deliver my coat, ſirrah.

Frank. Both deliver me, or with one of you, I'll rattan the other out of the room. (*diſengages himſelf*) You ſcoundrel, is this your thanks, for ſaving your neck, when you broke open your maſter's letter. (*apart to Joey*)

Joey. (*Surveying him*) Lud! if it isn't—and here too's the gentleman that gaven me—if he diſcovers.—(*aſide*) Keep my wearing apparel, and ſay no mor aboutn.

Frank. You ſay no more aboutn, or you fail for Port Jackſon.—Step down, and bring me word when a ſaddled horſe comes to the door—Fly!

Joey. Yes, Sir, yes. (*frightened*) [*Exit.*

Frank. Hallo! Hearty, how do you my buck. (*diſcovers himſelf*)

Hearty. Frank! (*ſurveying him with ſurpriſe*)

Frank. Frank and free—Tol, lol, lol!—Eh, only touch'd uncle out of fifty. (*ſhews the Bank Note*) Uncle's own Kitchen's now his Herculanium, ha, ha, ha! To think how I've left him in his Cap of Liberty, flouriſhing his Barbarini toaſting-fork. He's to give me Belinda when I can prove he can be impos'd upon in Antiquities.

Hearty. But how did you——

Frank. Then ſuch triumph, to fling the hatchet even beyond the traveller, but I had a mind to kick him tho'.

Hearty. I'm glad you did not tho'.

Frank. You glad! Why, what is it to you?—I ſhall never forget old Muz, the Philoſoper; I think I ſee him now, with his ſcientific wig pull'd over his mulberry noſe.

Hearty.

Hearty. You do? (*in his feign'd voice*)

Frank. Eh! (*ſurpriz'd*) Really, cou'd it have been you my honeſt old friend.

Hearty. Aye, here you ſee old Muz, the philoſopher, who laid out for a fifty, only to introduce it to you, my dear boy. (*ſhakes his hand*)

Frank. (*ruminating*) Well, now, upon my ſoul, this is—

Hearty. Hang reflection, as long as one of us has ſucceeded; have you heard of your uncle's leaving town.

Frank. Has he?

Hearty. I've ſome time upon my hands. I'll go with you to Southampton. My horſe is at the livery-ſtables the other ſide of Weſtminſter Bridge.

Frank. You'd beſt ſtep on before me, have him out ready, you'll not have a moment to wait, for I'll mount the inſtant mine comes to the door.

Hearty. You'll tell me how you circumvented me, and ſuch roaring laughs as we'll have all the way, ha, ha, ha! "By the Lord, lad, I'm glad you've got the money." [*Exit.*

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! Well, my mock curioſities may have a better effect on my uncle than Hearty's real ones, if they can help to cure him of an abſurd whim that makes him the dupe of impoſtors, flinging his money after things of no utility. His very clownſh tenants have now found out his weak ſide, and often pay their rent in butterflies, dried leaves, ſtones, and bits of old iron. (*looks at his watch*) Getting late:—I'd like to ſee if Mrs. Camomile has any commands for her friend Belinda.

Enter

Enter BELINDA *at the back, and* JOEY *at the ſide.*

Joey. Sir, the horſe be come.

Frank. Then, hey for love, and my divine Belinda. (*going*)

Bel. Pray, Sir, whither in ſuch a monſtrous hurry?

Frank. My love!

Joey. Love! Oh, then, I may ride the poney myſelf. [*Exit.*

Frank. In the name of miracles, how did you get here?

Bel. You know we've the beſt friend in the world in dear Mrs. Camomile, the miſtreſs of this houſe.

Enter MRS. CAMOMILE.

Mrs. Cam. Come, come, you happy pair of turtles, this room is the ſtage for a little comedy I've to act with your aunt; of which, I hope, your union will prove the denouément.

A loud knocking without. Enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. Ma'am, my miſtreſs is juſt drove up to the door.

Bel. Oh, heavens! if ſhe finds I've run to town (*going*)

Mrs. Cam. Stop—ſhe'll meet you on the ſtairs.

Bel. This way, Frank: when my aunt comes in here, we'll ſlip down.

Mrs. Cam. But, Belinda, you'll tell Frank what we're at, and both trip directly home; and you, and all the ſervants, on with your fables.

Frank.

Frank. Sables! What, to celebrate my true-love's birth-day!—No, I'll have ſuch an elegant entertainment at home.

Bel. Will you hold your tongue, and come along. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. Cam. If my little plot on their aunt but proſpers.—Flounce, run and deſire Napkin to con over the leſſon I taught him, and look as diſmal as an executor left without a legacy.

Flounce. And, Ma'am, I'll bid him keep his handkerchief to his eyes, for fear an unfortunate laugh ſhou'd ſpoil all: here's my miſtreſs, Ma'am; I wiſh you ſucceſs.

[*Exit Flounce.*

Enter MRS. COCKLETOP, (*elegant and gayly dreſsed*)

Mrs. Coc. Oh, Mrs. Camomile!

Mrs. Cam. Well, how do you do?

Mrs. Coc. Our houſe ſeems ſo melancholy ſince my poor dear man has left town, that now I can't bear to ſtay at home.

Mrs. Cam. And when he was at home, you were always gadding. (*aſide*)

Mrs. Coc. I forgot to ſhew you my dreſs:—I had it made up for Cordelia, in our intended play at Mrs. Pathos's. As you were not there, I put it on to conſult your taſte.

Mrs. Cam. Oh, I forgot to thank you for my ticket; but excuſe me, an engagement—

Mrs. Coc. Ha, ha, ha! You had no loſs, for our tragedy was converted into a ball.

Mrs. Cam. Ball!

Mrs. Coc. Lear, you know, was our play, which we got up with every poſſible care.—Well, Ma'am,

Well, Ma'am, Colonel Toper, who was to have play'd Glo'ſter, having conquer'd too many bottles of Burgundy after dinner, (*mimicks*) "No, I'll be for none of your ſtage—I'll ſit in the ſide-boxes among the ladies. Begin your tragedy, I'll be very civil—I'll clap, and I'll encore." "But, dear Colonel, (cries Mrs. Pathos) remember you're to play; you muſt go on."—"Well, Madam, I'll ſit and ſee myſelf come on, that muſt be monſtrous fine, becauſe I'm ſo perfect in my part; but, firſt, we'll have t'other bottle," and reel'd back into the dining-room. "Oh, diſtraction! (cries Mrs. Pathos) my audience all met—I'm eternally diſgraced." "By heaven, you ſhan't, Mem! (ſays Mr. Segoon) I'll make an apology. Ladies and Gentlemen, Colonel Toper having been ſuddenly taken ill, my Lord Brainleſs has kindly conſented to read the part of Glo'ſter, and hopes for your indulgence." "Bravo!" from his Grace, and "bravo!" echoed the ſurrounding circle. Up went the curtain, on came his Lordſhip, book in hand; he reads, he acts—"braviſſimo!" On ſmoothly went the play, 'till the ſcene where Cornwall orders the unhappy Glo'ſter's eyes to be put out, an incident, none of our faſhionable actors ever thought of, 'till the inſtant the cruel command was given.—Without eyes ("were all the letters ſuns") Glo'ſter cou'dn't read; the probability of fiction thus deſtroy'd the play cou'dn't proceed, a general laugh took place, benches were removed, the fiddles ſtruck up Hilliſberg's Reel, and audience and actors join'd in a country-dance. Ha, ha, ha! No, I'm determin'd to act no more amongſt them. Why can't I have plays in my

own houſe as well as Mrs. Pathos? My huſband's repoſitory wou'd make me a complete theatre, if I cou'd but get all his ſtupid rarities out of it. Wasn't that a very abſurd circumſtance? Ha, ha, ha! 'Pon my honor, tho' I laugh I'm exceedingly melancholy.

Mrs. Cam. You've nothing to make you uneaſy:—You're ſure that with my huſband, Doctor Camomile, Mr. Cockletop is in ſafe hands.

Mrs. Coc. Why, I think he's not worſe, or I ſhou'd have known it by my dreams; for, ſleeping or waking, he's my thoughts.

Mrs. Cam. Then there's hope he's better:—be cheerful.

Mrs. Coc. Well, Mrs. Camomile, it aſtoniſhes me how you can be cheerful while your huſband's abſent; but, indeed, it's rather unfortunate when people are formed with hearts of more ſenſibility than others. I've heard often, but can't have the ſmalleſt conception, that there are women that marry old men with no other view than ſoon to become rich widows, and then take a young one. Oh! my blood riſes when I think of ſuch wives! I'd rather die myſelf, nay, I'm ſure I cou'dn't live, if any thing was to happen to my huſband.

Enter BETTY.

Bet. Why, Ma'am, here's Mr. Napkin juſt come below.

Mrs. Coc. But is his maſter return'd too?

Mrs. Cam. Well, if even he is not, why ſhou'd that alarm you?

Mrs. Coc. Then, perhaps, Napkin has brought —Where is he? Why don't he come up? Napkin;

kin; (*calls*) torture me with ſuſpence. Oh! Lord, Mrs. Camomile, if any thing's the matter I ſhall die. (*with great emotion*)

Mrs. Cam. But don't teaze yourſelf, perhaps without a cauſe. Mr. Napkin, pray walk up. (*with compoſure*)

Mrs. Coc. How I tremble!

Mrs. Cam. Collect your fortitude; you know we ſhould always be prepar'd for the worſt.

Enter NAPKIN *in a travelling dreſs, ſplaſh'd, and ſeemingly fatigued.*

Nap. My dear, good maſter! (*weeps*)

Mrs. Coc. My huſband! Oh, Lord, ſpeak! pray ſpeak.

Nap. Madam, will you have him brought up to town, or ſhall he be buried in the country? (*weeps*)

Mrs. Cam. Dead?

Nap. I wiſh Henry the VIIIth had levelled Netley Abbey—my ſweet maſter's thirſt of knowledge—ſuch a height—top of the old ſpire—his head giddy—feeble limbs—ſtretching too far—a ſtone giving way—tho' I caught him—by the heel—head foremoſt—corner of a tomb-ſtone—daſh—Oh! (*weeps*)

Mrs. Coc. My fears are true. I faint—I die—Pleaſe to reach that chair.

MRS. CAMOMILE *places a chair,* MRS. COCKLE-TOP, *with deliberation, bruſhes it with her handkerchief, ſeats herſelf, takes out a ſmelling-bottle, applies it, and affects to ſwoon.*

Mrs. Cam. Nay, now, my dear friend, I thought you were a woman of ſenſe. If my jeſt

on death ſhou'd cauſe one in earneſt! (*aſide*) Pray be comforted.

Mrs. Coc. (*recovering*) Comforted did you ſay? How is that poſſible, my dear Mrs. Camomile, when I've heard you yourſelf remark that black don't become me, tho' if I was to dreſs like Almeria, in the Mourning Bride?

Mrs. Cam. To confeſs the truth, I was afraid to tell you; but I before knew of this melancholy event: and there that fooliſh boy, your nephew Frank, thro' his zealous reſpect for the memory of his uncle, has (contrary to all cuſtom and decorum) already order'd the whole family to put on the black clothes that were only t'other day laid by, when the mourning for your brother-in-law expired.

Mrs. Coc. Madam, you're very obliging.

Mrs. Cam. I ſee this loſs bears hard upon your mind, therefore it may not be proper ſo ſoon troubling you with worldly affairs; but now, my dear, that you'll have no children of your own, indeed you ſhou'd think of ſome eſtabliſhment for your niece Belinda.

Mrs. Coc. I'll firſt eſtabliſh my huſband's nephew, Frank, merely to ſhew I prefer my dear man's relations to my own.

Mrs. Cam. This will anſwer the ſame purpoſe, as Frank marries Belinda. (*aſide*) Well, ſhall I tell the lad your good intentions towards him?

Mrs. Coc. You're very kind, I'll tell him myſelf; but I'll firſt conſult you, my good friend, on the thoughts I have had in my mind how to make him happy; but, in my interview with the boy, I wou'dn't have any body elſe by. The hour of ſorrow's ſacred; it's a cruel world,

world, and people luxurious and ſenſual, gay and fortunate, have little feeling for the diſtreſſes of a diſconſolate widow.

Mrs. Cam. My dear creature, endeavour to keep up your ſpirits.

Mrs. Coc. Ah, friend! what ſhould a poor woman do that has loſt ſo good a huſband, but try to—to—get a better? (*aſide*) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

COCKLETOP'S *Houſe.*

Enter FRANK *elevated with wine, and* BELINDA *in mourning.*

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! this is the moſt whimſical thought of your friend, Mrs. Camomile!

Bel. Isn't it charming?

Frank. Your aunt, and, indeed, the whole family, except Flounce and Napkin, who are in the ſecret, actually believe that my uncle's dead.

Enter NAN.

This is your natal day, the birth of beauty: I'll give an entertainment, upon my ſoul! Ha, ha! Mrs. Flounce ſays, "Oh, Sir! I can't run any bills with the tradespeople;" but, bills and credit!—While we've money my uncle's curioſity guineas ſhall fly. Ha, ha, ha! Illuminate the rooms brilliant, luſtres, girandoles, and chandeliers.

Nan.

Nan. Yes, Sir, La! now where's Joey to do all this? Mr. John, light the clusters, jerry-doles and chanticleers. (*calls off*)

Frank. Prepare the Saloon, Belinda, we will have a ball.

Nan. Air the Balloon, for master's going to play at ball.

Frank. And lay supper; then let Napkin send for a pipe and tabor; a dance we must have.—Tol, lol, lol!

Bel. But indeed now, this extravagance—

Frank. An't my kind aunt to give me my uncle's cash? Then, my Belinda, you and I go to church, and Hymen, in his saffron robe, shall lead us to the rosy bow'r.—Can I resist? you angel! (*kisses her hand*)

Bel. For heaven's sake, Frank, a little decency before the servants. How unfeeling must they think you.

Frank. I'll shew you the feeling of servants for such a master.

Enter JOHN, THOMAS, *and two Maids in mourning.*

Hark'ye, Tom the Coachman, you know your master's no more?

Tom. Ay, Sir, death has whipp'd his horses to their journey's end, to our great sorrow.

Frank. Poor Tom! I'm told you're so griev'd, you've sworn never to touch a drop of punch as long as you live.

Tom. Me! I'll be damn'd if I ever swore any such thing.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! A jovial bout the servants shall have—we'll celebrate your birth day.

Bel.

Bel. But where's your friend the ſteward?

Frank. Right! Holloa, Hearty! Oh, true, I've ſent my poor old fellow pacing over Weſtminſter-bridge.—Fly, and every one bring in his hand, ſomething towards the good cheer of the night. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

A Saloon illuminated.

Enter COCKLETOP *in a Storm-cap, Roquclare, &c.*

Coc. All my doors open! this blowy night! reminds me of the Liſbon earthquake; but my ſtorm-cap has protected me.—Odd my not finding Belinda at Southampton.—I wiſh I had come into town over London bridge, that now, is a ſort of young ruin—I love to paſs the Tabbard in Southwark, from whence Chaucer's pilgrims went to the ſhrine of Thomas-a-Becket—Then the monument's growing a pretty rumble-come-tumble, ha, ha, ha! But then over Weſtminſter bridge, to ſee Hearty mounted like a great equeſtrian ſtatue! And my man Joey holding his bridle like the Emperor of Morocco's blacka-moor—I'm not ſorry Napkin left me; nobody knows now I have been at my ſweet Belinda's; how glad my wife will be, when ſhe finds I'm come home, and well. (*throws back the ſtorm-cap, and looks about the room*) Eli! my dear has company, this do'nt ſpeak much feeling for my illneſs.

Enter

Enter TOM *with a cloth, not perceiving* COCKLETOP.

Tom. While Napkin is uncorking the wine, I'll ſee if I can't ſpread a table as well as a hammer-cloth. (*takes out a large table and begins to lay it—whiſtles*) I wonder who drives my old maſter now in t'other world, does he go up or down hill?

Coc. Now, who has put Thomas my coachman into mourning—As I left you a pied zebra, why find you a black bear (*ſtrikes him with his cane*)

Tom. Gee up! (*ſuddenly turning, ſurpriſed and terrified*) [*Exit.*

Coc. What's this about?

Enter NAN *with ſallad, which ſhe places on the table then picks a bit out*)

Nan. I loves beet-root. (*puts it to her mouth*)

Coc. Yes, and ſo do I. (*ſhe looks at him frighten'd*) Some of my family muſt be dead, that they're all ſo ſuddenly got dipp'd. Tell me young woman, for whom are you in mourning? (*Nan ſhakes her head, puts her apron to her eyes and Exit.*)

I hav'nt miſtook my houſe, ſure I believe I'm at next door.

Enter NAPKIN, FLOUNCE, *and two maid ſervants in mourning.*

Nap. Ha, ha, ha! Flounce, if you had ſeen how capitally doleful I play'd my part.

Flounce,

Flounce. None of your dolefuls now. Maſter away, Miſtreſs ſafe at Mrs. Camomile's; the houſe to ourſelves, and the young pair, ſince Mr. Frank will treat us to a little hop.

Nap. Ay, Flounce, for muſic you know I'm no bad ſcraper.

Flounce. No, Napkin. Nothing gives ſpirit to a dance as a pipe and tabor, ſo ſend out and ſee if one can't be hired.

Enter two Maids, and Footman with a violin.

Nap. My fiddle, John, thanky. (*takes it*) Now liſten, Flounce, for our country dance, only mind the violin; why, I'll lilt up Jackey Bull, ſprightly enough to move the dead, ay, even to make our old maſter caper about. (*Napkin plays*)

Coc. "Here, Jacky's return'd from Dover." (*joins in the dance, then ſeizes Napkin, the reſt run off ſhrieking*) So, my good friend, I bring you into the country, you leave me ſick, ſneak away, and here I find you like Nero at Rome, raſping your cremona. Explain, what brings you all in black, if any body's deceaſed, why do you celebrate the funeral rites with feaſting and fiddling, and if nobody's dead, why change my dove-houſe into a rookery? (*Napkin puts his handkerchief to his eyes*) Oh then there is ſomebody—who is it—Eh! who? tell me—Vexation! an't I to know? —S'blood! are people to die in my houſe, and I the maſter, and not be told.

Nap. What, or who ſhall I ſay? (*aſide*)

Coc. What am I to think of all this?

Nap. Why, Sir, from ſeeing us all in black—you're to—think—that——

Coc. What?

Nap. That we're in mourning.——

Coc. But for whom? It can't be my friend Mrs. Camomile—My nephew Frank?—Oh Lord! if it ſhould be Miſs Belinda—No, no; they woudn't fiddle and dance for them.—It muſt be for ſomebody, for whom ceremony demands the outward ſhews of ſorrow; but nobody cares whether they liv'd or died.—Now, there is one beloved perſon—that I don't care a farthing for. (*aſide*) Yet I left her ſo well—I ſee they're afraid to ſhock me—Napkin, is it—is it.—(*Napkin ſhakes his head*) It is my—my—wi—wi—wife! [*Exit Napkin ſlowly*) 'Tis ſo! His ſilence is a funeral oration—Oh, my dear wife!—

Enter JOEY, *ſhivering as if cold.*

Joey. Oh, oh! It be a bitter ſharp night, my hands are ſtone.

Coc. Are you petrified? I wiſh you were. I'd put you on a bracket in my muſeum.

Joey. But, Sir, here we come home, find all our ſarvants in mourning, and when I aſks for whom, they ſhakes their heads, and walk away.

Coc. Joey, it's for—your—miſtreſs.

Joey. My lady dead! Lawk how ſudden.—I believe now I ought to cry. (*aſide, lifts up the ſkirt of his coat, and watches Cockletop.*)

Coc. The gentle friend, and companion of my youth. (*weeps*)

Joey. Yes, I ſhou'd cry. (*aſide*) Oh!

Coc. The beſt of wives. (*ſorrowful*)

Joey.

Joey. The kindeſt miſtreſs. (*imitating*)

Coc. (*recovering.*) Yet my ſervants rejoicing, ſhews how ill ſhe was belov'd.

Joey. Yes, Sir, I ſaid to myſelf when I com'd—Joey, ſaid I, you have got a good maſter, but a bad miſtreſs.

Coc. Stay, now I'm releaſed from her extravavagant vagaries—Why, ſhe'd give as much for a little toilet patch box, ay, as would purchaſe the black letter palace of pleaſure, her week's hair dreſſing would buy me Colly Cibber's Foppington wig—Then her temper.

Joey. She was a wixen devil.

Coc. Yet ſuch a pretty face.

Joey. She was an angel for beauty, that's the truth on't—Oh! (*cries*)

Coc. Yet ſhe was getting in years.

Joey. Old enough to be my grandmother.

Coc. With her lace-caps, and her fripperies; her private plays, her Denouément, and Cataſtrophe.

Joey. If I didn't ſuſpect ſhe play'd in private with that Mr. Denemong behind the tapeſtry.

Coc. I've no right to be ſo ſad.

Joey. Yes, Sir, we mun be glad—Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!

Coc. The funeral over, I'll do what I've long wiſh'd—Convert her dreſſing-room into my muſeum.

Joey. Her dreſſing-room would make me a ſnug bed-chamber.

Coc. What?

Joey. I ſay, Sir, 'twou'd make you a nice bed-room.

Coc. No, a choice repoſitory for my antiquities.

Joey. Yes, Sir; but indeed they have now got

old and ruſty, you ſhould beſpeak an entire new ſett.

Coc. The room has an Eaſt aſpect; the windows face Athens, tho diſgraced now by Cockſpur perfumery, and Fleet-ſtreet Japanery—I'll remove her things out of it.

Joey. Certainly, Sir; kick them down ſtairs—an't you man of the houſe?

Coc. I am. You're but a boy; but I ſee you've ſpirit, follow me to her dreſſing-room.

Joey. Yes, ſir, Hem! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. COCKLETOP *and* NAN, *in mourning.*

Mrs. Coc. Every room, every article of furniture only reminds me of my dear man—My beloved Frank's ill timed mirth does not correſpond with his haſte in getting every body into mourning; but indeed, my poor huſband was never an Uncle to him.

Nan. Oh, Ma'm, you look ſo well in your weeds.

Mrs. Coc. Do I?

Nan. Why, your Ladyſhip's arm from the black ſleeve looks like the white leg of a fine fowl.

Mrs. Coc. Tho' I revere the memory of my late huſband, yet his ridiculous paſſion for ſhells, foſſils and antique nonſenſe was got to ſuch an intollerable height, I was determined that on the firſt opportunity I'd fling his rubbiſh out of the houſe, and now I'll do it—it's a good large room, and I think taſtily fitted, 'twill make me a moſt beautiful little Theatre, the thought charms—but, alas! my charmer is no more!---I'll inſtantly go up, and throw all his old Coppers and Crocodiles

diles out of the window---his Muſeum, (as he calls it) is a moſt horrid place; but I will have it clear'd out.—Come.

Nan. Yes, an't pleaſe you Ma'am. [*Exeunt.*

Enter JOEY, *with Band Boxes, Toilet Furniture, &c.*

Joey. Ho, ho, ho! Now if our Miſtreſs coul'd but pop her head out of her coffin and ſee what a fine rummage we have made among her fal de rals trinketies, and ginglebobs (*Takes a ſmall Phial out of a dreſſing box and reads label*) "C--o- s--cos—M--e--t--met—i--c--ic Lotion "for the face". (*Taſtes it*) Feace! Eh! this is a good notion for the ſtomach—choice Cordial—the very thing that I wanted this cold night to warm my gay little heart, (*puts it into his pocket*) My miſtreſs was fond of ſilken geer, I wonder now how ſhe's contented with a ſhroud—they ſay what people ſet their hearts upon in this world runs ſo much in their heads, that, even in to'ther, they can't reſt if ſuch things ſhou'd be diſturb'd.—Meaſter ſays he'll give theſe to the flames, I'll aſk him to give them to my flame, pretty Nan.---If ſhe gets this here cap upon her pate, and our lady miſtreſs was to come ſtalking in with a candle in her dead hand

Re-enter Mrs. COCLETOP, *with a candle.*

And then ſays Nan, with a trembling voice---"Who's there." (*Not perceiving her*)

Mrs. Coc. Don't be afraid, Joey, it's only me.

Joey. Marcy on us! (*trembling*)

Mrs. Coc. Heavens! who has pull'd my things about in this way. (*ſeeing them*)

Joey.

Joey. Now the Devil was in our Maſter that he could not let'n bide (*aſide*) I thought we ſhould have her up.

Mrs. Coc. Who did it?

Joey. Will it quiet your poor ſoul? (*ſolemnly and frightened*)

Mrs. Coc. Bid Nan make haſte down to me.

Joey. Then ſhe's, (*points down*) Ah, thoſe ladies lead ſuch rory tory lives. (*aſide*)

Mrs. Coc. Nan! (*calling*)

Joey. Don't hurt Nan, I'll go for the parſon.

[*Exit terrified.*

Mrs. Coc. Parſon! then my intentions to marry Frank are already known among the ſervants.

Enter NAN, *with various Antiquities, which ſhe lays on the table.*

Nan. Here, ma'am I've got a rare bundle of Antiqui-quackities—Lord Lord Ma'am, what could bewitch our maſter to heap up ſuch a ſtock of lumber?

Mrs. Coc. Rubbiſh indeed! A neſt of moths and ſpiders---Ah! let them be all thrown out; but I'll ſee how Flounce dare to let my room be ranſack'd in this manner. [*Exit in a paſſion.*

Nan. The ſkin of ſome foreign beaſt I ſuppoſe---Something rich here---(*looks in a box*) Nothing but filthy old rags, he, he, he! If our dead meaſter's picture don't ſeem as if it was looking down directly at me. (*Looking at a portrait over the chimney*) Tho' grand, this is a very diſmal room.

Enter

Enter COCKLETOP.

Coc. Belinda here in the houſe!—Iv'e told Hearty to inform her of my intentions to marry her, and I'll compliment my deceaſed wife with a Cedar Coffin.—Now muſt I promote her dreſſing room to the honor of being the Treaſury of my Antiques, I wiſh Hearty wou'd come to help me to remove my precious—Eh! they are removed. (*Seeing them*)

Nan. How Maſter's mind when he was alive did run upon theſe ſhabby Gimcracks.—Oh! he cou'd not have priz'd it ſo much for nothing.—No, no, he had ſomething good.—Your odd old people are fond of hiding money in holes and corners; lud! if here isn't—(*rattling a ſmall box*) Ay, don't you look down ſo ſharp at me, for I will have a peep thou I get a dead man's pinch. (*As ſhe's opening the box Cockletop pinches her ear; ſhe turns, ſees Cockletop, ſhrieks and runs off*)

Coc. A moſt ſacriligious petticoat thief!

[*Exit after her.*

SCENE IV; *and laſt.*

Another Apartment, a Table covered with a Green Cloth.

Enter JOEY, *with a Candle, (terrified)*

Joey. I've left the parſon in the room—(*ſtarts frightened*) who's here?—But he inſiſts it be auld maſter that's dead, the good gentleman that juſt now with me for madam's death cried ſo fine, all

all alive and merry; but this ſtupid miniſter won't believe it, ſo, if he meets her there, and her ſpirit's ſtill diſturb'd about her rumplified caps, ſhe'll claw him for certain. I know nought where maſter's got, and the ſarvants ſeem all run to hide—can't find Nan, I wou'd we were both ſafe again in the country.—Well, I've ſav'd this drop of cordial.—Who's you? Heaven defend us! Oh, ſhe is come again! I have no hope now but my bottle and this table. (*Puts out the light, gets behind, and then under the table.*)

Enter MRS. COCKLETOP.

Mrs. Coc. Frank! this is the room I deſired Mrs. Camomile to bid him meet me in, and here he comes—this way Frank. (*calling off in a low voice*) I'm glad there's no light tho', to diſcover my bluſhes, at the open declaration I muſt make him.

Enter COCKLETOP.

Coc. As dark as an Egyptian Catacomb—Belinda venturing to town muſt be on the report of her aunts death, and if Hearty has told her I'll ſpeak to her, here——

Mrs. Coc. Are you there? (*in an under tone*)

Coc. Yes, 'tis ſhe, I wiſh we had a light, where are you? (*in a low voice*)

Mrs. Coc. Eh! When I bury Mr. Cockletop---

Coc. Bury me! (*aſide*) No my dear it's for you I'm to make a mummy of Mrs. Cockletop——

Mrs. Coc.

Mrs. Coc. Make mummy of me!—is it Frank?

Coc. No, my love, I'm your own Coſey Cockletop.

Mrs. Coc. Angels and miniſters! it's the ghoſt of my huſband come to upbraid me.—Oh, much wrong'd ſpouſe!

Coc. Spouſe! it's the ſpirit of my wife—Oh, Lord!—oh, great—injured goblin! (*they fall on their knees oppoſite ſides*)

Joey. (*From under the table*) Here's the parſon ſtriving to lay my miſtreſs, but ſhe'll ſurely tear his head off.—Eh! why! it's my poor dear maſter! Help! Murder!

Enter MRS. CAMOMILE, BELINDA, FRANK, *and* HEARTY.

Mrs. Cam. Eh! what's the matter here?

Joey. My Lady's ghoſt tearing auld Maſter to pieces. (*riſing haſtily, overſets the table and runs off*)

Mrs Coc. Mr. Cockletop alive!

Coc. My wife not dead!

Frank. Uncle, you promiſed that when proved to be deceived in antiquities, Belinda ſhould be mine. (*ſpeaks in his feigned voice*) Now, Zur, beſides the fifty pounds, give her to poor Taunton Dean.

Coc. Was't you?—Take her.—I was a wiſe man, till my brain got love coddled; ſo, my dear, let's forgive Frank and Belinda, and forget our own follies.

Hearty. Ay, Sir, and transfer our paſſion for ancient virtu, to the encouragement of modern genius.—Had not Rome and Athens cheriſh'd the arts of their times, they'd have left no antiquities now for us to admire.

Bel. Why rake for Gems the aſhes of the dead,
And ſee the living Artiſt pine for bread.
Frank. Give,
While you live:
Heirs who find caſh in corners,
Will at your funeral make right Merry Mourners.

THE END.

SPRIGS OF LAUREL.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1793.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

DEDICATION.

To Her Moſt Excellent Maieſty the QUEEN.

AS a ſmall tribute of congratulation on the patriotic ardour diſplayed by her Majeſty's Illuſtrious Son, His Royal Highneſs Frederick Duke of York, the early and brilliant example he has ſet to the Britiſh Troops of Military ſkill, bravery and Humanity, evincing that he will prove the Defender of his Country;

This Opera is with all poſſible humility laid at her feet, by her Majeſty's faithful ſervant, and

Dutiful Subject,

The AUTHOR.

Brompton,
April the 6th 1793.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Cruizer, ... Mr. POWELL.
Major Tactic, ... Mr. DAVIS.
Lenox, ... Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Sinclair, ... Mr. INCLEDON,
George Streamer, ... Mrs. MARTYR.
Corporal Squib, ... Mr. DARLEY.
Nipperkin, ... Mr. MUNDEN.

Mary, ... Mrs. CLENDINING.

SCENE, *London and Greenwich.*

SPRIGS OF LAUREL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Chamber at an Inn.

Enter CAPTAIN CRUIZER, *and* NIPPERKIN.

CAPTAIN.

LEAVE my infant in a baſket at a gentleman's door, you villain! when I ordered that your wife ſhou'd bring it up with care and tenderneſs.

Nip. Why, Sir, when my wife ſaid it was my infant, and wou'dn't take charge of it what was a poor honeſt peace-loving huſband to do?

Capt. Well; come, your intelligence?

Nip. The babe was taken in, and chriſten'd Tommy Jones—the gentleman of the houſe intended to do well by it; but being given to play, died inſolvent; his family went to ruin, and poor

poor Tommy to the pariſh—the lazy overſeers farm'd the workhouſe to the village butcher, who, to feed his calves, ſtarved the children; here, like a young negro, he got hard work, many blows, and no learning.

Capt. And from this miſery, a charitable tradeſman took him 'prentice.

Nip. Yes, Sir; ſerved out his time with honor; but his ſpirit too noble for a mechanic, he liſted, and is this moment a gentleman common ſoldier in the foot-guards.

Capt. But how to find him out—?

Nip. In my ſearch I got acquainted with two honeſt ſoldier lads—Ned Lenox and Jack Sinclair, and they're to bring me among the reſt—the ſerjeant-major Tactic, that has got the pretty daughter, may know.—I'll run a hum upon him. (*aſide*)

Capt. Nipperkin, you were my ſervant twenty years back; but ſince that, you've been ſuch a variety of raſcal, there's no truſting you now.

Nip. I want no truſt—give me a ready guinea.

Capt. To get drunk and neglect this buſineſs! —no, diſcover my poor loſt ſon, and you ſhall have a hundred, to ſettle you in a farm, ſirrah. —John! (*calls*)

Enter a Servant with cane, hat and ſword.

I muſt get off to Greenwich, ready to receive the Duke. (*going*)

Nip. But, Sir, I intend this evening viſiting my old father at Chelſea—A little comfort for the honeſt ſoul.—(*holds out his hand*)

Capt. Chelſea, oh, your father's a penſioner! well,

well, there. (*gives money*) But uſe every endeavour to find the boy, mind. [*Exit.*

Nip. You ſhall ſettle on me one hundred a year or find the boy yourſelf. Lucky, that ſtill keeping an eye to the lad's progreſs through life, I've this pull upon my old maſter—Till he bids more I'll not bring father and ſon together—now got looſe from my wife, I'll make a good uſe of my time—ſince I'm come to London, I'll drink like a ſoul, and divert myſelf with the girls;—if not, I'd be a man in a thouſand!

AIR.—*Nipperkin.*

Shew me a Lawyer refuſing a good fee,
Or pious Dean not thinking of a Biſhop's ſee,
A Doctor who won't ſqueeze ſick Ladies by the hand,
'Potticary whom his ſcrawl can well underſtand,
Dancing-maſter object to dancing off with Miſs,
A Methodiſt Preacher not in a corner kiſs.
Young Enſign not proud of his flaſhy large cockade,
Or true Britiſh Tar, who of Dutchman is afraid---
Parliament Elector, who never ſold his vote,
Parliament Orator, who will not turn his coat,
And that is a man of a thouſand.

II.

Shew me a Right Honorable keeping to his word,
Or a poor poet patroniz'd by a Lord,
An impudent Sharper cloathed all in rags,
Or modeſt Genius counting o'er his money-bags,
A Church-warden who ſcorns to feaſt upon the poor,
Fat Alderman who cannot calipaſh endure,
A Groom too honeſt to rob horſes of their corn,
Wiſe Cuckold who bluſhes to wear a gilded horn,
Sportſman mind galloping over wheat or ſtubble,
Or Secretary of State take nothing for his trouble,
And that is a man in a thouſand.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Green Park.

Enter SINCLAIR.

Sin. Pleaſant enough, on our march from Windſor, Lenox ſlipping a note into my hand, the inſtant I gave him one; but what ſays his. (*reads*) "Dear Sinclair, as ſoon as off guard, "walk into the park, I want to ſpeak with you "on particular buſineſs."—Almoſt the very words of mine to him; he's my friend; I'll aſk his advice before I determine to marry Marry. Determine! oh, my heart!

AIR.—*Sinclair.*

When night, and left upon my guard,
Nor whiſp'ring breeze, nor leaf is heard,
And ſtars between cloſe branches peep,
And birds are huſh'd in downy ſleep,
My ſoul to ſofteſt thoughts reſign'd,
And lovely Mary, fills my mind.
At every noiſe, for bluff "Who's there!"
I gently ſigh, "is't thou, my fair?
Thy dying ſoldier haſte and ſee,
Oh come, ſweet Mary, come to me."

As on my poſt, thro' blaze of day,
The wretched, happy, ſad and gay
In quick ſucceſſion move along,
I ſee, nor hear the paſſing throng;
My ſoul ſo wrapt in Mary's charms,
I hug my muſket in my arms.
So, all of paſſion, joy and grief,
When comrades bring the glad relief,
I cry thy ſoldier, haſte and ſee,
Oh come, ſweet Mary, come to me!

Exit.

Enter LENOX.

Len. (*reading a note*) "I've a great deal to ſay to you"—and I've a great deal to ſay to him—Oh! he's here—Well, Sinclair, what's this affair?

Sin. Nay, what's your's with me.

Len. Come, you tell firſt.

Sin. No, no; you, let's hear.

Len. Not a word from me till you——

Sin. I'm determin'd that you ſhall—come I'll not ſpeak——

Len. Now I beg you'll——

Both. Then you muſt know, ha, ha, ha!

Len. Why, we're like people in the ſtreet giving each other the way; but here I ſtop, and now you paſs on.

Sin. Then, Ned, "of all the girls in our town," to me there's none like Mary Tactic.

Len. Why, I think ſhe's a moſt charming pretty ſoul.

Sin. Ay, and I love her,

Len. I know *I* love her.

Sin. Oh, you muſt miſtake; it's I that adore her.

Len. Upon my word you're wrong; for I'm the man that wou'd die for her.

Sin. That's as much as to ſay you'd fight for her.

Len. Any man but you.

Sin. Why, Lenox, I ſhou'dn't like to fight you.

Len. But any other, I didn't mind how great. Aye, even the corporal.

Sin. Any fellow that dar'd to think of Mary.

Len. Do you call me fellow, Jack?

Sin. Yes, you're a good fellow.

Len. Was it to tell me that you loved Mary Tactic, that you desired me to meet you?

Sin. Was your only business but to let me know you lov'd her?

Both. It was.

DUET.—*Sinclair and Lenox.*

Len. I like each girl that I come near,
Tho' none I love but Mary;
Oh, she's my darling, only dear
Bewitching little fairy.
I ask a kiss, and she looks down,
Her cheeks are spread with blushes,
By Jove, says I, I'll take the town,
Me back she gently pushes——
I like each girl, &c.

Sin. When off 'twas blown, and 'twas my place
To fly for Mary's bonnet,
So charming look'd her lovely face,
There I stood gazing on it.
Dress'd all in white she tripp'd from home,
And set my blood a thrilling,
O, zounds! says I, the French are come,
Sweet Mary look'd so killing.
I like each girl, &c.

Len. When to our Colonel at review
A Dutchess cried, so airy!
"How does your Royal Highness do?"
Says I, "I thank you, Mary."

Sin. To quick time, marching t'other day,
Our fifes play'd Andrew Cary,
To every girl I gave the way,
In compliment to Mary.
I like each girl, &c.

Sin. I've a greater regard for you than for all the men in our regiment put together.

Len.

Len. I always thought you my friend, and I'm certain I'm your's—Let us leave it to Mary's own choice.

Sin. Why, true; it's a pity to teize a young woman that can never love one.

Len. And it's fooliſh and ill-natured to ſtand in the way of another man's happineſs, when we can't forward our own by it.

Sin. Here ſhe comes; let's aſk her in downright Engliſh.

Len. Done. [*They retire.*

Enter MARY.

AIR.—*Mary.*

Oh, come away,
Come, my ſoldier bonny;
I am ſmart and gay,
But for handſome Johnny.

Enſign pretty doll,
Crimſon ſaſh ſo wrapt in;
Minces, "charming Poll,
"Can you love a Captain?"
Oh, come away, &c.

To his fine marque,
At the camp, laſt ſummer,
He ſent for me to tea,
By the little drummer.
Oh, come away, &c.

As I croſs parade,
Officers ſtand blinking;
Under each cockade,
Sly, an eye cocks winking.
Oh, come away, &c.

Johnny ſteps in time,
Sweetly plays the hautboy;
Hearts all merry chime,
March, and beat the foe, boy.
Oh, come away, &c.

Oh,

Oh, Sinclair, did you ſee my father?—Is that Lenox?

Len. (*apart to Sinclair*) Aſk her.

Sin. No, do you? (*apart*)

Len. Mary, you know very well, that I think you a moſt charming girl.

Mary. Well, that's no fault of mine:

Len. No, its no fault—for to be ſure you can't help being the ſweeteſt ſoul—you're ſure Mary, I love you; but here's Jack Sinclair ſays he does.

Mary. Oh yes; he told me ſo.

Len. Well; but didn't I tell you I lov'd you?

Mary. Well, and if you do, you can't help that, you know.

Len. We don't want to quarrel, becauſe that woudn't be friendly.

Sin. No; twoudn't be like brother ſoldiers; ſo yourſelf confeſs which of us you love.

Len. Ay, do, Mary, your word ſhall decide it.

Mary. Which of you I love! Upon my honour that's very vain of you both—a pretty decent ſort of a confeſſion too for a girl to make; but certainly was I to marry, I muſt chuſe only one.

Len. Ah, but, Mary, wou'd you chuſe one of us?

Mary. Indeed I wou'd.

Len. Sweet girl, but which?

Sin. Ay, which, Mary?

Mary. Well, I will own it, if you'll both promiſe not go fight ſword and piſtol up in Hyde Park, as the officers do.

Sin. If you chuſe Ned Lenox, may I be whip'd if I wiſh him the leaſt ill-will.

Len. And, my lovely Mary, if you prefer Jack Sinclair to me, if I ever bear him a grudge for it, may I be drum'd out of the regiment.

Mary.

Mary. Heigho! it's a ſevere taſk, but—

AIR.—*Mary.*

When in a garden ſweet I walk,
The charming flowers admiring,
Each nods upon its tender ſtalk,
And ſeems my touch deſiring,
Tho' all of beauties are poſſeſs'd,
Too much to be rejected,
Yet only one, for Mary's breaſt,
By fancy is ſelected.

Full conſcious of thy faith and truth, (*to Lenox*)
No wrong to thee intended,
Ah! ſhould I chuſe ſome other youth,
(*giving her hand to Sinclair*)
Be not fond youth, offended. (*to Lenox*)
The ſtarting tear, the heaving ſigh,
True ſigns, not diſregarded;
But, by a maid more fair than I.
Oh, be thy love rewarded.

Len. (*cordially ſhakes hands with Sinclair*) My dear fellow, I give you joy. (*turns and wipes his eyes*)

Sin. Was it any thing elſe but Mary, I cou'd ——poor Lenox!

Enter NIPPERKIN, *ſinging.*

Nip. Ah, boys! Jack Sinclair, Ned Lenox, come from duty at Windſor?—Rare changes ſince you were laſt on the parade!

(*Drum without.*)

Len. The roll-call. (*looking out*)

TRIO.

TRIO.—*Lenox, Sinclair, and Mary.*

Len. Tap beats the dub upon my aching heart,
Sin. Sad ſtrikes the ſound that bids me hence depart;
Len. Ah! can I from you ſtay?
Sin. One kiſs and then away.
Mary. Go to your duty, go.

[*Exeunt Sinclair and Lenox.*

Mary. Is that to muſter the men? For what?

Nip. For what! Why, to draught out a detachment for Holland.

Mary. And do Sinclair and Lenox go?

Nip. To be ſure, if ſo their lot be.

Mary. Oh heavens! [*Exit haſtily.*

Enter Serjeant Major TACTIC.

Tac. (*calling off*) Mary! Ay, off to the parade! I ſee my daughter will have a ſoldier—you, Sir, run after that girl.

Nip. I'm a married man; and mus'nt run after the girls.

Tac. What, then you're married?

Nip. Yes, Sir, and ſo is my wife, a poor woman, Sir—I'm not worth quite a plumb, might have made my fortune by marriage, I have had my opportunities among the dear creatures. I'll ſee if his majorſhip won't ſtand a glaſs of ſtout punch (*aſide*) Sir, I want to go abroad.

Tac. Why?

Nip. Becauſe, I don't want to ſtay at home—I've left my wife there.

Tac. Where?

Nip. Why death and ounds! at Dorking in Surry.

Tac. What do you ſwear ſo, you raſcal!

Nip.

Nip. To ſhew you I'm fit for a ſoldier.

Tac. But what are you now?

Nip. Nothing; tho' I was every thing—an Auction-porter, Watchman, Town-crier, Monmouth-ſtreet Pluck-em-in, Playhouſe Conſtable, Dog-ſtealer—High and low Life, Sir, from Guard of a Stage-coach, to Waiter in a Cyder-cellar,—my days have been a round of "paſt ten o'clock"—"juſt a going"—"nobody bid more" "oh yes," "this is to give notice"—"pray walk in"—handſome ſuit of clothes, fit you nicely"—"take care of your pockets"—(*whiſtles*) "here, boy!—poor fellow! Ponto, Ponto"—"your pint, Sir—champaign, cackagay!"

[*imitates blowing a horn.*]

Tac. So then, friend, you've come off from your wife to turn ſoldier?

Nip. Why, Sir, ſhe vex'd me into ſuch a paſſion, that I muſt beat ſomebody; ſo I thought it more honourable to flog the enemies of my country, than the wife of my boſom.

Tac. But how did ſhe vex you?

Nip. Sir, I love a drop of ale—'t'other day, we had a mug—ſhe puts it to her head; "my dear," ſays I, "ſtop, the devil is painted at the bottom, and 'twill frighten you if you look on't"—ſays ſhe "I defy the devil and all his works," and up ſhe puts it—"hold, my love," ſays I, "you're a bit of a democrat, and it's his Majeſty that's painted at the bottom"—"no," ſays ſhe, "I'm a loyal ſubject, and I long to ſee the King's jolly face"—So again up went the jug, and the devil a drop ſhe left in it for me.

Tac. Ha, ha, ha! what's your name.

Nip. Nipperkin.—Mr. Nipperkin, Sir.

Tac. Then Mr. Nipperkin we'll ſee if we can't make a ſoldier of you.

Nip. Oh, Sir, that's as eaſy as making an attorney a rogue, or make this a ſtrong arm, when its already at hand—make a ſoldier! hem! Sir, you do the exerciſe capital I ſuppoſe, he, he, he! ſhew us a bit—wheel! to the right! ſtop, Sir, till I chalk your arm.

Tac. Why do you think I don't know my right from my leſt?

Nip. Do you? (*gravely*) huzza! the ſerjeant major, knows his right hand from his left—(*capers, halloes and waves his hat.*)

Tac. Why, you dog, are you humming me?

Nip. Yes, Sir.

DUET.—*Tactic and Nipperkin.*

Tac. March! before great Juſtice Laro.
Nip. Death and ounds! am I arreſted?
Tac. Sblood! don't fear, my little hero,
'Tis only to be atteſted.
Nip. Oh! what then I muſt take an oath?
Here goes; I ſwear by Jingo,
I'll not turn ſoldier, till we both
Together tipple ſtingo.
Tac. With all my heart,
We'll take a quart.
Nip. Or bowl of punch.
Both. That's better.
Nip. But firſt a ſlice
Of ham ſo nice,
For I approve a whetter.
Both. For I approve a whetter.
Tac. You have but to ſail o'er to Holland d'ye ſee,
And the French kick back to their nation;
Then the Emperor, Stadtholder, Pope, you and me,
Will ſit down to a jolly-fication;
Nip. I'm tir'd of kiſſing old Judy, my wife,
I muſt have a pair of new lips,
So, when I'm in Holland, upon my life,
I'll be at their fine Dutch tulips.

Both.

Both. Then we have but to ſail, o'er to Holland d'ye ſee,
And the French kick back to their nation;
Then the Emperor, Stadtholder, Pope, you and me,
Will ſit down to a jolly-fication.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Parade in St. James's Park.

Enter MARY.

Mary. No, I can't ſee any one to give me a true account how they go on.

Enter LENOX, (*much agitated.*)

Oh, well, Lenox, and how? ay, tell us.

Len. My unlucky fate! curſed chance.

Mary. Oh! then you are one of them that's drafted to go abroad in all theſe dangers.

Len. And, Mary, do you think its that, that could have vex'd me ſo? I ſee what a mean opinion you have of me—I now don't wonder at your preferring Jack Sinclair to me—you think I'm a cowardly poltroon.

Mary. No, indeed, Lènox: I know you've a very good ſpirit—I didn't mean to diſparage you; but I tremble to think of the dreadful ſlaughter thoſe poor fellows may be expoſed to.

Len. Dreadful! Isn't it glory?

AIR.—*Lenox.*

Aſpiring thoughts my breaſt expand,
Ah! why to me is given a ſoul,
Proudly impatient of command,
Yet doom'd by fate to bear controul;
Oft at the haughty ſerjeant's will,
A poor recruit at chilling morn,
I've ſtood for hours the tedious drill,
Sad object of his blows and ſcorn.

II.

Nor ſunk my youthful ſpirits then.
Tho' fierce he poiz'd the dread rattan,
I thus, when taught to conquer men,
Suppreſs'd the feelings of a man;
And now the harveſt's warring pride,
When Engliſh triumph, Frenchmen yield,
A uſeleſs tool I'm thrown aſide,
Whilſt others reap the glorious field.

Enter SINCLAIR.

Sin. Oh, my Polly! we muſt part.

Mary. How!

Sin. The lot is caſt, and I'm call'd away—I muſt leave you.

Mary. And can you? Oh my love!

Len. What then, you go? you have the upper hand of me in every thing. I muſt ſneak about here in the park, like a watchman—my marches from Story's gate to the ſtable yard, and all my war's with the old women to take off their pattens; whilſt you, led on by your Prince—I ſhall go diſtracted!

Sin. You've little cauſe to envy me—reflect, I leave Mary, I leave her with you too—my rival

—with

—with you, that love, that deſerve her ſo much better than myſelf.

Enter NIPPERKIN *and* TACTIC.

Tac. Not 'liſt you raſcal! after ſwallowing a bowl of punch?

Nip. My dear Sir, don't be in a paſſion—I have my reaſons for both.

Tac. Your reaſons, you raſcal——

Nip. Death and ounds, Sir, don't ſwear—but my reaſon that I wou'dn't turn ſoldier, is becauſe I hate fighting; and I drank up the punch becauſe I love drinking, that ſhews that I'm both a ſafe and a good companion.

Tac. You're an arch raſcal, and I don't know what to make of you?

Nip. Then I'll tell you what you'd beſt do, Sir.

Tac. What!

Nip. Give me another bowl, Sir, and let me alone.

Tac. Come, Sinclair, quick—you've but little time to prepare your knapſack.

Mary. (*with emotion*) Dear father muſt he go?

Tac. To be ſure.

Nip. Oh, certainly: he muſt go and protect us all. Egad, I'm like a miniſter of ſtate; whilſt I ſit at peace at home over my bottle, I ſend other men out to fight that I may enjoy it in comfort.

Tac. Mary, Sinclair and Lenox are honeſt lads—I know they both love you; but as the miſery or happineſs of marriage will chiefly affect you, I leave the chhice of a huſband entirely to yourſelf,

yourſelf, my girl. If Lenox is the man, love favours him; but if Sinclair, what he loſes in love, he muſt make up in honor—give him a kiſs, and a few of my beſt ruffled ſhirts; drop a tear, and that affair's ſettled.

Sin. Farewell (*to Lenox*) adieu! (*to Mary.*)

Mary. Oh! my heart will break! deareſt father, can't you get him off?

Tac. Child, I wiſh him too well even to attempt it.

Len. Jack, don't think me a worthleſs fellow, tho' I am ſhov'd aſide, and you choſen for the poſt of honor—'tis only blind fortune has done it; for had ſhe fix'd on me,——

Sin. My love, beſides your conſtancy, I rely on the generoſity of Lenox; in my abſence, don't avoid him; it will be my only comfort to reflect, that I have in England a faithful ſweetheart, and a true friend.

Nip. Hem; (*ſings*) "My Poll and my Partner Joe." (*looks archly and ſignificantly at Lenox and Mary.*)

Mary. I don't know who you are; but you are a very impudent fellow.

Nip. Dont know who I am and yet know I'm a very impudent fellow. [*Drum without.* Rub-a-dub, boys, hey, for Holland!

DUET.—*Sinclair and Mary.*

Mary. Dear youth, keep this for Mary's ſake;
Sin. Sweet maid this poor remembrance take;
When rivals tender things ſhall ſay,
(*They exchange Tokens*)
Oh, look on that and turn away!
Mary. Should rivals win thy 'witching ſmile,
Think what thy Mary feels the while.

Sin.

Sin. When bullets whiſtle in the wind,
My only fear,
My only dear,
Is for my treaſure left behind.
Mary. Midſt warring fields may angels come,
And o'er thy head
Their pinions ſpread,
Then bring my love in ſafety home.

Enter Officers, Soldiers, &c. as prepared for the March—A Variety of other Characters taking Leave.

GRAND CHORUS.

Our Gracions George, and Charlotte's Son,
'Tis Royal Frederic leads us on.

AIR.—*Women.*

Britannia fell a ſhower of piteous tears
To ſee, (alas!) an hapleſs Monarch bleed;
The Royal Widow's mournful plaint ſhe hears,
And bids her gen'rous ſons revenge the cruel deed.

CHORUS.

To arms, ſhe cries, to ſave, is now the word,
And 'tis the hand of Mercy draws the ſword.

Our Gracious George, and Charlotte's Son,
'Tis Royal Frederic leads us on.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Night.—The Park near Buckingham Houſe.

LENOX *diſcovered as Centinel.*

LENOX.

EVERY circumſtance turns out ſo contrary to what might have made my friend Sinclair happy, and perhaps baniſh for a time the thoughts of Mary from my mind. Since I've no place in Mary's affections, what's in England worth a thought?—I burn, I'm mad with deſire to follow the Duke.—— To be left ſtuck up here like a lamp-poſt, with an uſeleſs muſket in my hand—I've a mind to put it to uſe—*(placing it to his head)*—but my life's not my own.—For all Sinclair bid me ſee Mary, what now muſt he feel, on the reflection that he's left her behind with me?—Tho'. I ſcorn to take advantage of his abſence—I'll avoid the ſight of her.

AIR.

AIR.—*Lenox.*

The Lamp of Hope by rays of Light,
From thy dear eyes was fed Mary;
Sad hours are come, and ſhades of night,
And even hope is fled Mary.
The Sun to all the world but me,
Will give another dawn Mary;
My only light kind looks from thee,
For ever they're withdrawn Mary.

I lov'd thee much and for thy ſake,
I ne'er will love again Mary;
If ever yet a heart did break,
Thou'ſt rent this heart in t'wain Mary.
In wild deſpair I'll fly to fame;
And death for thee defy Mary;
When I'm no more, thy true love's name,
May draw from thee a ſigh Mary.

Enter NIPPERKIN, (*drunk,*) *with a ſmall keg.*

Nip. Tol, lol, lol!—Now, if I can get out thro' this ſame Buckingham Gate——

Len. Who goes there?

Nip. Brandy—(*holding up the keg*)

Len. You'd better give an anſwer.

Nip. To what?

Len. To me.

Nip. Your queſtion?

Len. I aſk'd who went there.

Nip. Then you aſk'd a very ſilly queſtion, when you might ſee it was a brave boy—Huzza!—the town's our own!

Len. Damn your trifling! Give, this inſtant, a proper anſwer, or I'll fire. (*preſenting*)

Nip. (*drops on his knees*) Hold! be quiet. Is that your politeneſs? Juſt under the very eye of

the Court? Fire! and wake the maids of honour —ſweet creatures!—that may now be dreaming of the lords in waiting, and white rod, and gold ſtick, and ſuch other grand affairs.

Len. I'm in no jeſting humour—Quick, ſpeak!

Nip. S'blood! are you deaf? I'm ſpeaking as quick as I can. Stop! your firing will be petty treaſon—Her Majeſty may be at this moment in a ſweet dream, that one of her beloved ſons, her gallant Frederic, is returning crown'd with Laurels.

Len. And I no hand in placing them on his brow! By heavens I'll not ſtay—I'll follow the detachment, tho' they ſhoot me for a deſerter. Hold! this fellow may—why, it's Nipperkin!

Nip. Didn't I tell you it was a brave boy; yet you wou'dn't believe me—after getting ſo nobly drunk, to frighten me back into ſobriety! and ſo I've now all to do over again. Why, you don't mind what trouble you give a poor man. (*knocks with his knuckles againſt the keg*) Are you within? Very well—I'll be with you, or you ſhall be with me.

Len. Where were you going?

Nip. To the college. My father is a Chelſea penſioner; and about once a quarter, like a dutiful ſon, I bring the honeſt gentleman, a little brandy and tobacco, and ſuch other dainties, to comfort his old ſoul.

Len. You're right to be kind to your father —Give me your coat.

Nip. "Kind to my father!"—Give me your coat!"—That's very odd talk at this time of night.

Len.

Len. You take this—Quick!—(*they change cloaths*)

Nip. I fancy I look better in the King's coat than the King wou'd look in mine.

Len. Give me your hat.

Nip. Sir, take your's off the block. (*pointing to Lenox's head, and bowing*)

Len. (*gives him his muſket*) There; now ſtand you in my place.

Nip. Did ever I think I ſhou'd have a place at Court?—"Who goes there?" (*preſents at Lenox*) Speak, or dam'me, I'll fire! I'm in no jeſting humour—talk! or I'll blow your brains over the canal, thro' the Horſe-Guards, croſs the way to Whitehall, into the lottery-wheels.

Len. Silence! (*aſide*) The royal and affectionate parents ſend a darling ſon to face the perils of war, to aſſert his country's honour! What Soldier wou'dn't follow the illuſtrious example. —Huſh! not a word.

[*Exit with caution.*

Nip. Now that fellow's gone to commit a robbery in my coat, and I ſhall get hang'd for it: The gate's ſhut, and I can't get out to give my poor father his drop—Then I muſt give it to his poor ſon. (*takes up the keg and drinks*) I'll ſmoke a pipe too. (*ſits on the keg*) Well, he didn't take my match, and my bottle of phoſphorus. (*takes a pipe, fills, lights, ſits on the keg and ſmokes*) If my wife was here now, I ſhou'dn't have all this ſport to myſelf. (*riſes, takes up the keg and drinks*) My chair produces good table drink.

AIR.—*Nipperkin.*

A glaſs is good, and a laſs is good,
And a pipe to ſmoke in cold weather;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.

A bottle it is a very good thing,
With a good deal of good wine in it;
A ſong is good, when a body can ſing,
And to finiſh, we muſt begin it,

A table is good, when ſpread with good chear,
And good company ſitting round it;
When a good way off, we're not very near,
And for ſorrow the devil confound it.
A glaſs is good, &c.

A friend is good, when you're out of good luck
For that's a good time to try him
For a Juſtice good, the haunch of a buck,
With ſuch a good preſent you buy him.

A fine old woman is good when ſhe's dead,
A rogue very good for good hanging,
A fool is good, by the noſe to be led,
My good ſong deſerves a good banging.
A glaſs is good, &c.

But it's getting cool here, il freſco. I'll ſtep into my parlour. (*takes up the keg, and goes into the centry-box, ſits and falls aſleep*)

Enter MARY.

Mary. As my dear lover ſaid, there can't be the leaſt danger in paying ſome attention to poor Lenox whilſt he's away. He took on ſo at my refuſing him, and the loſs of his comrade, that I know he hasn't eat a morſel this bleſſed day. He

He has a tender and an honeſt heart, and ſure no harm for me to try if I can comfort him.—The Park's got ſo ſtill, he may eat and drink ſome'at, as I'm ſure he wo'nt come to me when he's reliev'd.—Lenox! (*goes towards the box, calling ſoftly*) Oh, my heavens! if he hasn't fallen aſleep, and here's the corporal coming! (*looking down the walk*) If he's caught ſo—Lenox!—(*calls*)

Nip. (*ſpeaking in his ſleep*) Take care of your pockets.

Mary. Get up.

Nip Paſt four o'clock!

Mary. Sure he's been drinking to drive away his ſorrows. Riſe! Here's the guard!

Nip. Pray walk in, Sir—I've a pretty coat will juſt fit you.

Enter CORPORAL, *and Guards.*

Cor. Eh! Sleep on your poſt! Holloa! Centry! here'll be rare flogging work; take his arms! drag him up!

Nip. Fine cloudy morning!

Cor. Ay, dam'me, it will be a fine cloudy morning with you, peeping through the iron bars of the Savoy.

Mary. Dear Mr. Corporal—

Cor. Is that Miſs Mary Tactic?

Mary. You know Lenox is a good ſoldier, and ſhould be excuſed if he's a bit over taken, conſider, taking leave of his comrades; you know he's ſo well belov'd, and ſuch a temptation—then his ſpirits in ſuch a ſtate, a very little liquor might have intoxicated——

Nip.

Nip. (*aſleep*)—That dogſkin will make a pair of pumps.

Cor. My ſkin!—You'll ſee what the drummer will make of your dogſkin.

Mary. Pray, don't inform the commanding officer.

Cor. Why, Miſs Mary, you know it's not in my power to ſave him, if, as you ſay, he's brought to court-martial for this.

Mary. His Royal Highneſs is good and merciful;—I'm ſure he'd conſider ſo excellent a ſoldier as Lenox—Now do let the poor fellow come to his ſenſes, and ſay nothing of it.

Cor. But then I ſhou'd be puniſhed myſelf, Miſs—Muſt give him up---take him to the Savoy.

Mary. Unhappy creature! and yet I'm aſhamed of Lenox.---However, I'll make my father uſe all his intereſt for his pardon. How have I been deceived in him! and how fortunate that my heart wasn't caught by his kind and obliging manners.---He lov'd me---he is Sinclair's friend, and therefore has a right to my aſſiſtance.

[*Exit.*

Cor. Why, he wou'd ſtand a better chance of mercy from his Royal Highneſs---his ſentence here might be death.---I'll pretend not to know but he's one of the drafts that has ſtaid behind; and to colour it, I'll neither ſee nor talk to him; but at day-break, a guard ſhall take him to Greenwich time enough before the men embark.

CATCH,

CATCH.—CORPORAL, NIPPERKIN, *and Soldiers.*

Corp. Rare rattling boys, don't let your pris'ner go
I deſire,
For fudling ſouls, the Savoy---ho!
Nip. I'm Captain Muz.---(*All*) Are you ſo?
Corp. Hark, ye, 'ſquire!
I'm Corporal Squib,
1. I'm Fifer Bob,
2. I'm Drummer Dob,
3. I'm Natty Jack,
4. I'm Paddy Whack,
5. I'm Darby Drill,
6. I'm Roving Will,
7. I'm Nimble Nick,
8. I'm a Good ſtick,
9. I'm Devil Dick.---Zounds! what's your name?
Nip. Paſt four o'clock!---(*All*) We'll make you tame!
S'blood and fire!
Corp. Drink, ſoldiers, drink, and bear no blame.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Greenwich.

Enter LENOX *in* NIPPERKIN'S *Cloaths, and Capt.* CRUIZER.

Capt. No ſuch thing friend.

Len. Do, dear, good, worthy ſir, let me go on board your tender.

Capt. But for what?

Len. To partake of the glorious expedition of my comrades.

Capt.

Capt. Your comrades!---Ay, what, are you a ſoldier?

Len. (*confuſed*)---Yes---ſir---no---I am———

Capt. If a ſoldier, and not one of the draſted men, what brings you to Greenwich? and if you belong to the detachment, why out of your regimentals, and not with your corps?

Len. Sir, I am as yet, only in wiſh a ſoldier---I ſaid "my comrades," becauſe I'm acquainted with a number of the men; and I've conceived ſuch a friendſhip for ſome of the honeſt fellows, that I can't turn my head to any buſineſs, with the grief of being ſeparated from them---only let me go, and you'll ſee how I'll fight.

Cap. But do you know the cauſe?

Len. Humanity.---To ſtop the ravages of war abroad, ſecure the bleſſings of peace, commerce, plenty and happineſs at home to Old England, where a good King is the common parent---every man is captain of his caſtle, and the laws protect his property, wife and children. Frenchmen give Britons freedom!---But huzza!---we'll pluck Sprigs of Laurel from their Tree of Liberty.

AIR.—*Lenox.*

The goddeſs of mountains, blythe, roſy and free,
As the airs that flew round her, had once a fair tree;
'Twas Liberty call'd, and a fav'rite of Jove,
And ſweet was the fruit to the bright queen of Love;
In Albion 'twas planted, its branches ſpread wide,
Of her ſons and her daughters the glory and pride.
Tranquil pleaſures,
Softeſt meaſures,
Then led the dance, and gave Britons to ſing,
Loving, loyal,
Good and royal,
People happy, honour'd their king,

Our

Our ſly gallic neighbours peep'd into our grounds,,
And fain would have ſcal'd the white wall that ſurrounds,
They long'd for our tree, when it's beauties were known,
But miſſing their aim, would have one of their own;
For this, in poor France, a vile bramble takes root,
Each leaf is a poniard, and bitter the fruit.
Pity ſleeping,
Angels weeping,
Saw the ſavage triumph o'er men;
Juſtice firing,
All inſpiring!
Drive the tiger into his den.

Capt. Well, my lad, I muſt ſay I admire your ſpirit, and am ſorry we can't take you; but undiſciplin'd recruits won't do.—The nature of the ſervice we're order'd on, requires pick'd men.

Len. There's a boat now going off—by heavens I will get aboard. [*Exit haſtily.*

Capt. By heavens you ſhall not tho'—Holloa! —Stop that fellow—keep him out of the boat.

Enter SERJEANT.

Ser. Sir, his Royal Highneſs's aid-du-camp wou'd ſpeak with you.

Capt. I come.— [*Exit Serjeant.* Something in this young fellow that ſtrikes me exceedingly — (*looks out*) — No—the boat's gone without him, and there he walks melancholy away; and intimate with the ſoldiers!—Might perhaps have given me ſome clue to diſcover my ſon.—I begin now to deſpair; for if my boy is ſtill in any of thoſe regiments, he muſt have chang'd his name.

Re-enter SERJEANT.

Ser. Sir——
Capt. Oh, true. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARY.

Mary. The coming ſpring begins to make the country look delightful. The ſweeteſt ſeaſon approaching, even the birds join in love—and my love to leave me!

AIR.—*Mary.*

Sing, charming warblers! voice of love!
The dulcet ſong
Now pours along,
For love can harmonize the grove,
Bid balmy zephyrs gently bear
The liquid notes thro' yielding air.

Re-enter CAPT. CRUIZER.

Capt. Thoſe men loiter along the road—(*looks out*)
Mary. Oh, your Honor, I hope his Highneſs isn't yet gone over to the ſhip!——
Capt. Eh! What, my laſs, do you, too, want to go and pull Sprigs of Laurel?
Mary. No, ſir: but it's about a young man, a ſoldier——
Capt. The devil's in the ſoldiers for bringing the women after them. You're a modeſt, pretty looking thing—you fooliſh jade, what buſineſs have you with the young men? Take your ſnivelling good-bye on ſhore—no petticoats come on

on board my ſhip. I adviſe you, child, to modeſty and diſcretion; for your own forwardneſs and folly contribute as often to the ruin of innocence, as the baſe arts of villainous ſeduction.

[*Exit.*

Mary. I believe that gentleman means well; but he ſhou'd have known who he was talking to —and even then, ſweet and welcome is the gentle monitor! for what we liſten to with pleaſure, we follow with delight. I may chance to ſee my Sinclair again before he goes—I know he'll conquer; and when he returns—Oh! ſuch a garland as I'll make him!—Aye, and he ſhall wear it too.

AIR.—*Mary.*

Fragrant chaplets quaintly twining,
Thro' the fingers of the fair;
Ev'ry grace and ſweet combining,
For the ſoldier's brow prepare.

Gift of Venus, bluſhing, glowing,
Let the lovely roſe be ſeen;
And the Laurel, Mars beſtowing,
Make the wreath an evergreen.

Oh, if here isn't Sinclair and my father.

Enter MAJOR TACTIC *and* SINCLAIR.

Tac. Zounds! how often will they halt?—Sinclair! Why do you run before the rank?

Sin. Don't you ſee my attraction?---Oh! my love! (*embraces Mary*)

Tac. Mary!---Now, girl, what has bewitched you to follow us?

Sin. My lovely, faithful ſoul! don't be angry with her.

AIR.---*Sinclair.*

Parted from thee, my ev'ry bliſs,
My only joy, the parting kiſs;
So ſweet! and yet ſo ſcant a ſtore,
I languiſh'd to return for more.

And art thou come, and doſt thou bring
The ſource whence thouſand raptures ſpring?
Oh! let me preſs thoſe lips again,
Thus parting, ever thus remain.

Mary. Oh! I've ſomething to tell you about Lenox---he is——(*muſic, and ſhouts without*)

Tac. The men on their march. Get you out of their way, child---you'll ſee us at Greenwich. (*ſhouts without*) [*Exit Mary.*

Enter Officers, Soldiers, &c. accompanied and followed by a number of people. All croſs, with ſhouting, drums, and martial muſic.

AIR.—*Sinclair.*

Sound trumpets! hard taſks to the ſoldier belong,
'Midſt dreadful alarms,
The man to deſtroy who has done him no wrong.
Thus ſounding to arms,
Hoarſe echo now brawls to the loud double drum,
With, come to fate come;
Let juſtice the ſoldier's bold quarrel ordain,
Tho' dyed all in blood he's yet free from a ſtain,
Then the battle not ceaſe,
'Tis for glory for peace.
[*Exeunt all but Sinclair and Tactic.*

Sin.

Sin. Oh, ſir, I've a dreadful boding of Mary's buſineſs.

Tac. Something about Lenox.

Sin. I ſee it---he's been baſe and treacherous; and, for all that he ſeemingly reſigned her, no ſooner was my back turned, than he has dared to renew his addreſſes.

Tac. Plague of your nonſenſical love and jealouſy---mind your duty---run on and fall into your rank (*puſhes him off*) with their ſweethearts and friends, and ſtuff! I wiſh we had them all ſafe on board—ſome reaſons tho' in Sinclair's ſuſpicions! I had a good opinion of Lenox—but this violent friendſhip of your young folks, all a feather—give me an old friend.

AIR—*Major Tactic.*

Midſt flaunting ſhrubs in vernal green,
Each finer than his fellow,
A venerable oak I've ſeen,
All clad in ſober yellow.

Whilſt wintry winds could blow around,
Their leaves all helter-ſkelter,
Poor birds within his branches found,
An hoſpitable ſhelter.

In life's gay ſpring too oft' we find,
The buds of ſoft affection,
Scarce knit, when blown by ev'ry wind,
In this and that direction.

Oh, come, thou friend, that can'ſt endure,
The ſhocks of roughеſt weather,
Frank, chearful, honeſt and mature,
We'll live and die together.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Before Greenwich Hoſpital—View of the Thames—A Tender at anchor, and boats with Soldiers croſſing to it.

Enter GEORGE STREAMER, *attended by Seamen with their oars.*

Officers and Soldiers, &c.

Stream. Chearly my boys, clear the gangway there! here's another boatfull—we'll bring you gentlemen of the red cloth along ſide of the Frenchmen; I hope 'twill ſoon be our turn to take a ſpell at that work. We have a Prince too to lead us on—oh dam'me! how I long to powder their toupees.

AIR—*George Streamer.*

I'm here or there a jolly dog,
At land or ſea, I'm all a-gog,
To fight or kiſs or touch the grog,
For I'm a jovial midſhipman,
A ſmart young midſhipman,
A little midſhipman,
To fight or kiſs or touch the grog,
Oh I'm a jovial midſhipman.

My honour's free from ſtain or ſpeck,
The foremaſt-men are at my beck,
With pride I walk the quarter-deck,
For I'm a ſmart young midſhipman, &c.

I mix the pudding for our meſs,
In uniform then neatly dreſs;
The captain aſks, (no need to preſs,)
Come, dine with me, young midſhipman, &c.

When

When Royal CLARENCE comes on board,
By England's Navy, all, ador'd,
From him, I ſometimes paſs the word,
Tho' I'm an humble midſhipman,
A ſmart young midſhipman,
A little midſhipman,
For Royal WILL was once like me,
A merry little midſhipman.

[*Exeunt with ſailors &c. into the boat.*

Enter MAJOR TACTIC *and* MARY.

Tac. Lenox in this curſed hobble?—An ugly job, faith!

Mary. Father, won't you make the Duke forgive him?

Tac. I make Dukes forgive People! what does the girl take me for?

Enter SINCLAIR, (*greatly agitated.*)

Sin. My beloved Mary, tell me this affair that brought you? ay, well, as I was gone, Lenox——

Mary. Oh! he is——

Sin. A villain!

Mary. How?

Tac. Be quiet—you wronged him in the love buſineſs—egad, poor Lenox has ſomething elſe now to think of! Oh, yes, he'll be ſhot.

Sin. Who! Sir! Mary, what has he done?

Mary. Is it poſſible! I had no idea that his life was in danger.

Sin. What's his crime, and where is he now?

Tac.

Tac. He has ſlept on his guard, and he is now in irons at the Savoy.

Enter CAPT. CRUIZER.

Capt. Bring him along, an obſtinate young Scoundrel!

Tac. What's the matter, Sir?

Cap. A blockhead that I refuſed to take on board, jumps into the river, ſwims over to the ſhip; and there he was found hiding behind a hen-coop. A brave fellow—but we ſhould frighten him a little.

Enter LENOX, *in cuſtody of ſoldiers and ſailors.*

So, you wou'dn't take my word for it; but now you ſhall give an account of yourſelf before his highneſs.

Sin. Why, it's Lenox?

Tac. One of the guards, Sir.

Capt. Indeed! hold him in cuſtody! [*Exit.*

Mary. Ah! Sinclair, doesn't your heart bleed for your unhappy friend?

Tac. Why, how the devil did you ſhake off your irons and eſcape from the Savoy?

Len. Major, I never was diſgrac'd with irons, or in a jail.

Tac. Zounds! Mary, what ſtory's this you've been telling us? Oh!. I ſee it's all a flam, an excuſe for her coming after us to Greenwich, and taking another parting kiſs with your ſweetheart.

Mary. (*cries.*) Indeed, father, I don't know what you mean; Lenox now, has got other cloaths

cloaths on—but I'm ſure I ſaw him taken into cuſtody, by the Corporal — Think me—ſo—artful—as—to — invent ſtories — only — to — compaſs—my—own—pleaſure!

(ſobs.)

Sin. Nay, my love, don't weep—your father cannot ſuppoſe——

Enter CORPORAL.

Corp. Well, Miſs Mary, to oblige you, I've ordered Lenox to be brought before the Duke himſelf—oh! yonder they bring him.

Tac. Why, corporal, you're drunk too;—here they've brought him already.

Corp. I drunk! let me tell you, Major, I can be as ſober on my duty, as any man.

Tac. Why, did you pull him from behind the hen-coop?

Corp. Hen-coop! I ſay, I found Lenox on his guard moſt damnably diſguiſed.

Tac. Well, you may find him there, diſguis'd. *(points to Lenox.)*

Len. You found me drunk! why, corporal, what's the matter with you?

Corp. *(ſtaring at Lenox.)* 'Tis Lenox! then who the devil have we got priſoner yonder!

Nipperkin (without.)

"Paſt four o'clock!"

Enter NIPPERKIN, *(guarded.)*

Tac. Why, it's the joking raſcal, that cajol'd me out of the bowl of punch.

Len. Nipperkin! Oh! I ſee how this has been.

Nip. I'll have juſtiee—they took my keg. (*looks at Lenox.*) What, then you have been doing it? I thought ſo—and taken—I deſire he mayn't be hang'd in my coat.

Enter CAPT. CRUIZER.

Nipperkin talks apart to the Soldiers.

Capt. (*to Lenox.*) Young man, I've laid your caſe before his Royal Highneſs—tho' your quiting your poſt was a crime, that demands from military diſcipline, a ſevere puniſhment, yet in conſideration of your motive, a brilliant example of noble ardour for your country's honor, he not only pardons you, but from your high character as an excellent ſoldier, preſents you with this purſe.

Nip. A purſe for only ſwimming to—by the lord, I once ſwam from Chelſea-reach to Batterſea-bridge—give me——

Capt. Nipperkin! why, who made a ſoldier of you? here, my lad! (*offering the purſe to Lenox.*)

Nip. A hen-coop! to ſmuggle myſelf into a fight I'd hide behind a mouſe-trap.

Len. I humbly thank his Highneſs—pardon is the utmoſt grace I could hope for; my friend (*to Sinclair*) you have never diſobeyed orders—a more finiſhed ſoldier, on the eve of being married too—and the Duke's bounty will be applied to a better purpoſe in contributing additional comforts to an amiable woman. (*gives the purſe to Sinclair.*

Nip. They won't let me be generous—nobody will

will give me purſes to give away to poor families.

Len. Sir, if I am only ſuffered but to go with the Duke, ſome future event may offer an occaſion, really to ſignalize myſelf, and by merit win a reward, of which I am now totally unworthy.

Capt. A liberal minded fellow, faith! ſo, my laſs, this is your ſoldier laddie!

Mary. Oh, no, Sir,—I grant he deſerves—ay, the moſt beautiful lady—but here's my humble choice.

Sin. Humble, indeed! yet I have reaſon to be proud with the friendſhip of Lenox, and the love of Mary.

Nip. Captain, lend me a guinea, and I'll tell you a ſecret.

Capt. You drunken ſcoundrel, I'll break your head.

Nip. (*Aſide*) This boy's generoſity has ſo wrought upon my heart, that I can't bear he ſhould longer remain in obſcure wretchedneſs —hearky (*to Lenox.*) down on your knees to the codger. (*points to the Captain.*)

Len. What do you mean?

Nip. Oh! what is this world come to! I bid a ſon aſk his father's bleſſing, and he ſays holloa! death and ouns, what do you mean?

Capt. Son! this——

Len. How!

Nip. I tell you, that's the boy in the baſket, the child of charity, the prentice to—Mr. Dalrumple, the fiddle caſe maker; the private ſoldier, that for glory prefers a French bullet to an Engliſh plumb-pudding.

Len.

Len. Sir, my birth has been a myſtery—and is it thus explained?

Capt. It muſt be the deſerted ſon——

Nip. Of an abandoned father.

Capt. Nipperkin, you're now privileged—The ſervice you've rendered me by this diſcovery—my boy a brave ſoldier!—muſt make a good officer.

Len. Sir, my higheſt ambition is now to join in glorious enterprize as a private, for if I am to be honoured with promotion I'll firſt, with heart and hand, endeavour to deſerve it.

Enter GEORGE STREAMER, *Officers, Sailors, Soldiers, and a variety of other Characters.*

FINALE.

Sinclair.

Till to your cliffs we turn our face,
Old England be a merry place;
To pipe and fiddle, jig a-pace,
Whilſt we take hence our drumming;

But when we finiſh the campaign,
With wooden leg, or golden chain,
We'll march, or hop to you again,
You, ſing, our boys are coming.

CHORUS.

Till to your cliffs, &c.

Mary,

Ye warriors, from my ſoldier fly,
The lightnings flaſh his beaming eye;
Beneath his conqu'ring ſword ye die,
If to the fight ye dare him.

When

When you my love to battle go [*To Sinclair.*
Your foot upon the vanquiſhed foe,
Your arm raiſed high, to give the blow,
For his love ſweetheart, ſpare him.
Till to your cliffs, &c.

Nipperkin.

I'm given much to knock and kill,
This war was made againſt my will;
Some like to fight, but I'll ſit ſtill,
And talk in Coffee houſes:

Yet if I took it in my head,
By cutting throats to get my bread,
In moſt newſpapers might be re[illegible]
My mighty kicks and douces.
Till to your cliff[illegible]

Lenox.

But grateful hearts we hence muſt bear,
For all thoſe noble Britiſh Fair,
Who take into their gen'rous care,
Dear pledges left behind us.

You to protect, the pow'rful charm,
That fires the ſoul and nerves the arm,
Whilſt patriot zeal our boſoms warm,
Such duties ever bind us,
Till to your cliffs, &c.

Major Tactic.

We go brave lads at honour's call,
To check the proud, the ruthleſs Gaul,
Let Britain's thunder now appall,
And bid him think on Creſſy.

George Streamer.

I'll weigh for Holland, with a cheer,
And when I've help'd my friend Mynheer,
I'll round for bonny Plymouth ſteer,
And kiſs Poll, Sall, and Betty.
Till to your cliffs, &c.

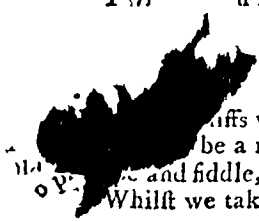
1*ſt.*

1ſt. Enſign.

Ye Wolfs and Elliots all repair,
Great Britain's ſtandard, lo! I bear;
My colours flapping in the air,
His Majeſty was donor.

2d. Enſign.

And, lad. do not think I jeſt,
My cour' hen put to the teſt,
For you. 'akes I'll fight my beſt,
I wi n my honor.



CHORUS.

...iffs we turn our face,
... be a merry place;
... and fiddle, jig a-pace,
Whilſt we take hence our drumming.

FINIS.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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